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NEW HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC READER

FOR MIXED VOICES.

BY

JULIUS EICHBERG

DIRECTOR OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF BOSTON

PUBLISHED BY
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BOSTON.

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NEW

HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC READER

FOR THE USE OF

MIXED AND BOYS' HIGH SCHOOLS

BY

JULIUS EICHBERG

DIRECTOR OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY GINN & COMPANY.

1888.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

This MUSIC READER is the result of an experience of eighteen years, during which Mr. Eichberg has been director of musical instruction in the Boston Public Schools, and teacher of Music in all the Boston High Schools.

It is substantially a new book, though a number of pieces have been introduced here from the author's HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC READER, published some years ago.

Teachers of music in High Schools have often to contend with the difficulty of making boys sing. The contents of this new READER cannot fail to interest those whose voices have not changed, or else have passed that critical point.

The bass and tenor parts of these songs have been especially arranged with reference to movement in a very limited compass. Most of the tenor parts may be taken by boys singing alto, with a little or no loss of effect.

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* All the songs, not otherwise marked, are for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.
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ADVANCED SOLFEGGIOS.

FOR SOPRANO AND ALTO VOICES.

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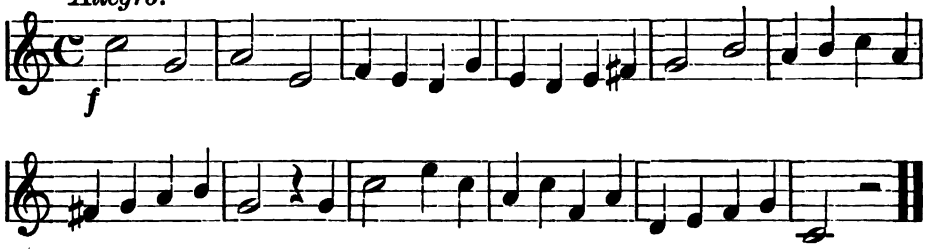

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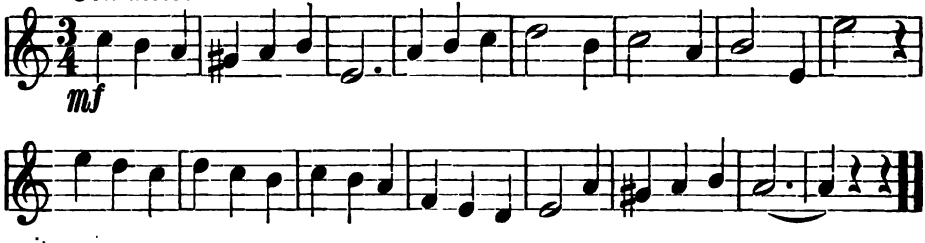

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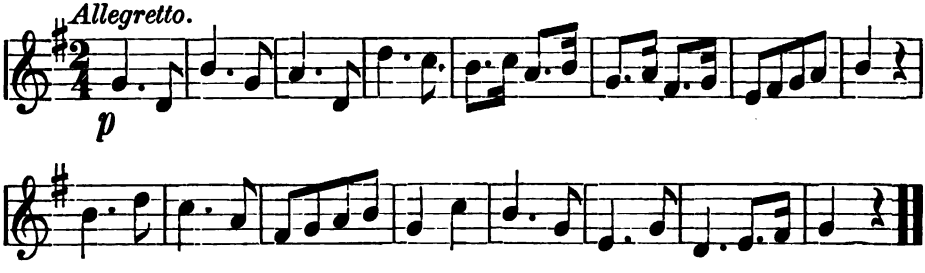

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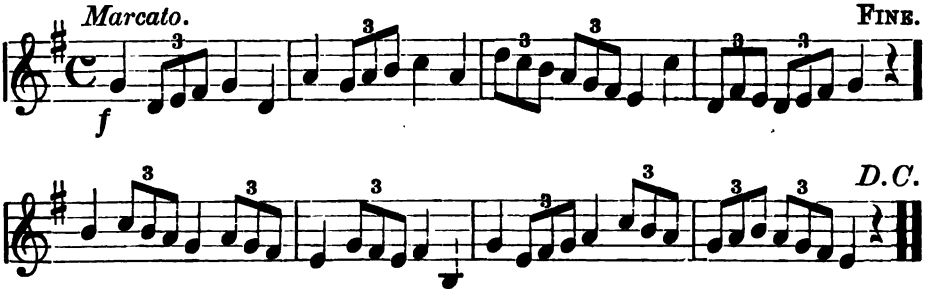

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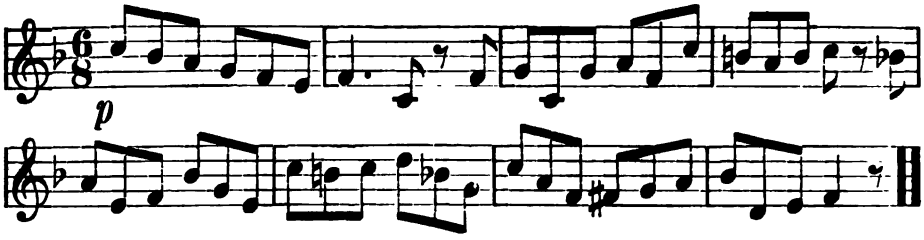

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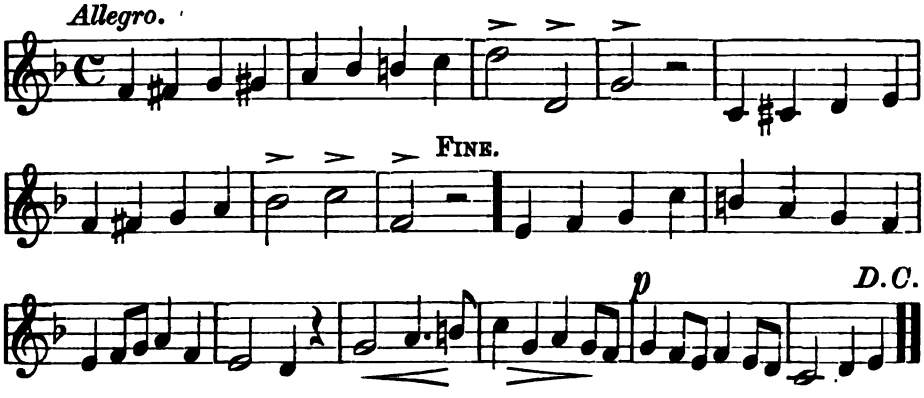

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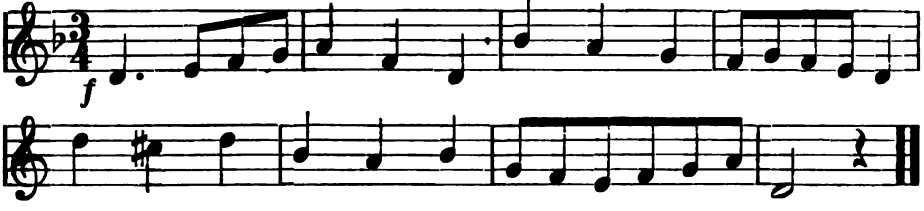

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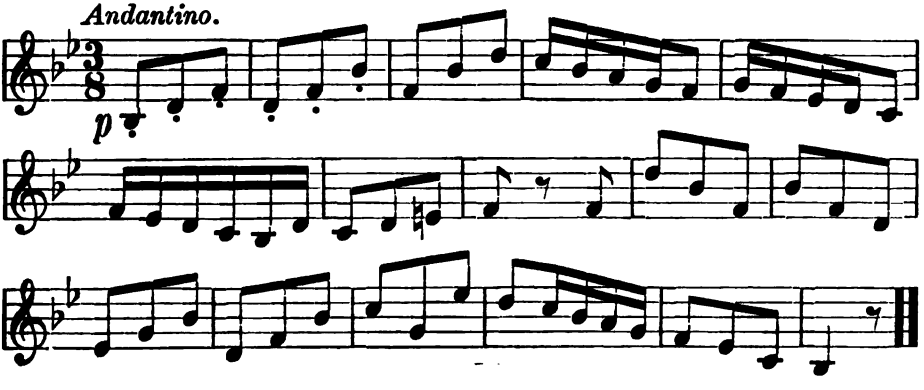

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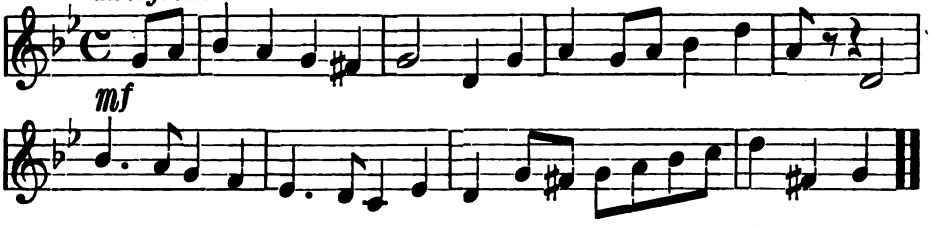

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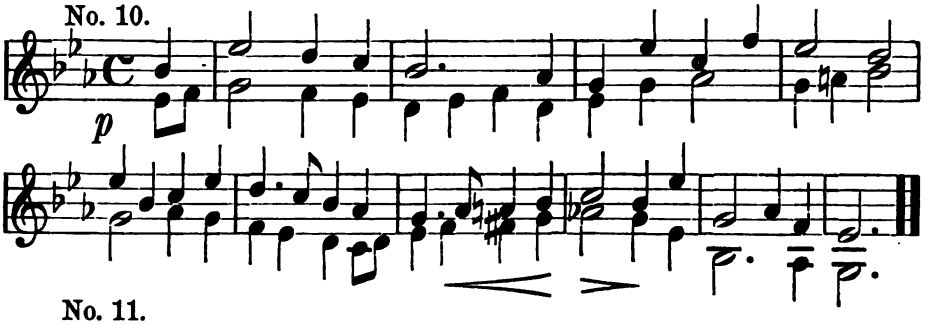

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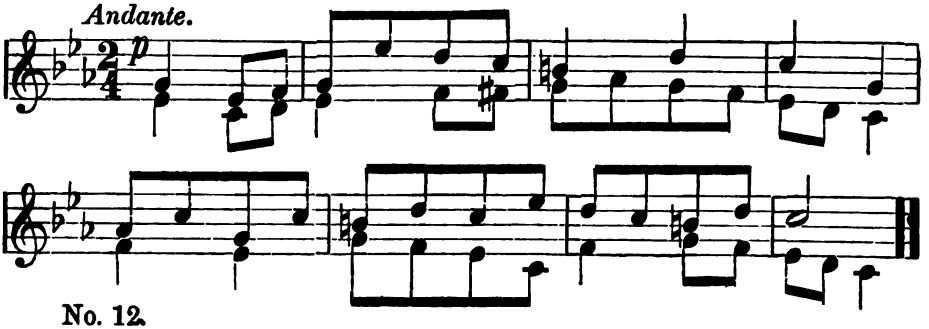

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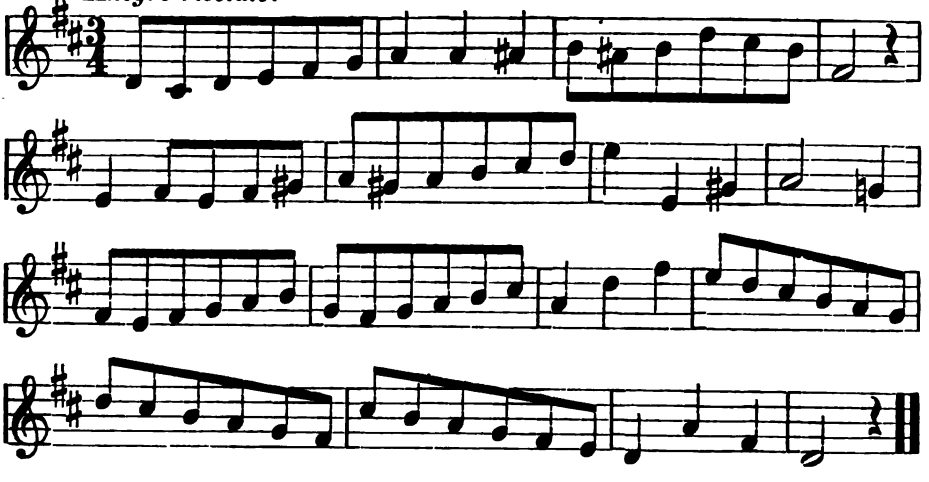

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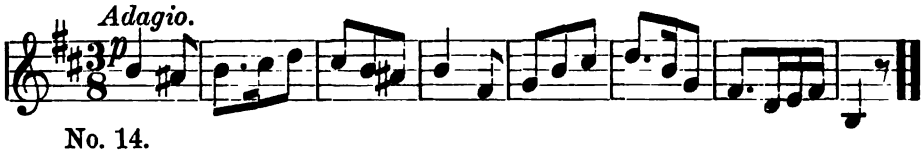

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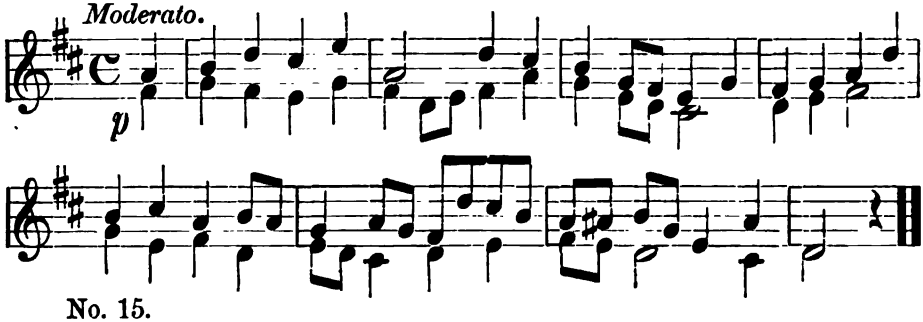

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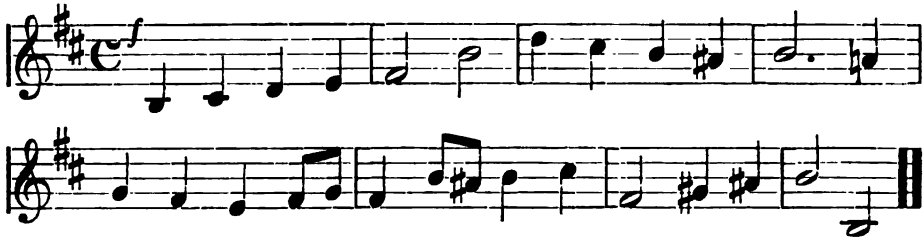

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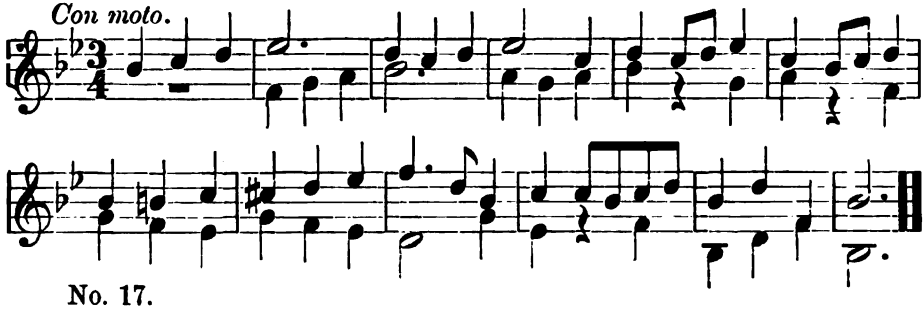

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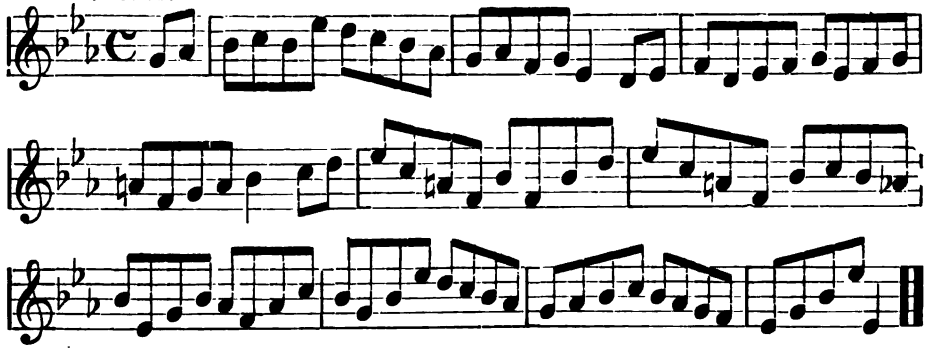

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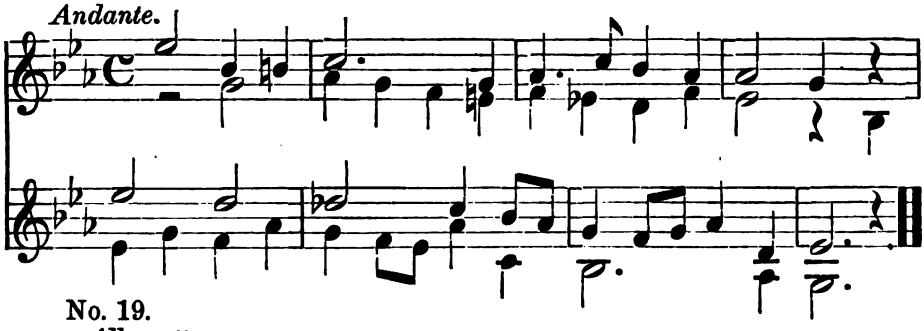

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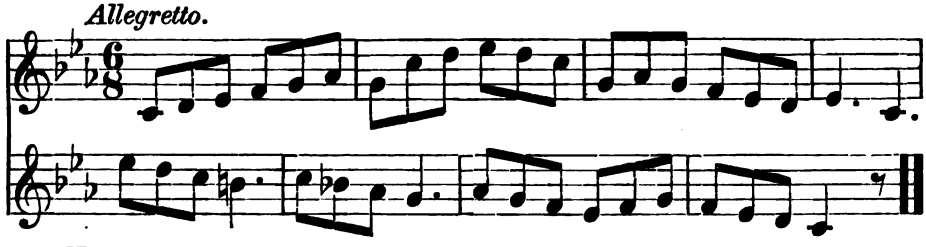

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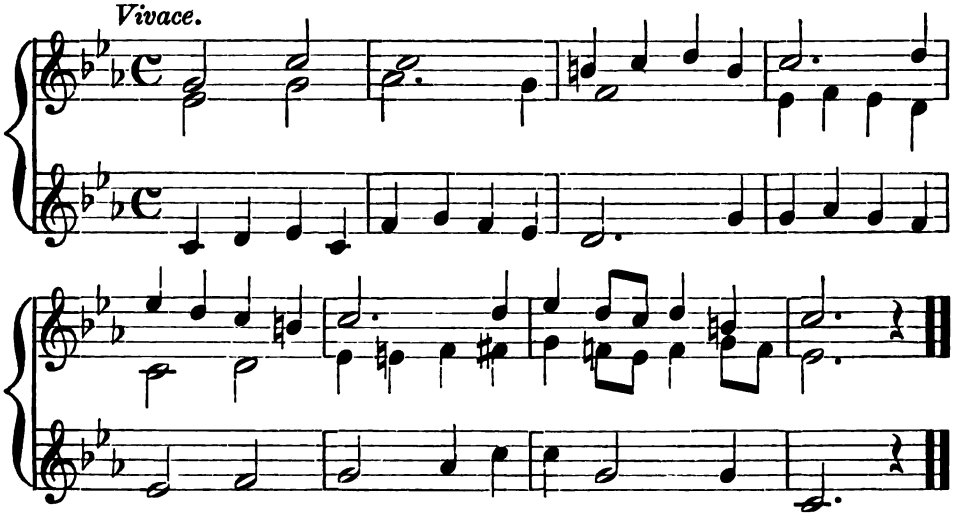

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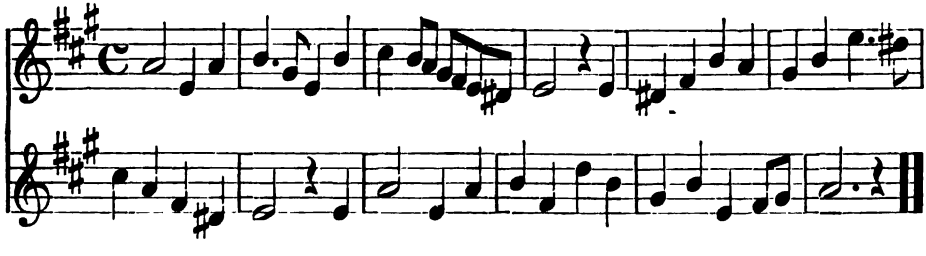

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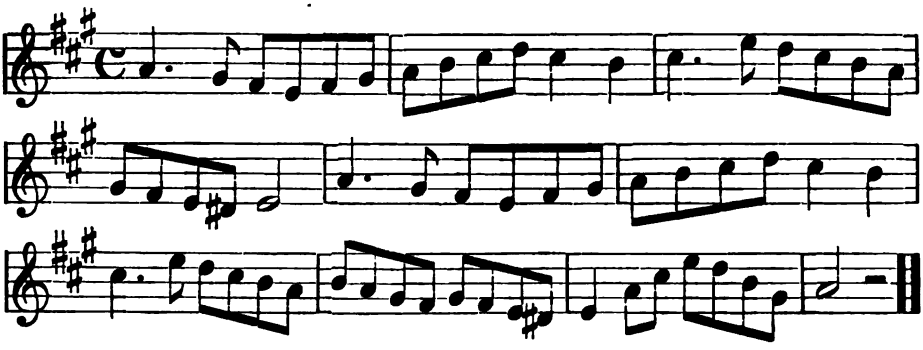

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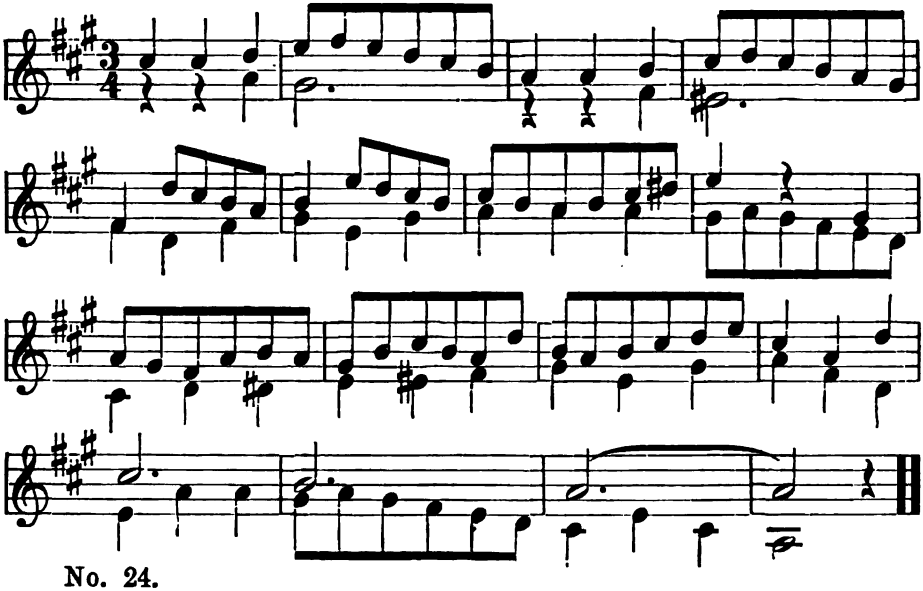

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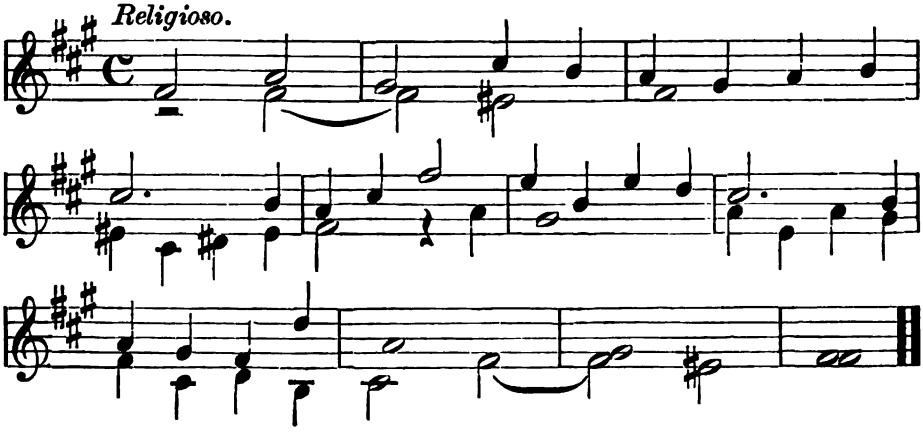

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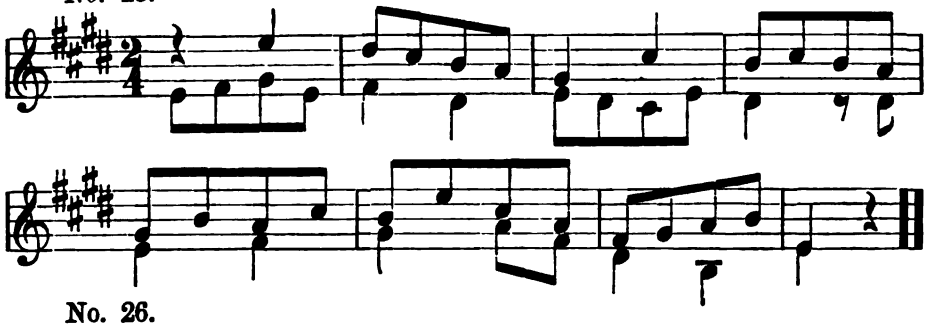

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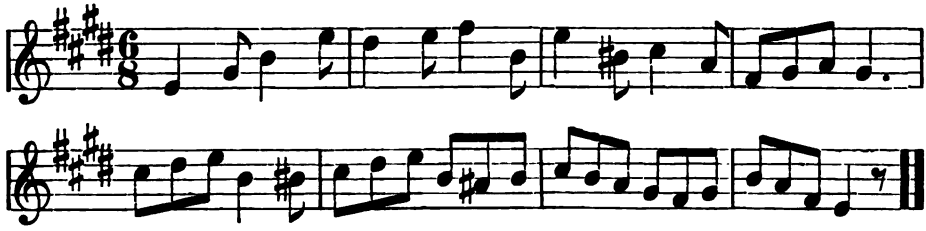

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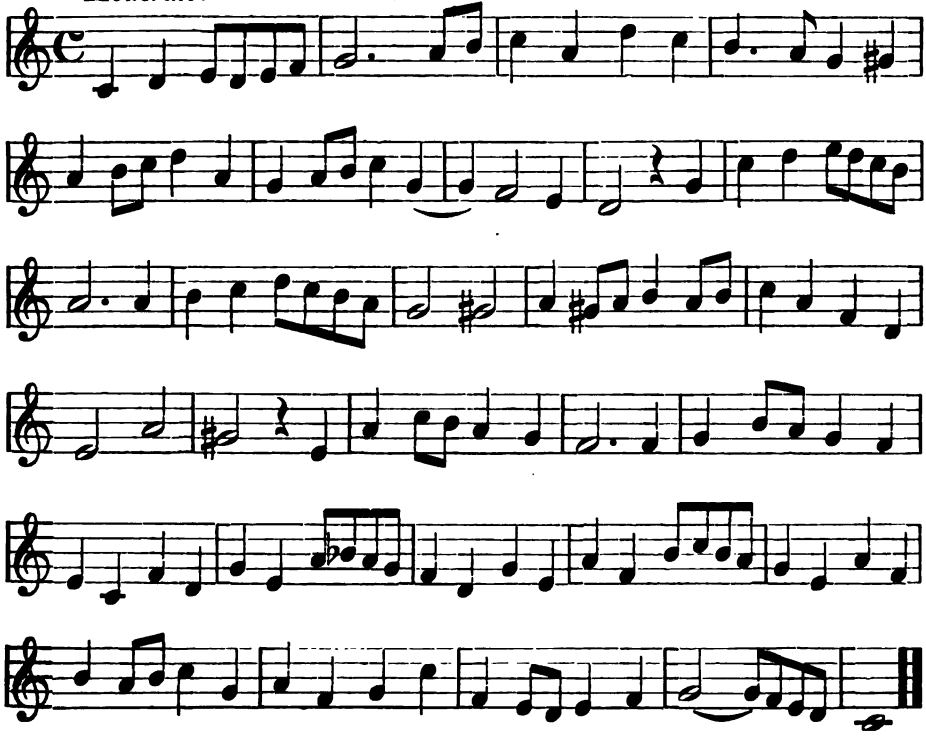

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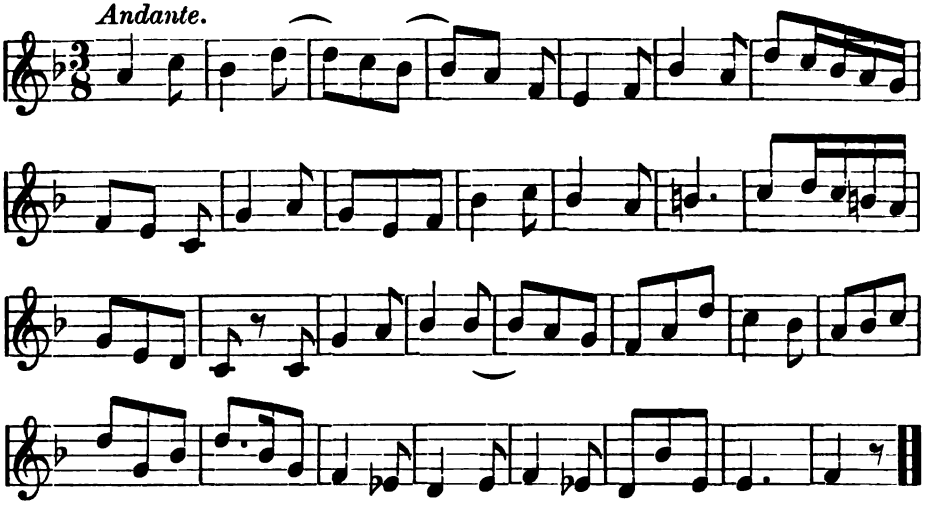

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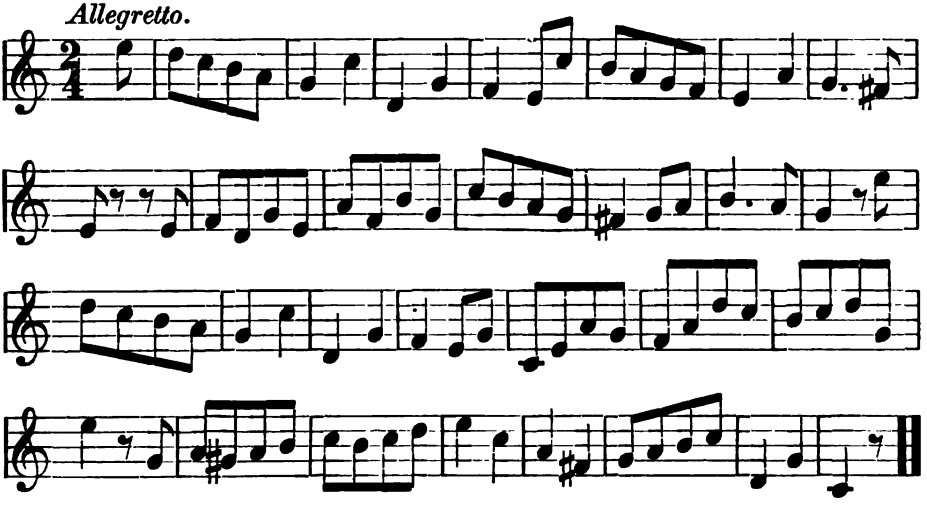

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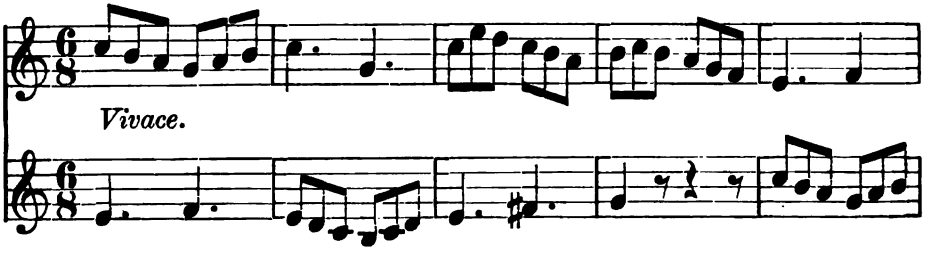

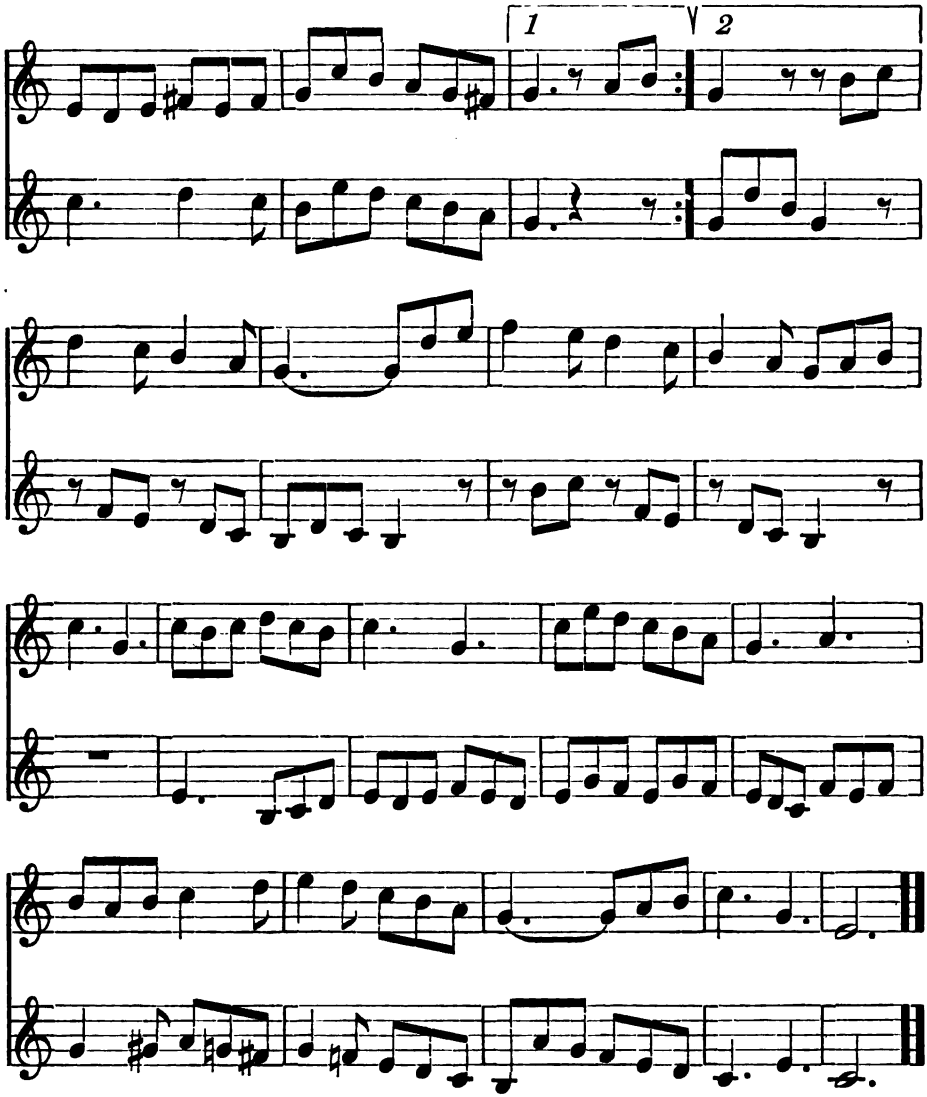

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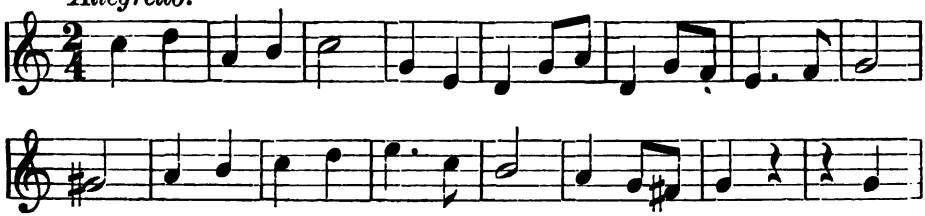

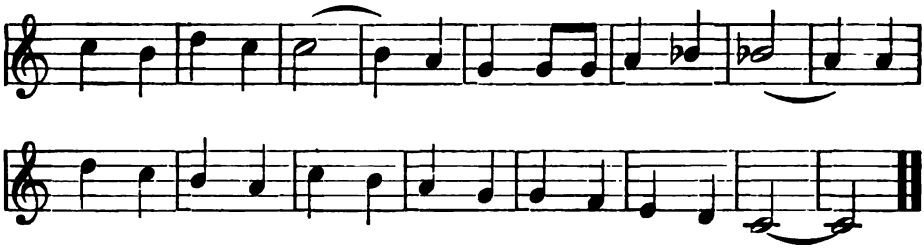

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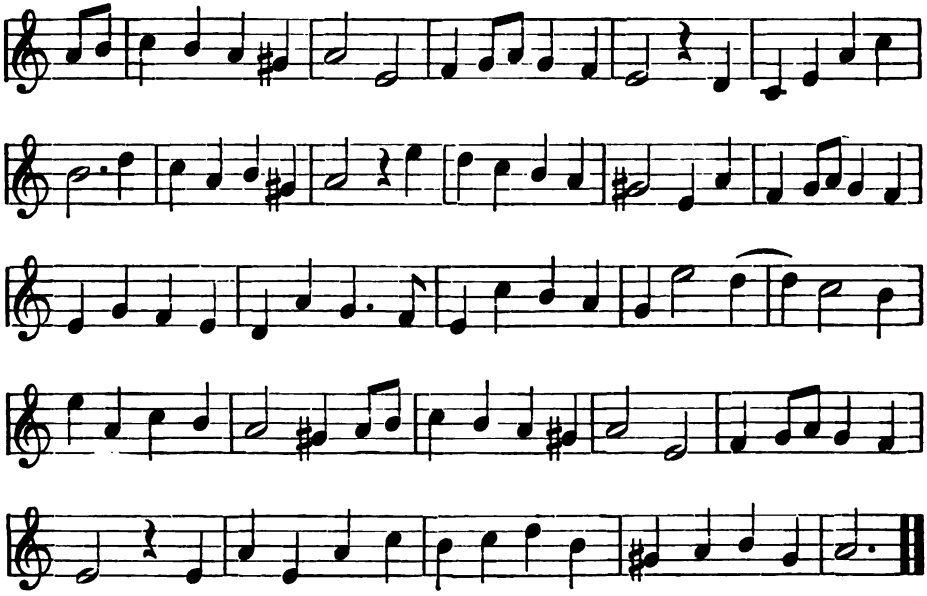

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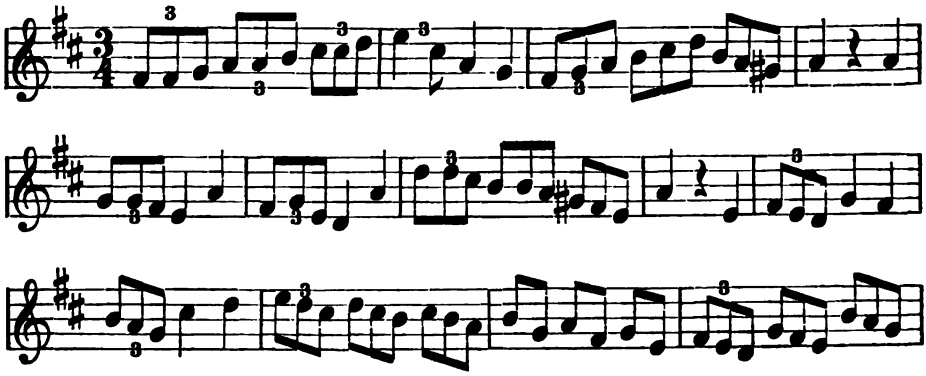

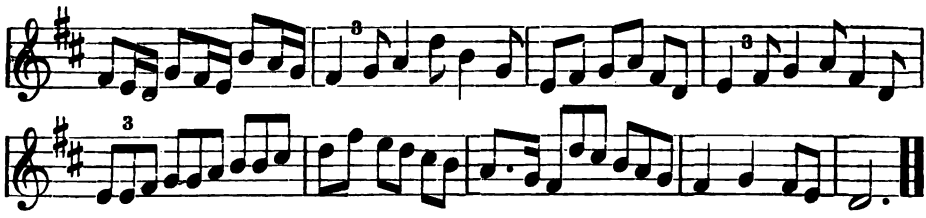

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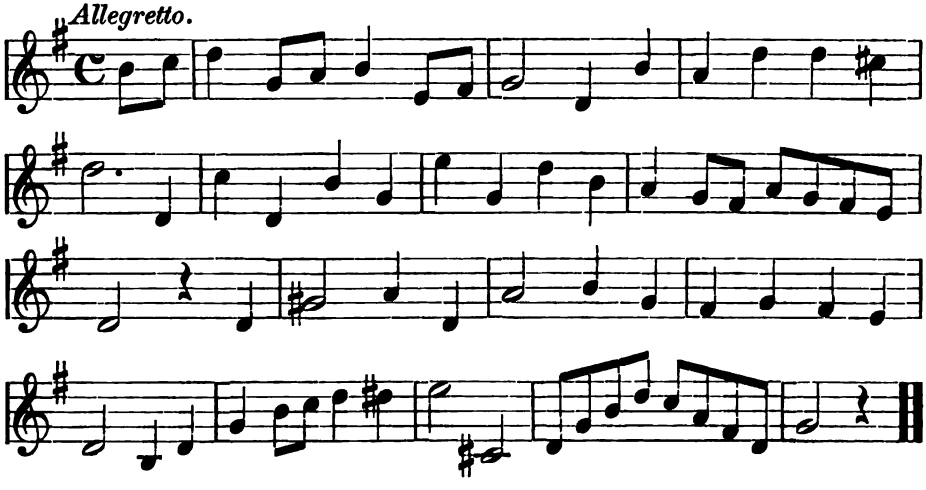
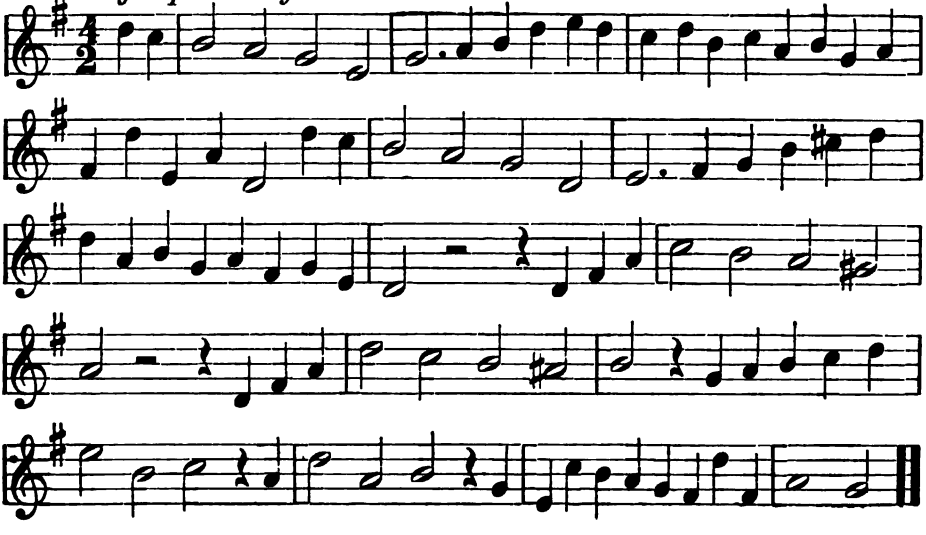


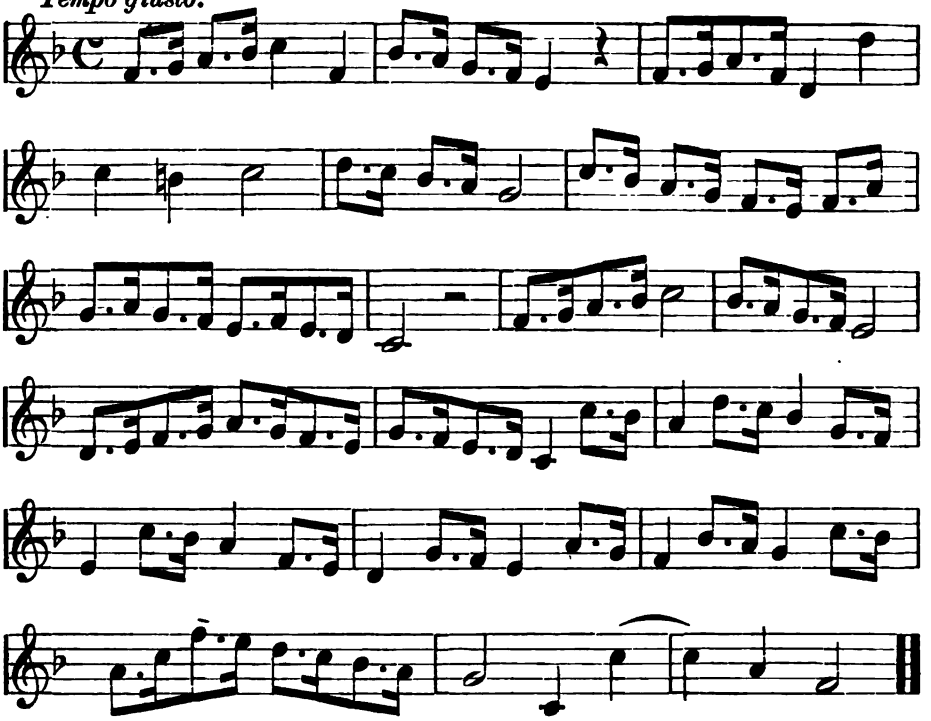
No. 35.

Allegro quasi allegretto.



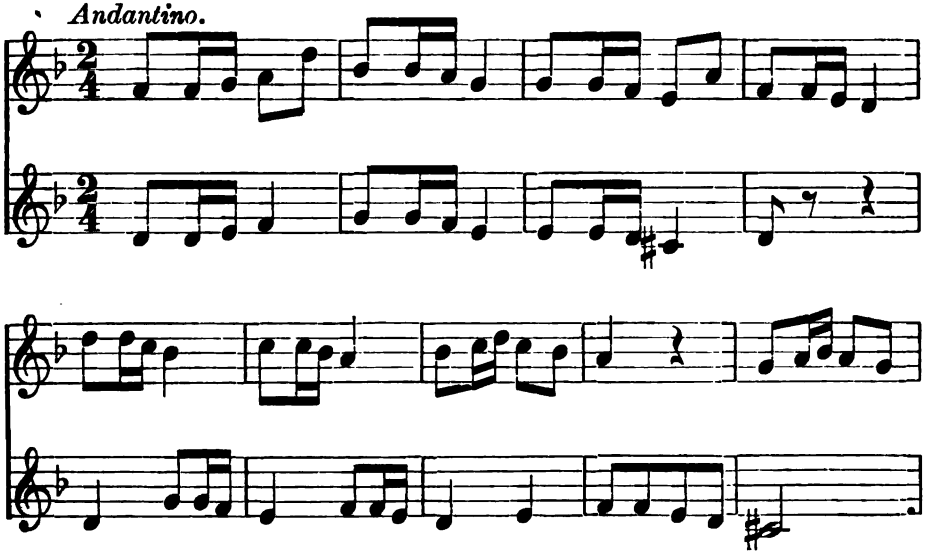
No. 36.

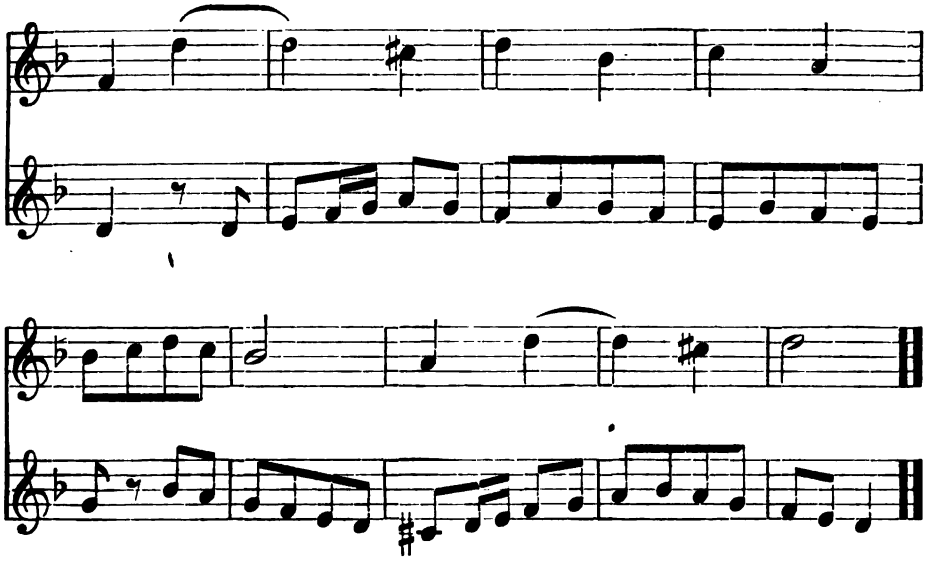
Tempo giusto.



No. 37.

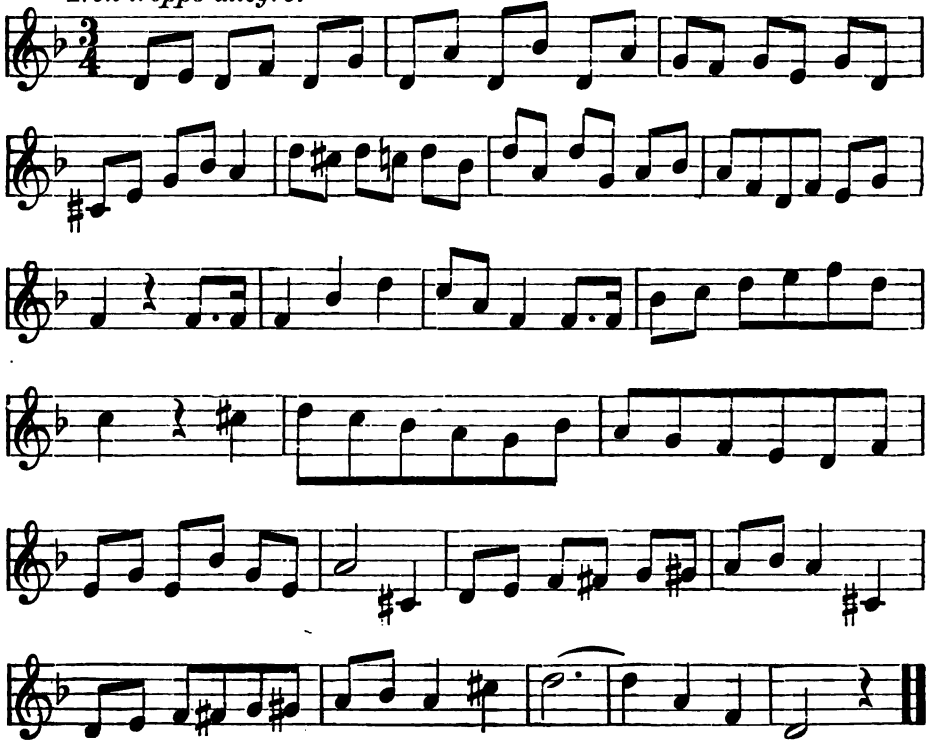
Andantino.





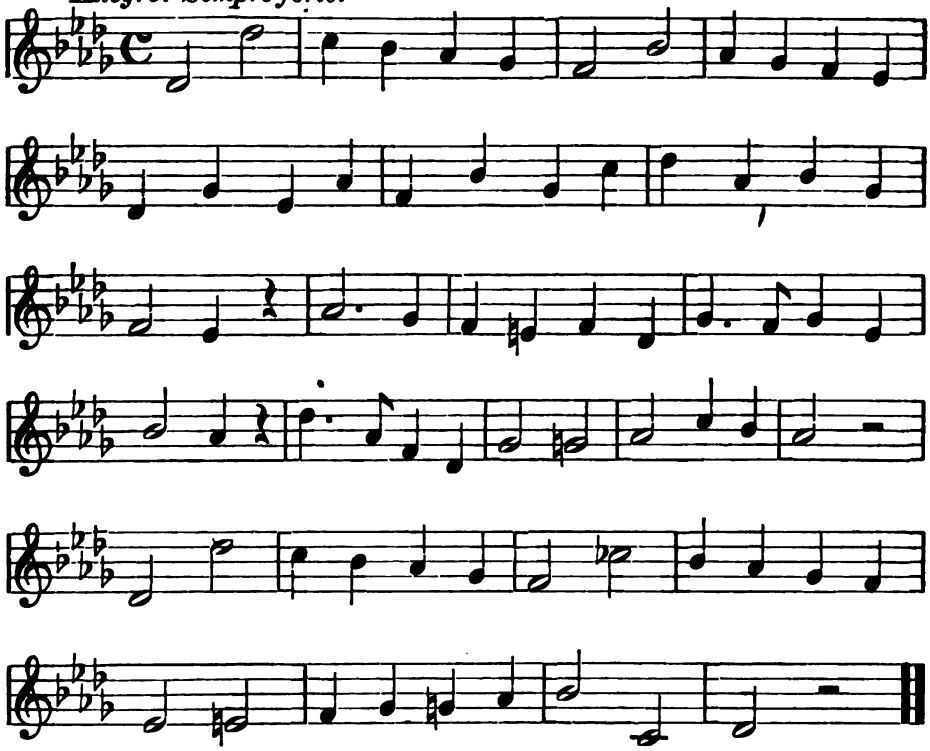
No. 38.

Non troppo allegro.



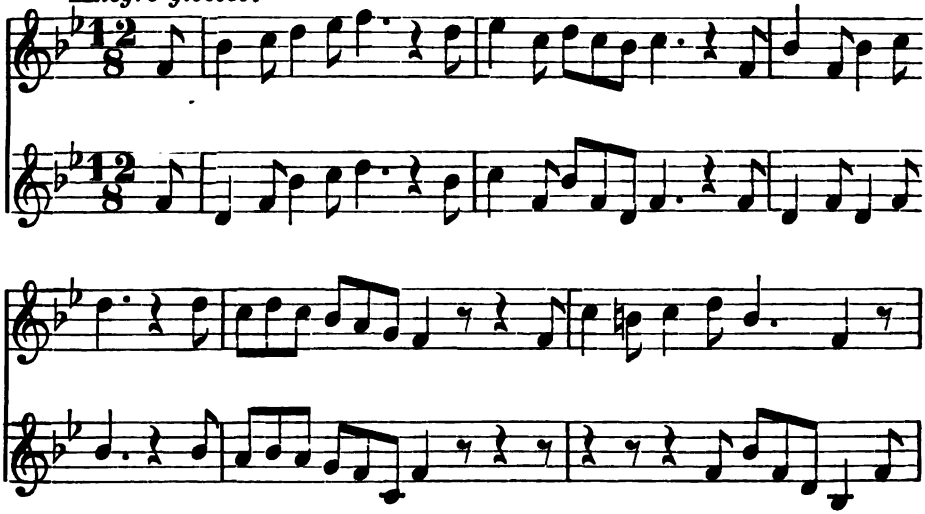
No. 39.

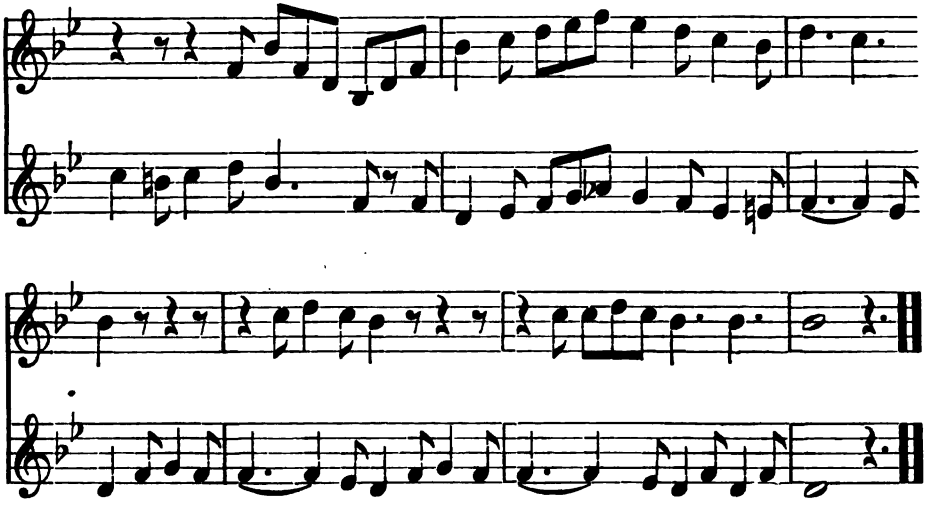
Allegro. Sempre forte.



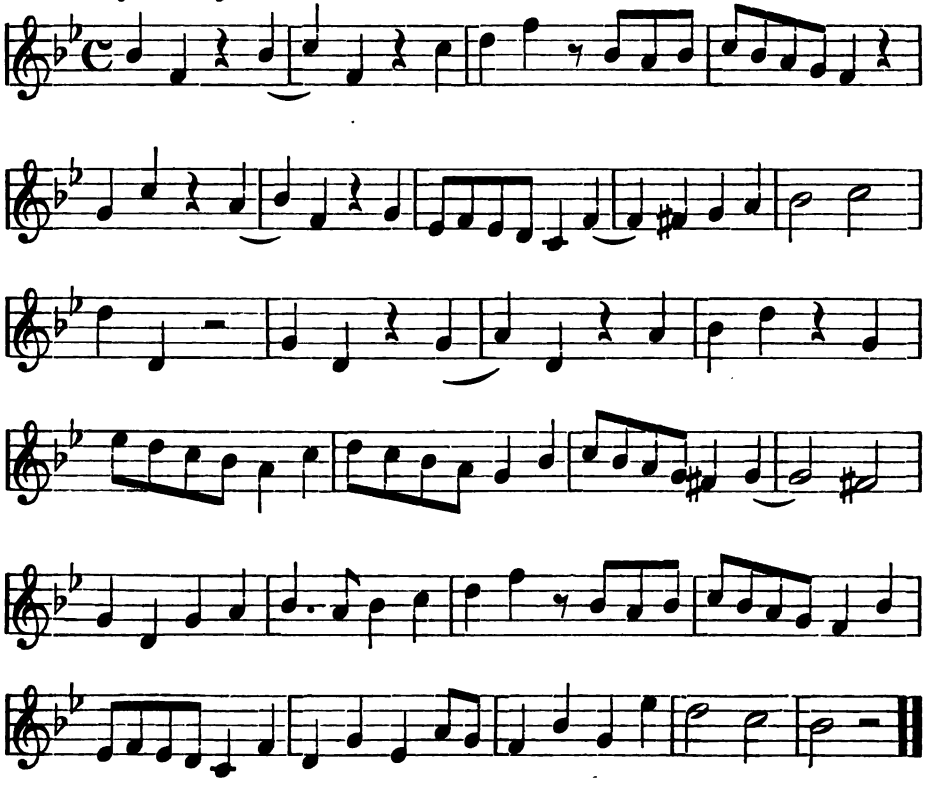
No. 40.

Allegro glocoso.



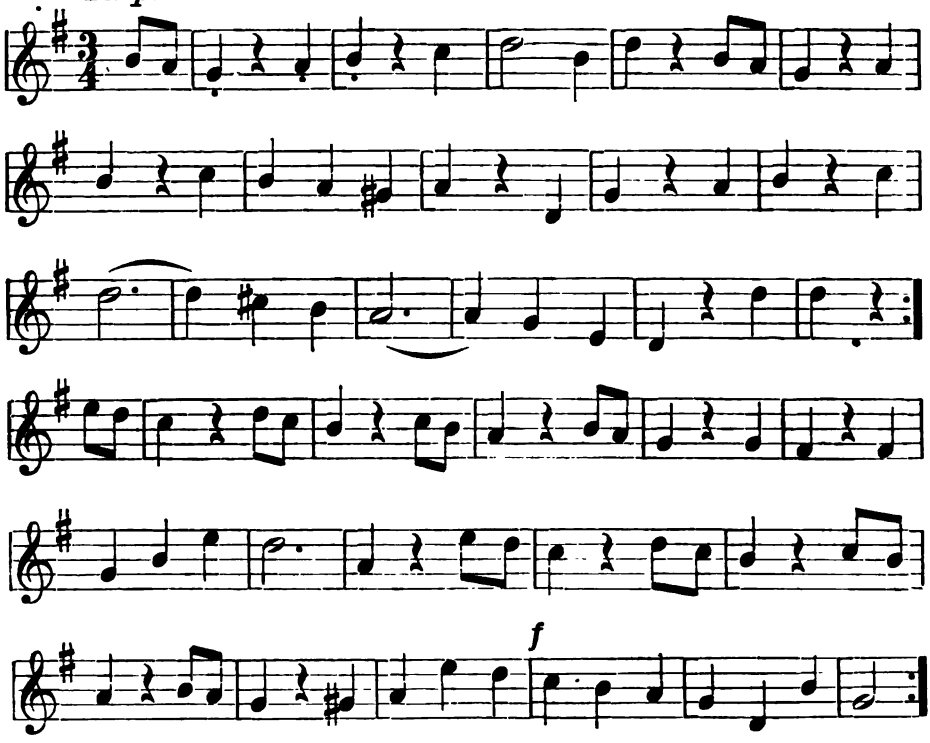


No. 41.
Allegro energico.



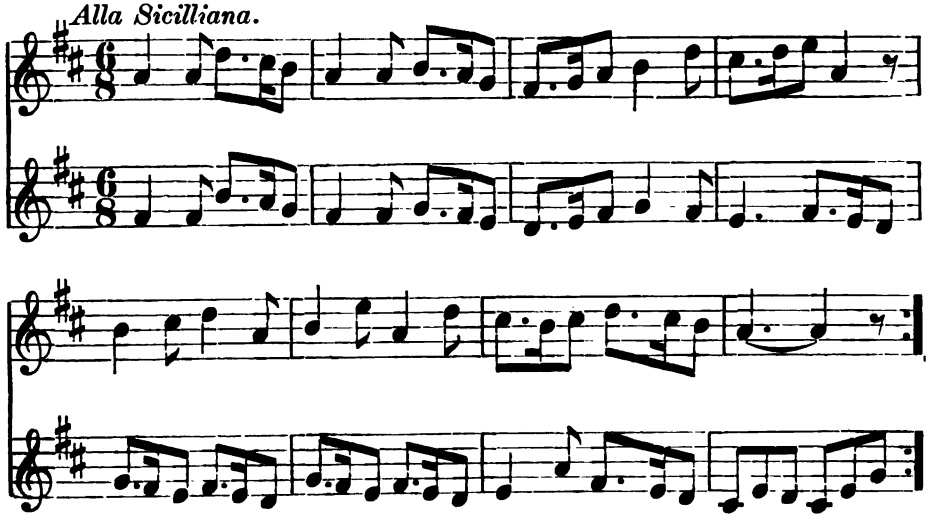
No. 42.

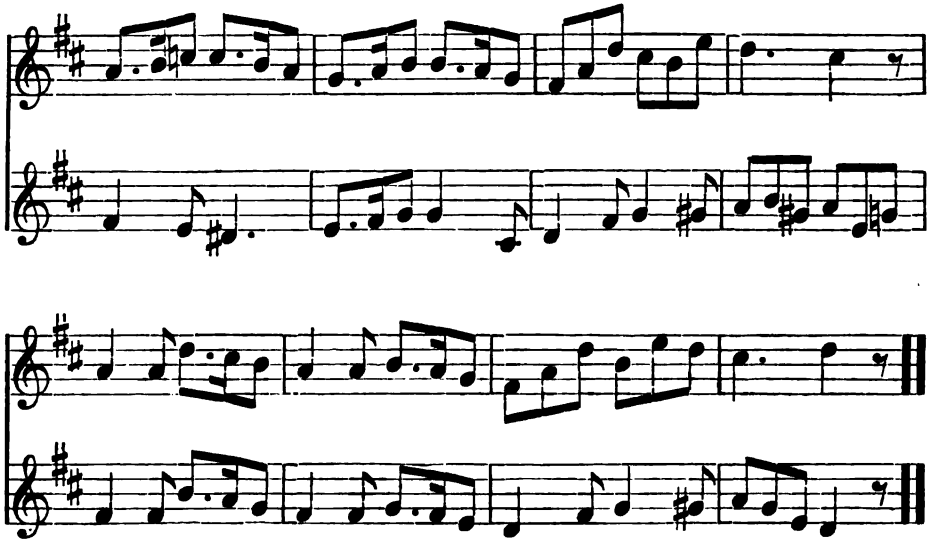
Tempo di valse.



No. 43.

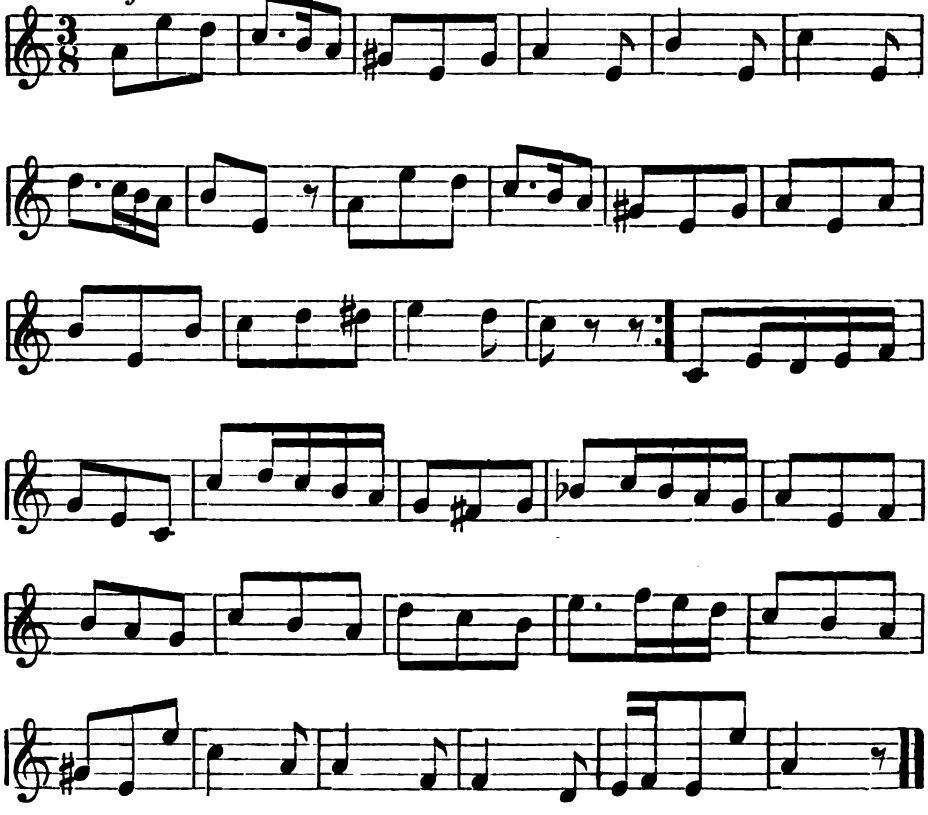
Alla Sicilliana.





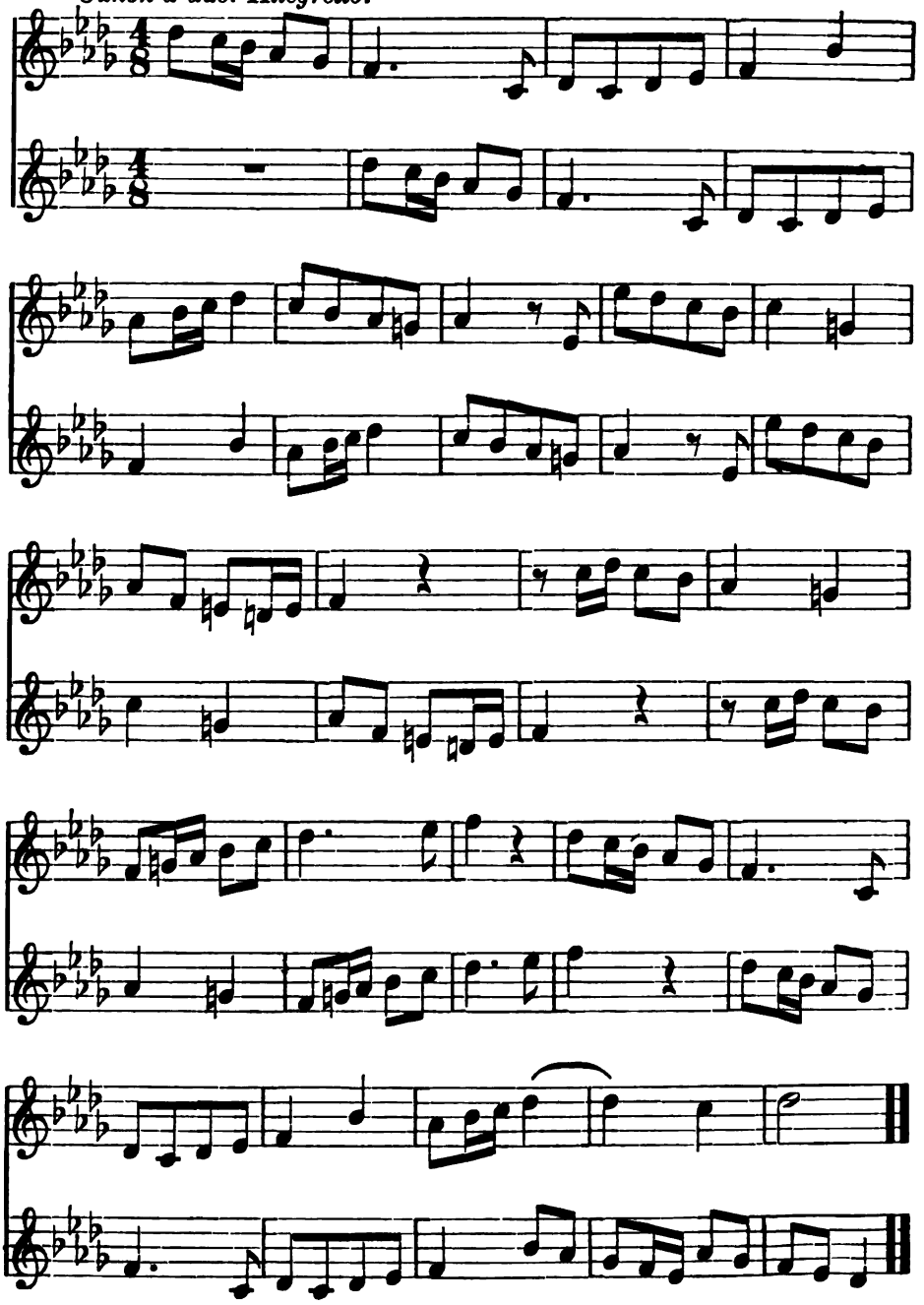
No. 44.

Allegretto.



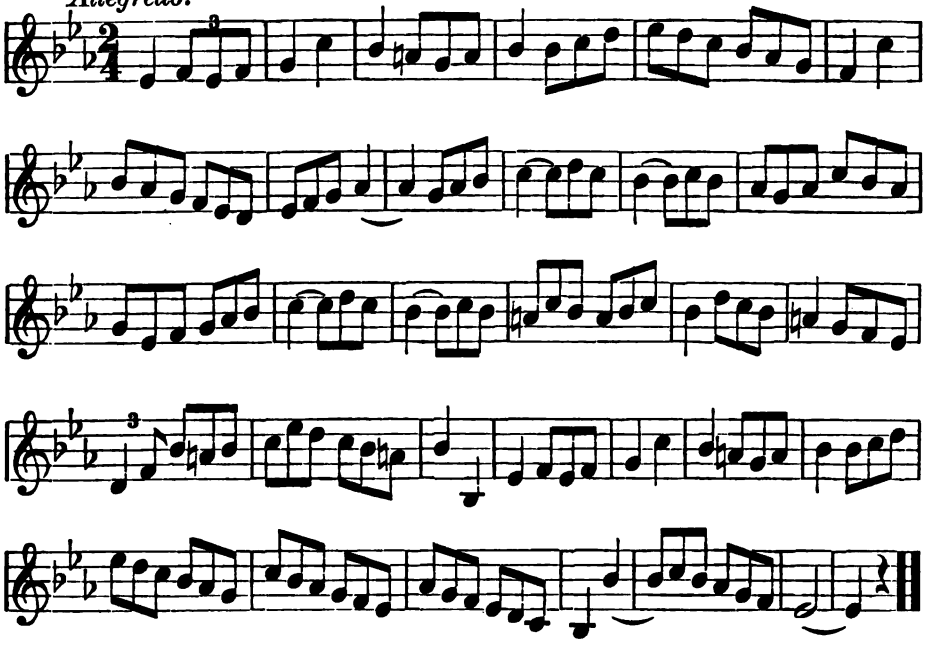
No. 45.

Canon a due. Allegretto.



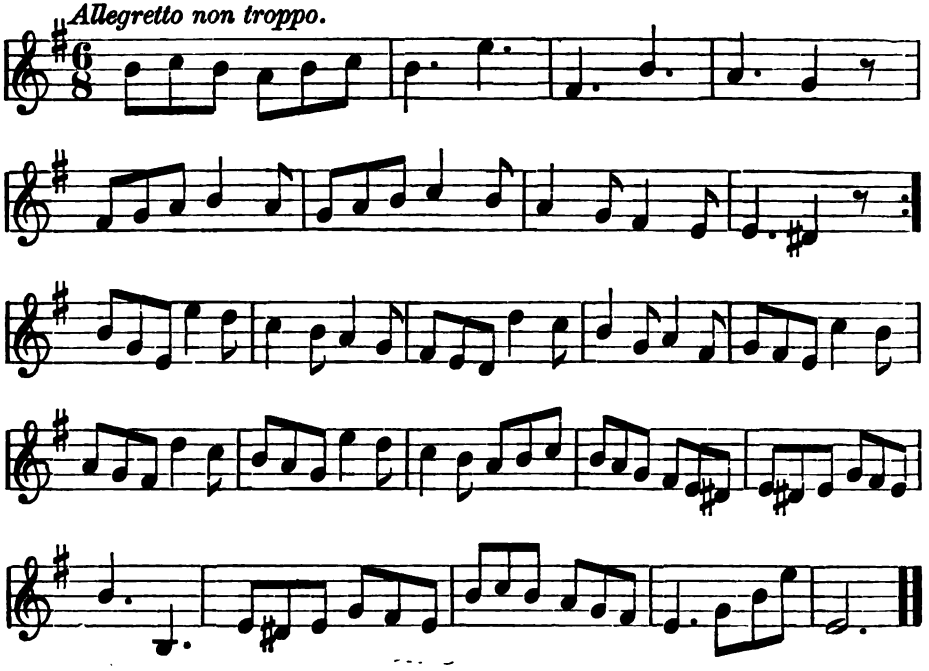
No. 46.

Allegretto.

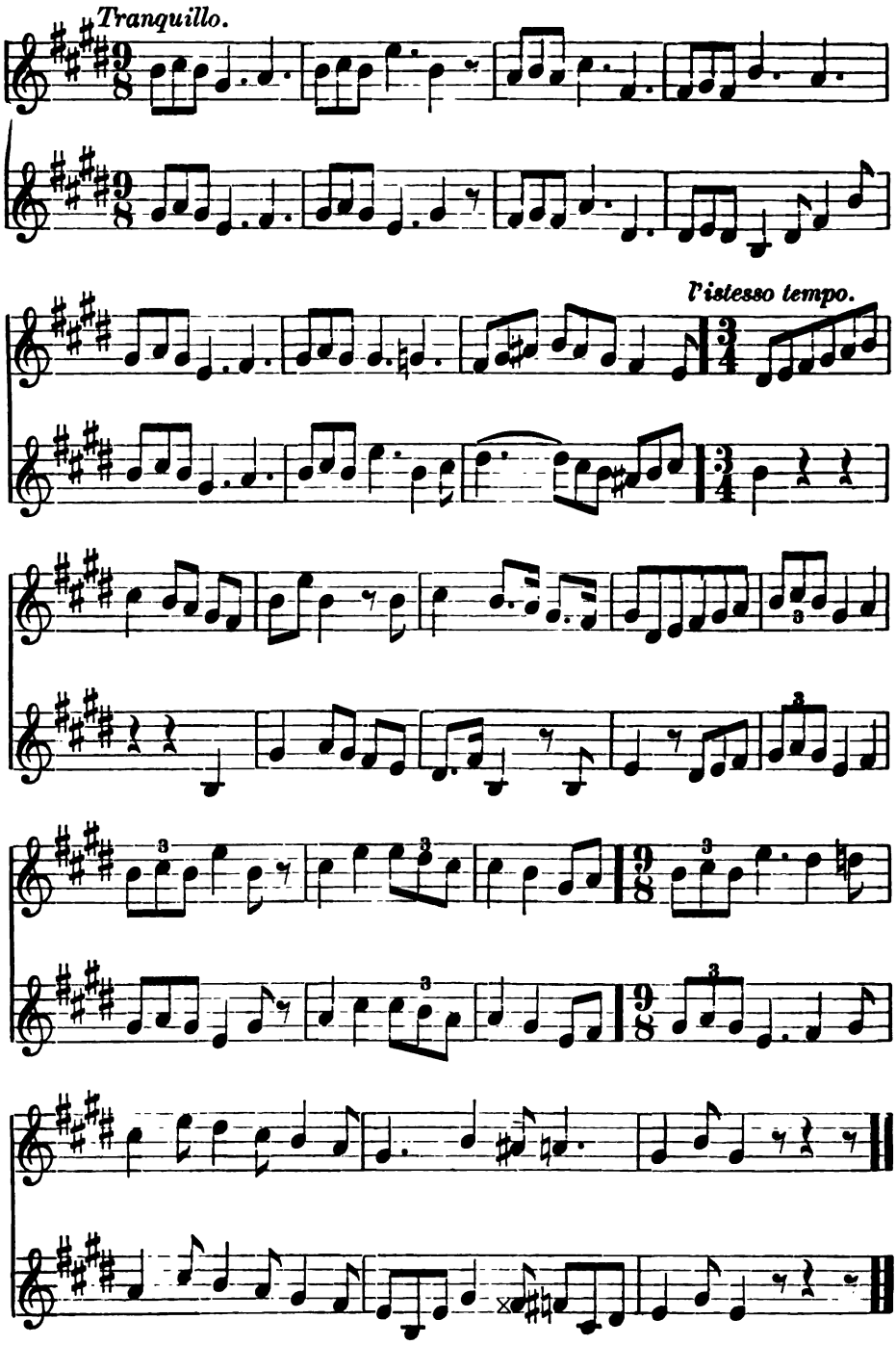


No. 47.

Allegretto non troppo.



No. 48.



THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Arranged for this book.

Moderato. *mf*

1. Oh where, and oh where is your High-land lad - die gone?
2. Oh where, and oh where did your High-land lad - die dwell?
3. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die;

mf

f

He's gone to fight the foe for Vic - to - ria on the
He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land, At the sign of the Blue
The bag-pipes should play o'er him, And I'd sit me down and

f

dim. *p*

throne, And it's oh in my heart I . . wish him safe at home!
Bell, And it's oh in my heart I . . love my lad - die well!
cry, And it's oh in my heart I . . wish he may not die!

IN APRIL.

Andante. J. EICHBERG.

pp

1. O dew - y, sweet, spring ev- 'ning, Thou art to me so dear; The
D.C.—A song like this sweet ev- 'ning I fain would sing, in vain! The

cres. *dim.* FINE.

f

skies with clouds are cur - tained, A star but here and there.
tone, so soft, so gen - tle, I nev - er shall at - tain.

p

The air, so warm and balm-y, Breathes like the breath of love; Each

D.C.

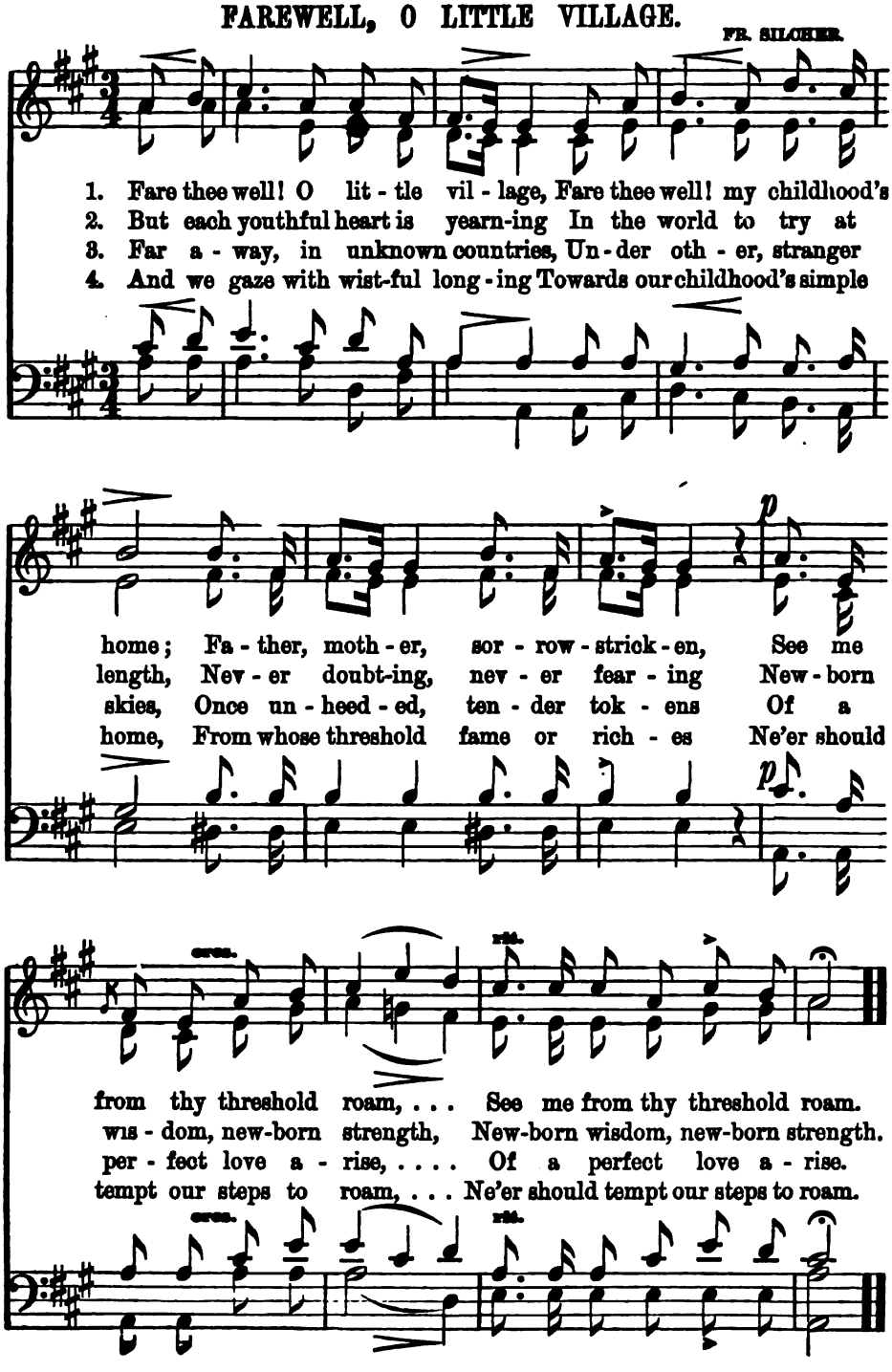
p

breeze a vio - let per - fume Wafts up to me a - bove. . .

FAREWELL, O LITTLE VILLAGE.

FR. SILCHER.

1. Fare thee well! O lit - tle vil - lage, Fare thee well! my childhood's home; Fa - ther, moth - er, sor - row - strick - en, See me from thy threshold roam, . . . See me from thy threshold roam.
2. But each youthful heart is yearn-ing In the world to try at length, Nev - er doubt-ing, nev - er fear - ing New - born wis - dom, new-born strength, New-born wisdom, new-born strength.
3. Far a - way, in unknown countries, Un - der oth - er, stranger skies, Once un - heed - ed, ten - der tok - ens Of a per - fect love a - rise, ... Of a perfect love a - rise.
4. And we gaze with wist-ful long - ing Towards our childhood's simple home, From whose threshold fame or rich - es Ne'er should tempt our steps to roam, . . . Ne'er should tempt our steps to roam.



THE LORELEY.

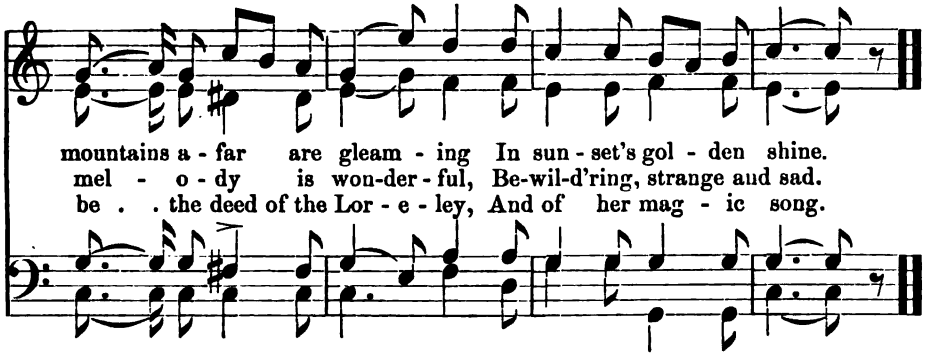
FR. SILCHER.

1. I know not what is the mean - ing, That wear - y, sad am
2. A - bove on the rocks is lean - ing A maid - en strange - ly
3. A fish - er be - low is heark-'ning, It fills with grief and

I; ..... Of an - cient times I'm dream - ing, A
fair .... Her gold - en jewels are gleam - ing, She
love, ... He heeds not the rocks so dark - 'ning, He

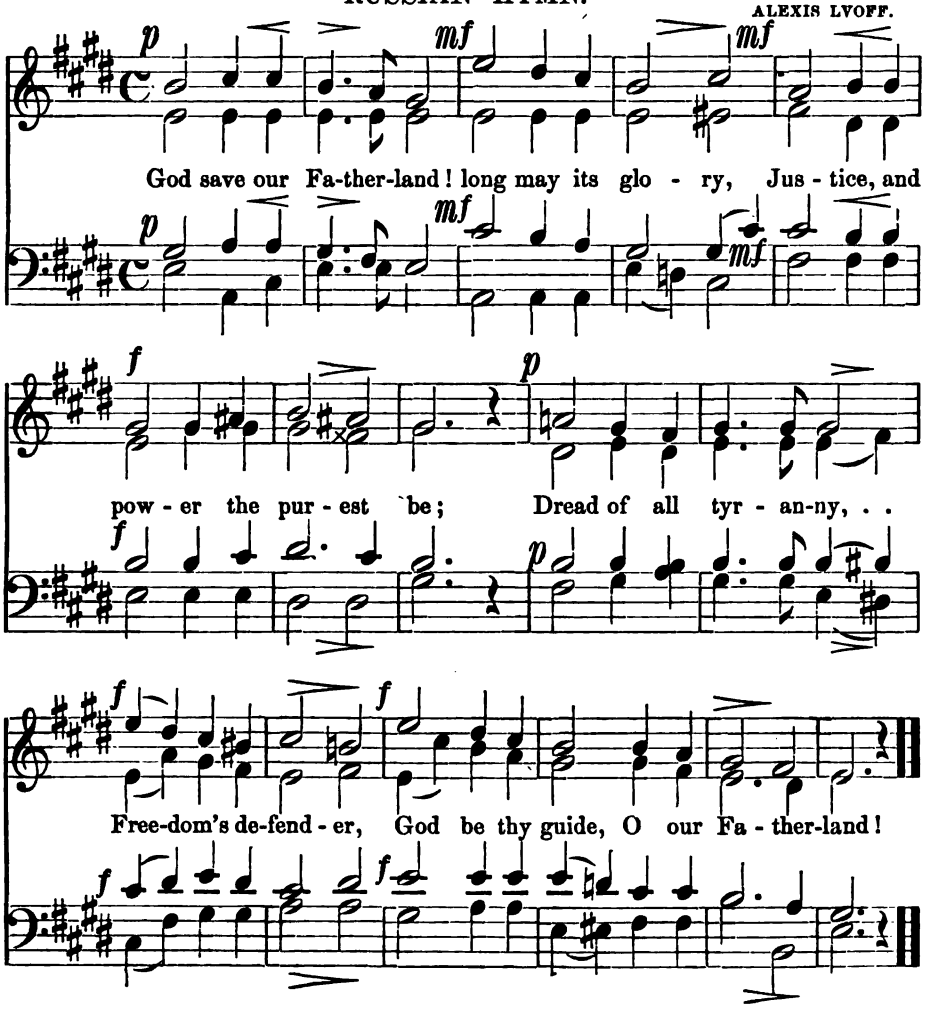
le - gend long gone by. The day is fad - ing to
combs her long gold - en hair. With gold - en comb she
sees but the form a bove. I think the riv - er will

twi - light And soft - ly flows the Rhine; ..... The
combs it, And sings there - to a song; ..... The
bur - y The boat and fisher ere long; ..... 'Twill



RUSSIAN HYMN.

ALEXIS LVOFF.



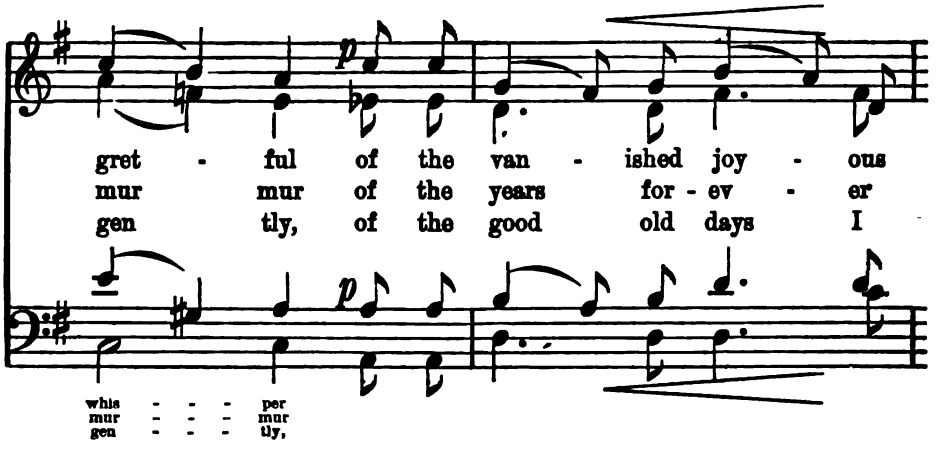
THE LINDEN TREE.

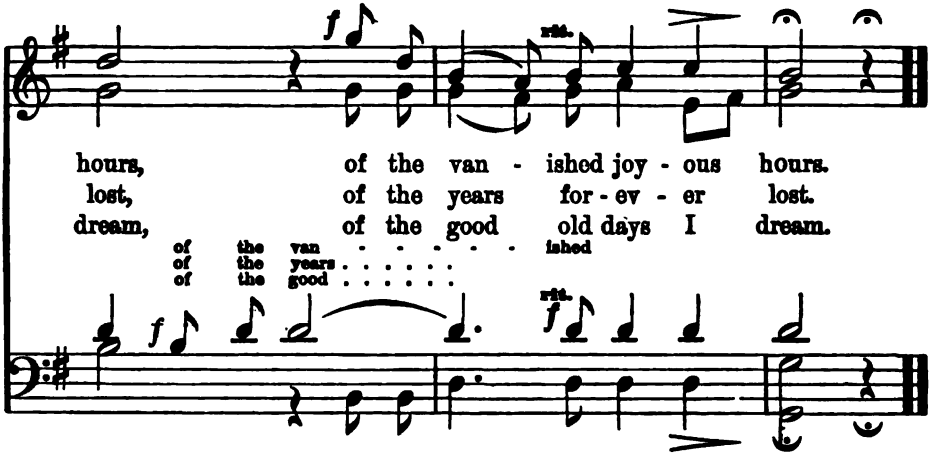
FRANZ WULLNER.

1. A lin-den tree stands in the for - est, Sur-round-ed by grass-es and
2. A riv - u - let spar-kles be-side it, By sum-mer winds rippled and
3. The shade of the lin-den in-vites me To rest by the murmuring

flowers; The leaves on its branch-es they whis - per, The
tossed; The bil - lows re - gret - ful - ly mur - mur, The
stream, Soon fanned by the breez - es of sum - mer, Soon

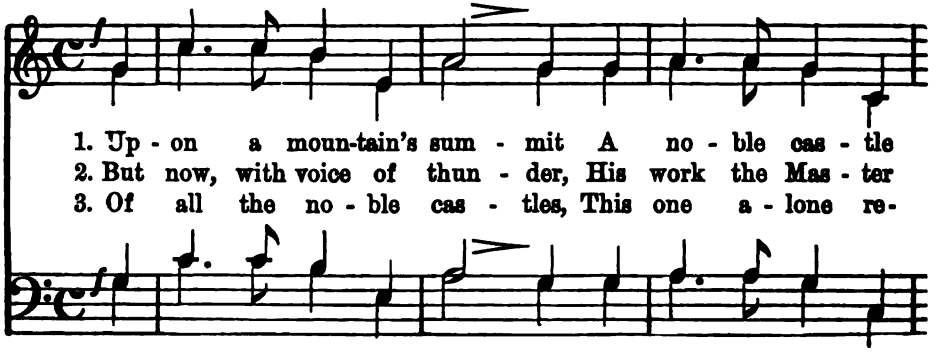
leaves on the branch-es they whis - per, they whis - per, Re-
bil - lows re - gret - ful - ly mur - mur, they mur - mur, They
fanned by the breez - es of sum - mer, so gen - tly, So

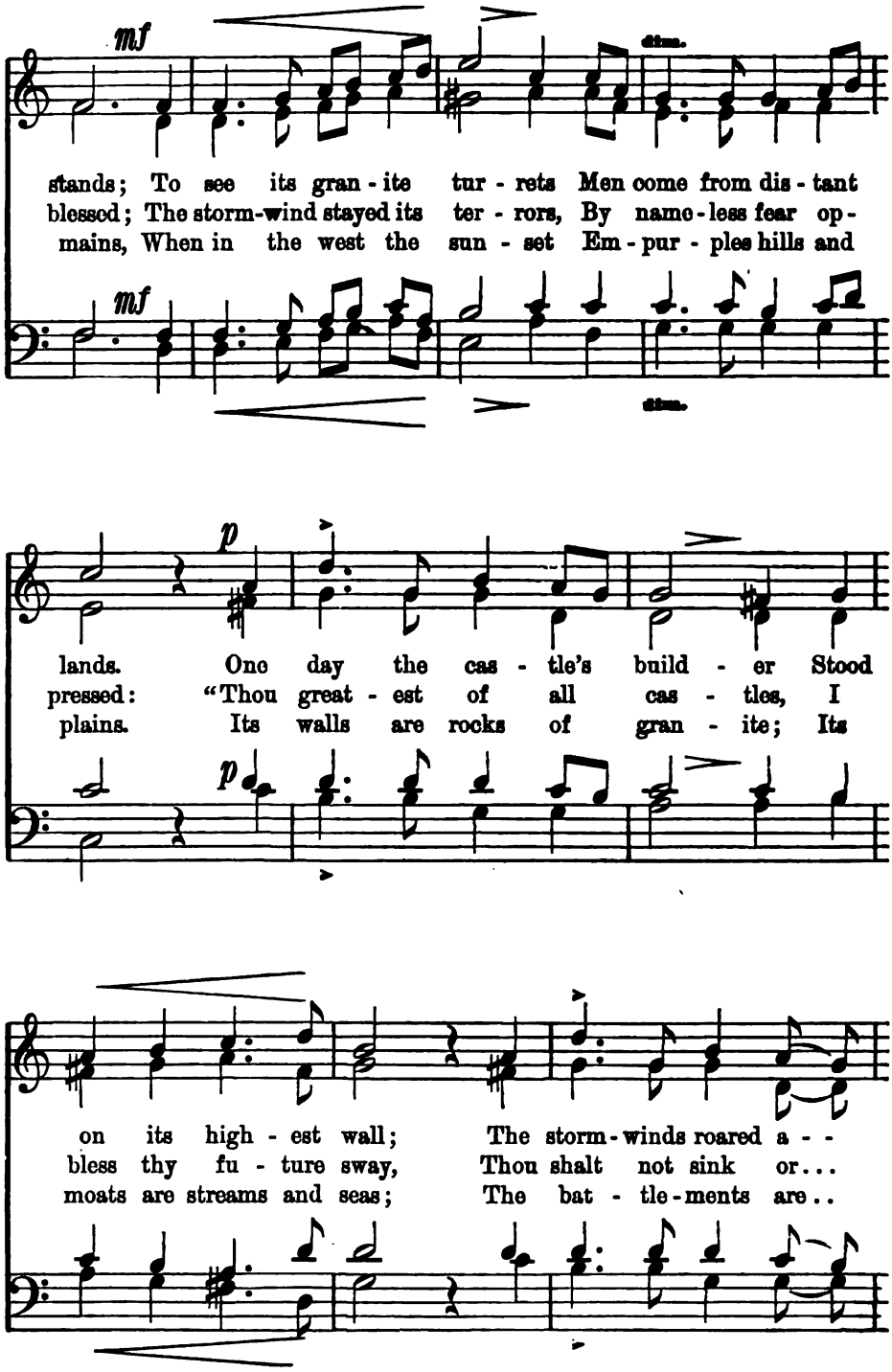


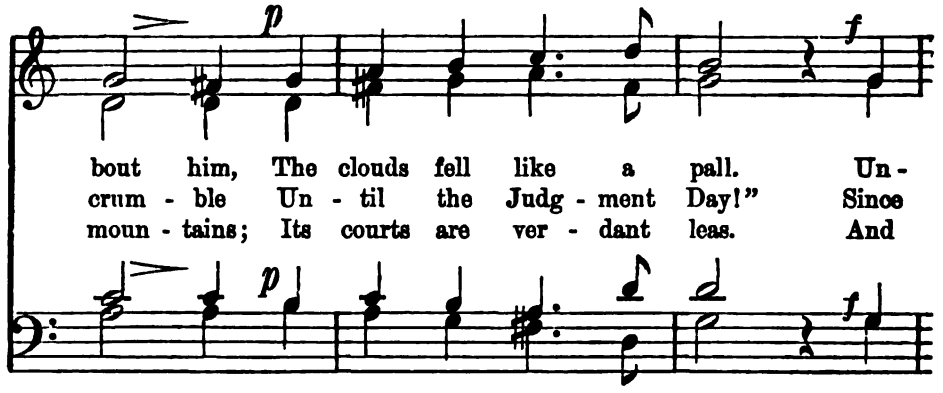


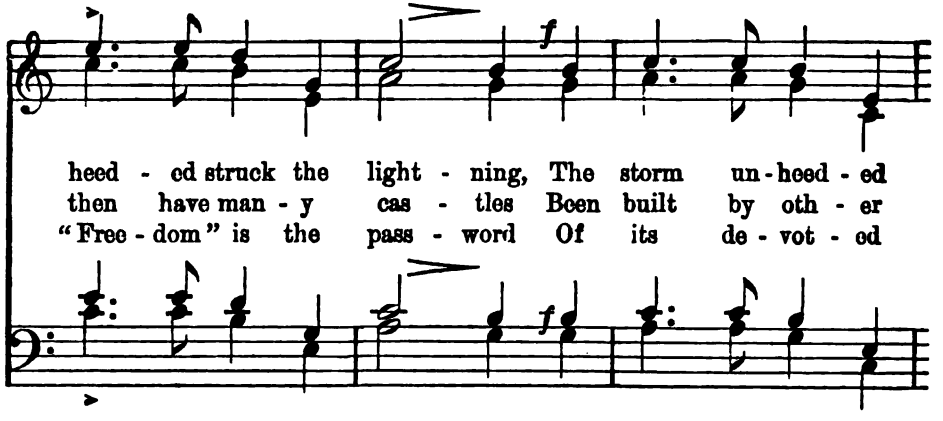
THE CASTLE.

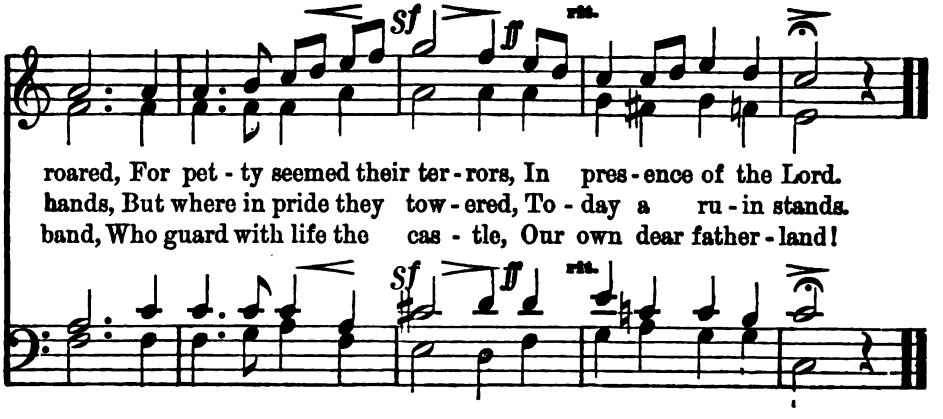
ROBERT SCHUMANN.




mf
dim.
stands; To see its gran - ite tur - rets Men come from dis - tant
blessed; The storm-wind stayed its ter - rors, By name - less fear op -
mains, When in the west the sun - set Em - pur - ples hills and
mf
dim.
p
lands. One day the cas - tle's build - er Stood
pressed: "Thou great - est of all cas - tles, I
plains. Its walls are rocks of gran - ite; Its
p
on its high - est wall; The storm - winds roared a - -
bless thy fu - ture sway, Thou shalt not sink or...
moats are streams and seas; The bat - tle - ments are..

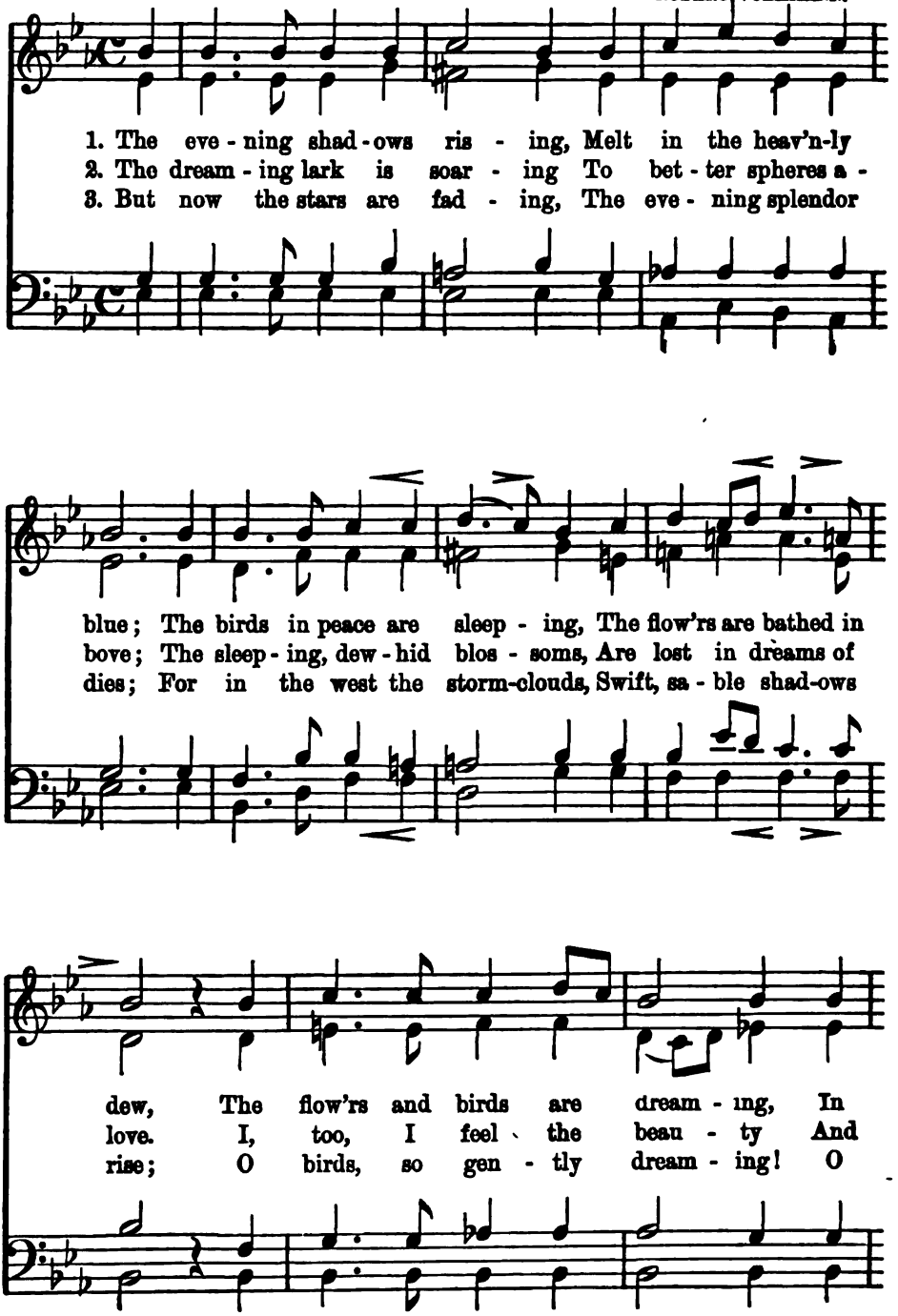

p
f
bout him, The clouds fell like a pall. Un-
crum - ble Un - til the Judg - ment Day!" Since
moun - tains; Its courts are ver - dant leas. And
p
f

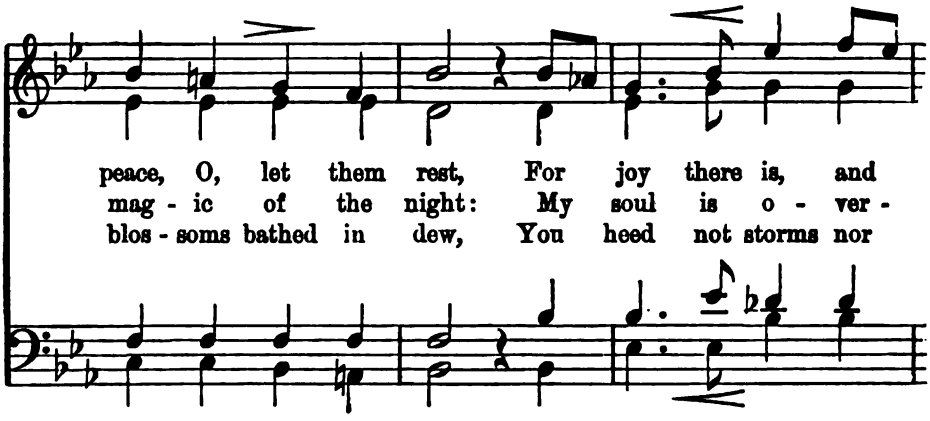

f
heed - ed struck the light - ning, The storm un-heed - ed
then have man - y cas - tles Been built by oth - er
"Free - dom" is the pass - word Of its de - vot - ed
f

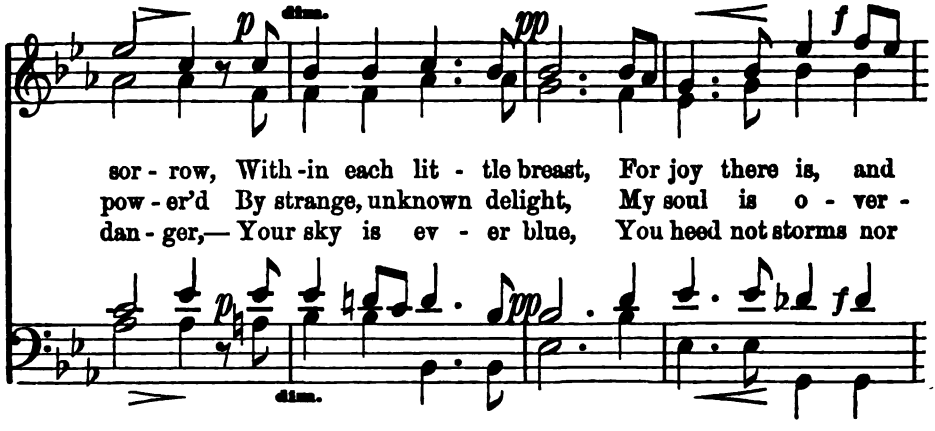

sf
ff
rit.
roared, For pet - ty seemed their ter - rors, In pres - ence of the Lord.
hands, But where in pride they tow - ered, To - day a ru - in stands.
band, Who guard with life the cas - tle, Our own dear father - land!
sf
ff
rit.

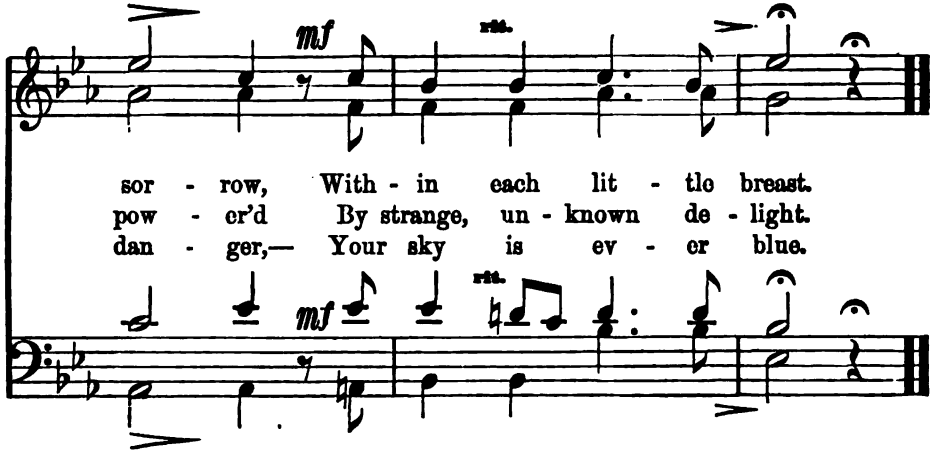
THE SHADES OF EVE ARE FALLING.

ROBERT VOLKMANN.




peace, O, let them rest, For joy there is, and
mag - ic of the night: My soul is o - ver -
blos - soms bathed in dew, You heed not storms nor


p
dim.
pp
f
sor - row, With - in each lit - tle breast, For joy there is, and
pow - er'd By strange, unknown delight, My soul is o - ver -
dan - ger,— Your sky is ev - er blue, You heed not storms nor
p
pp
f
dim.


mf
rit.
sor - row, With - in each lit - tle breast.
pow - er'd By strange, un - known de - light.
dan - ger,— Your sky is ev - er blue.
mf
rit.

THE SKIES RESOUND.

L. VON BEETHOVEN.

1. The skies re - sound with the Lord's end - less glo - ry! Be -
2. Ac - knowl-edge hum - bly the might of each won - der Which

yond the heav'ns the song is heard The earth sings prais - es, the
na - ture to thine eyes un - folds! Do works like these in their

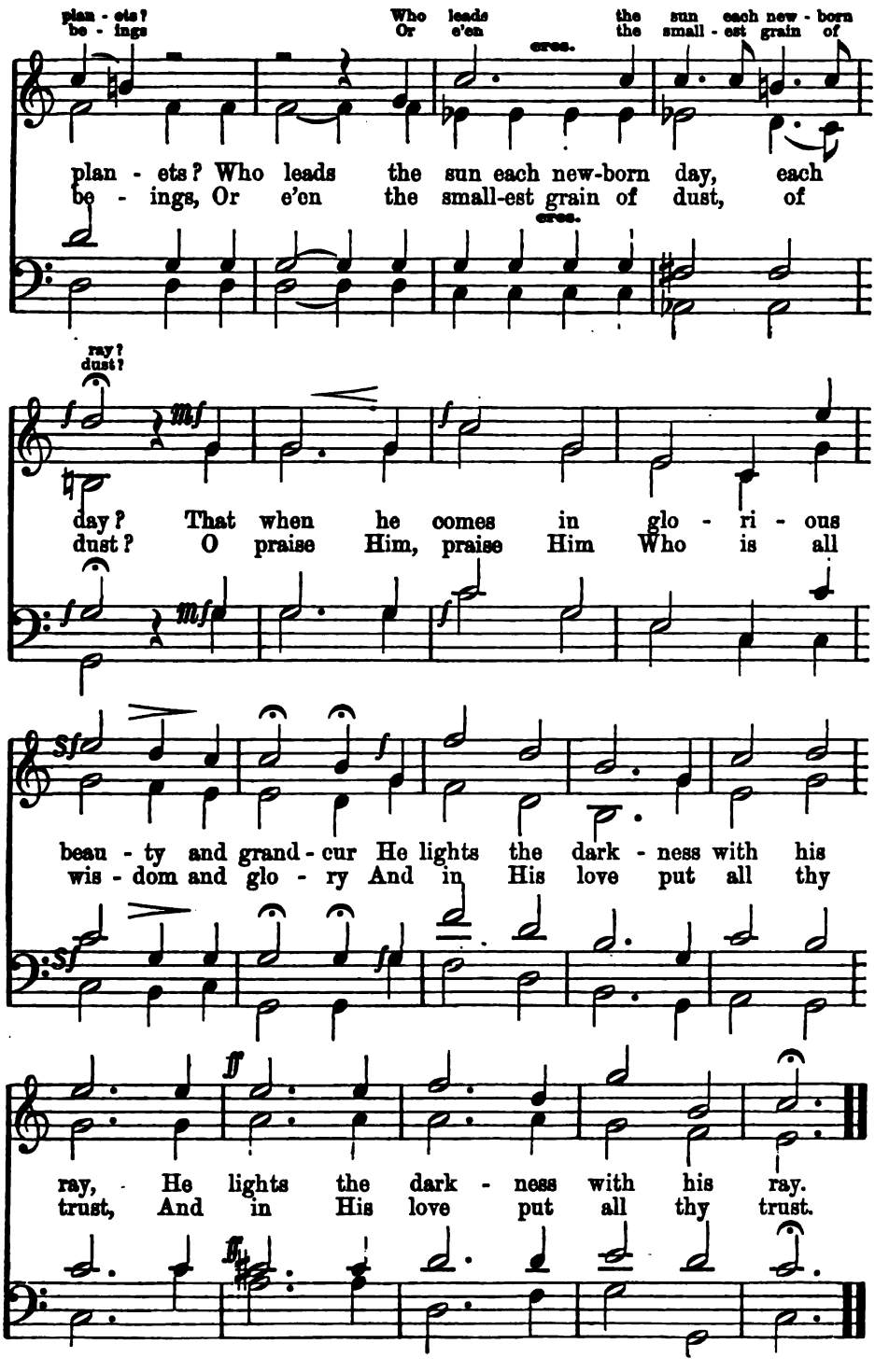
cres.

sea chants His glo - ry, O mor - tals, heark - en to their
great - ness re - veal not To Thee, the rul - er of all

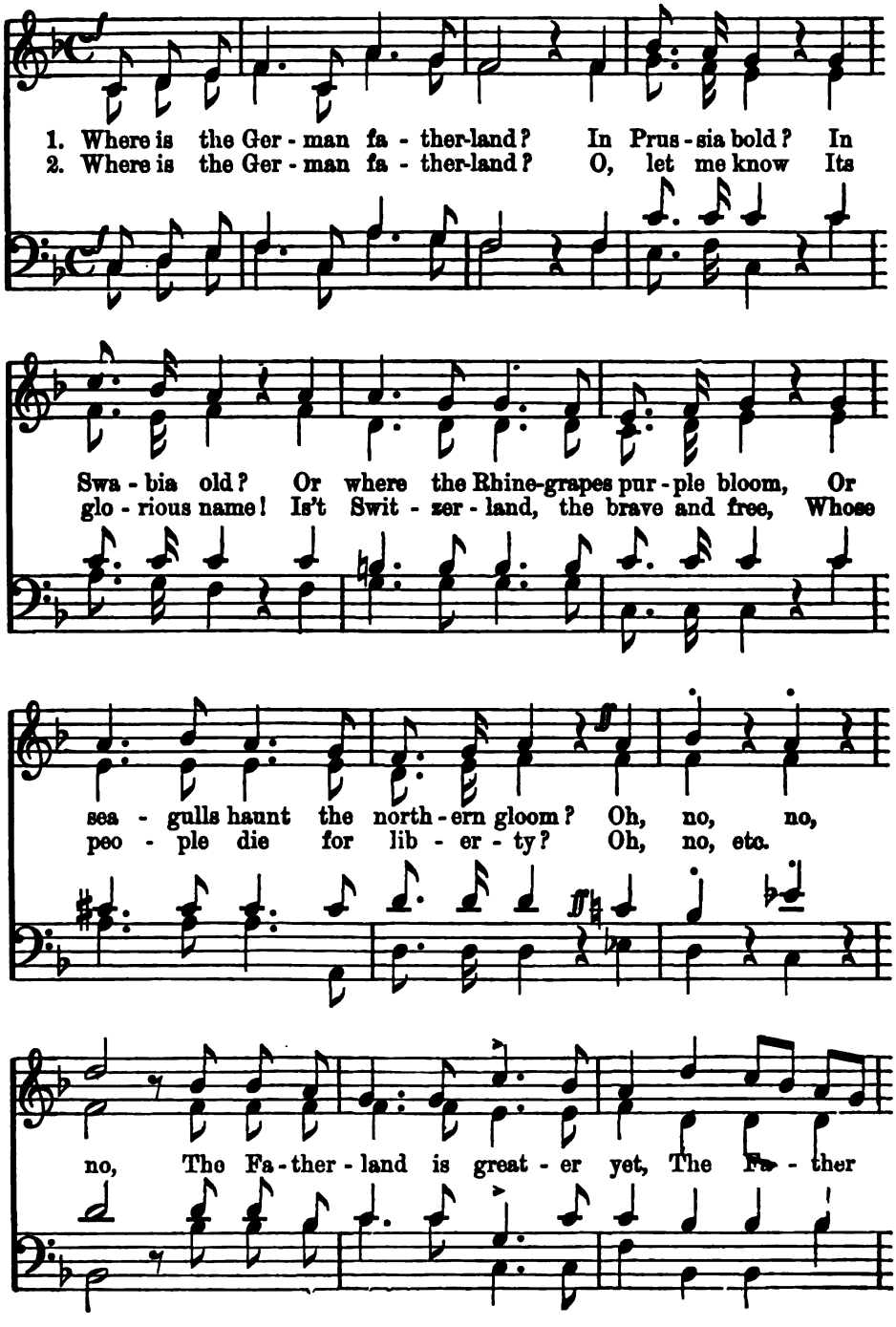
cres.

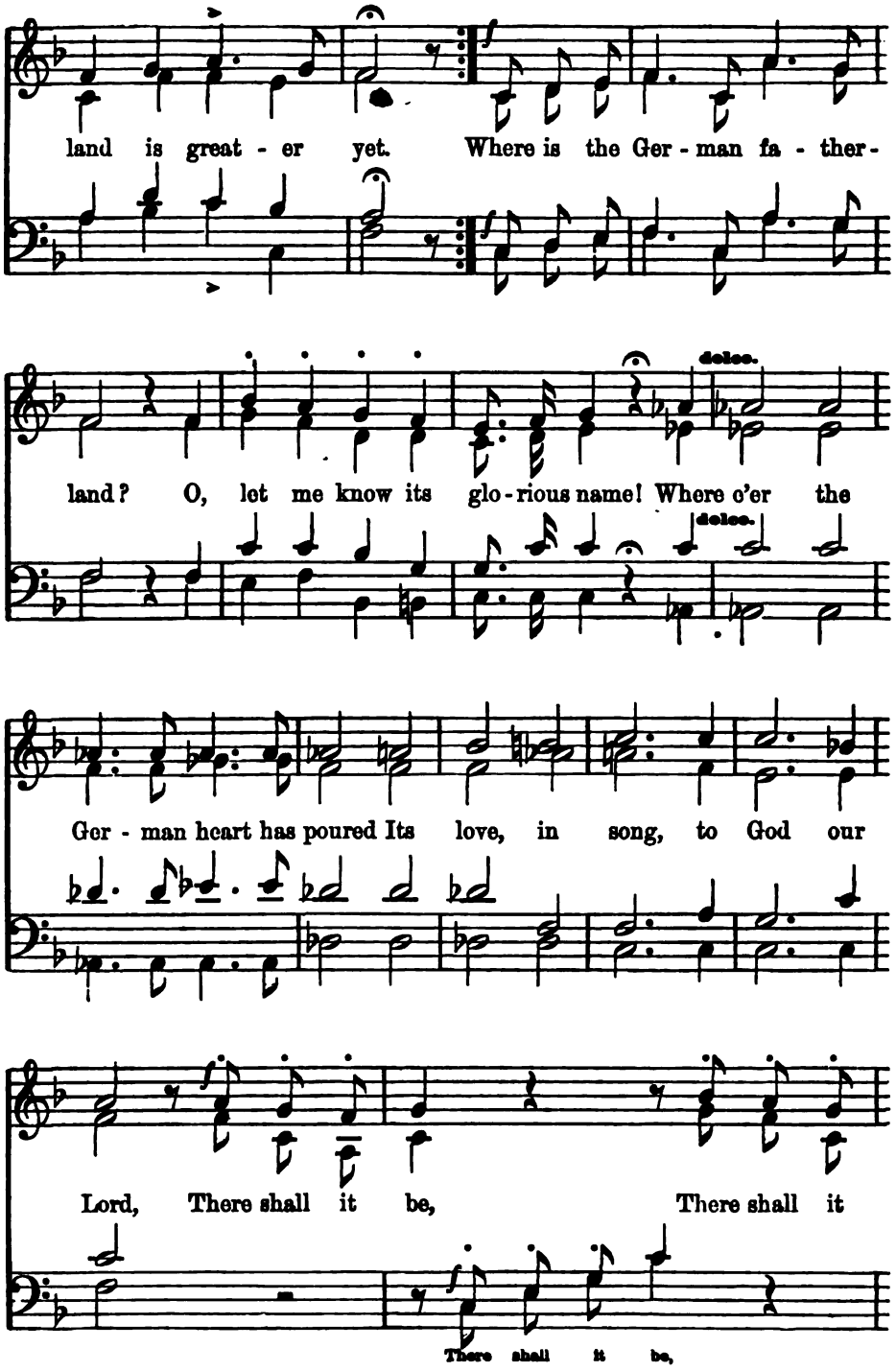
Who guides at e - ven the light of the
Cans't thou un - moved see these mill-ions of

word! Who guides at e - ven, at e - ven the light of the
worl'ds! Canst Thou unmoved see these millions, these mill - - ions of


plan - ets? Who leads the sun each new - born
be - ings Or e'en the small - est grain of
cres.
plan - ets? Who leads the sun each new-born day, each
be - ings, Or e'en the small-est grain of dust, of
cres.
ray?
dust?
day? That when he comes in glo - ri - ous
dust? O praise Him, praise Him Who is all
beau - ty and grand - eur He lights the dark - ness with his
wis - dom and glo - ry And in His love put all thy
ray, He lights the dark - ness with his ray.
trust, And in His love put all thy trust.

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.




land is great - er yet. Where is the Ger - man fa - ther-
dolce.
land? O, let me know its glo - rious name! Where e'er the
dolce.
Ger - man heart has poured Its love, in song, to God our
Lord, There shall it be, There shall it
There shall it be,

be, There, comrades brave, there shall it

There shall it be, ... yes,

be, ...
cres.

be, There, com - rades brave, there shall it be. That

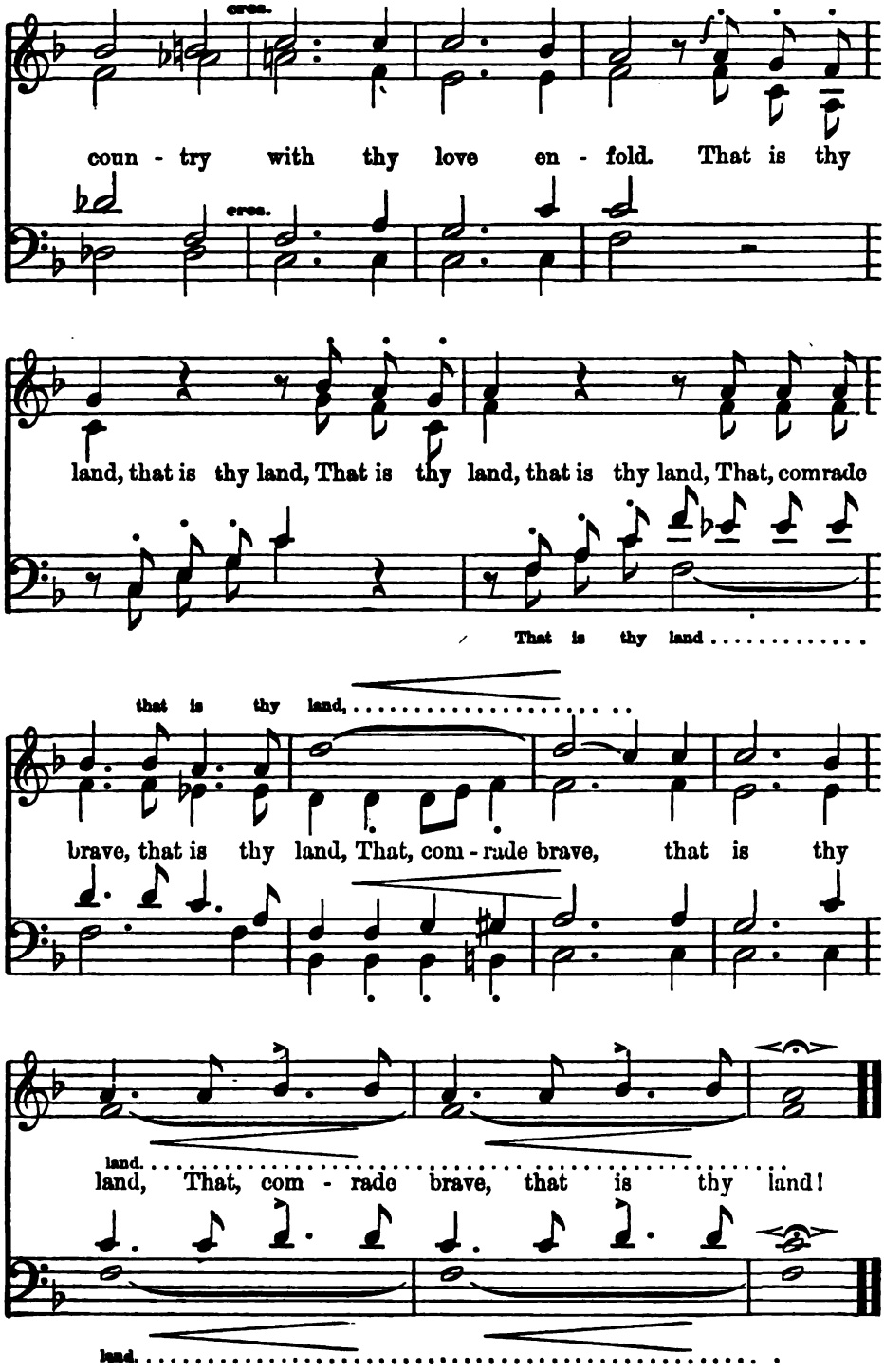
cres.

is the Ger - man fa - ther - land! O God a - bove, stretch

dolce.

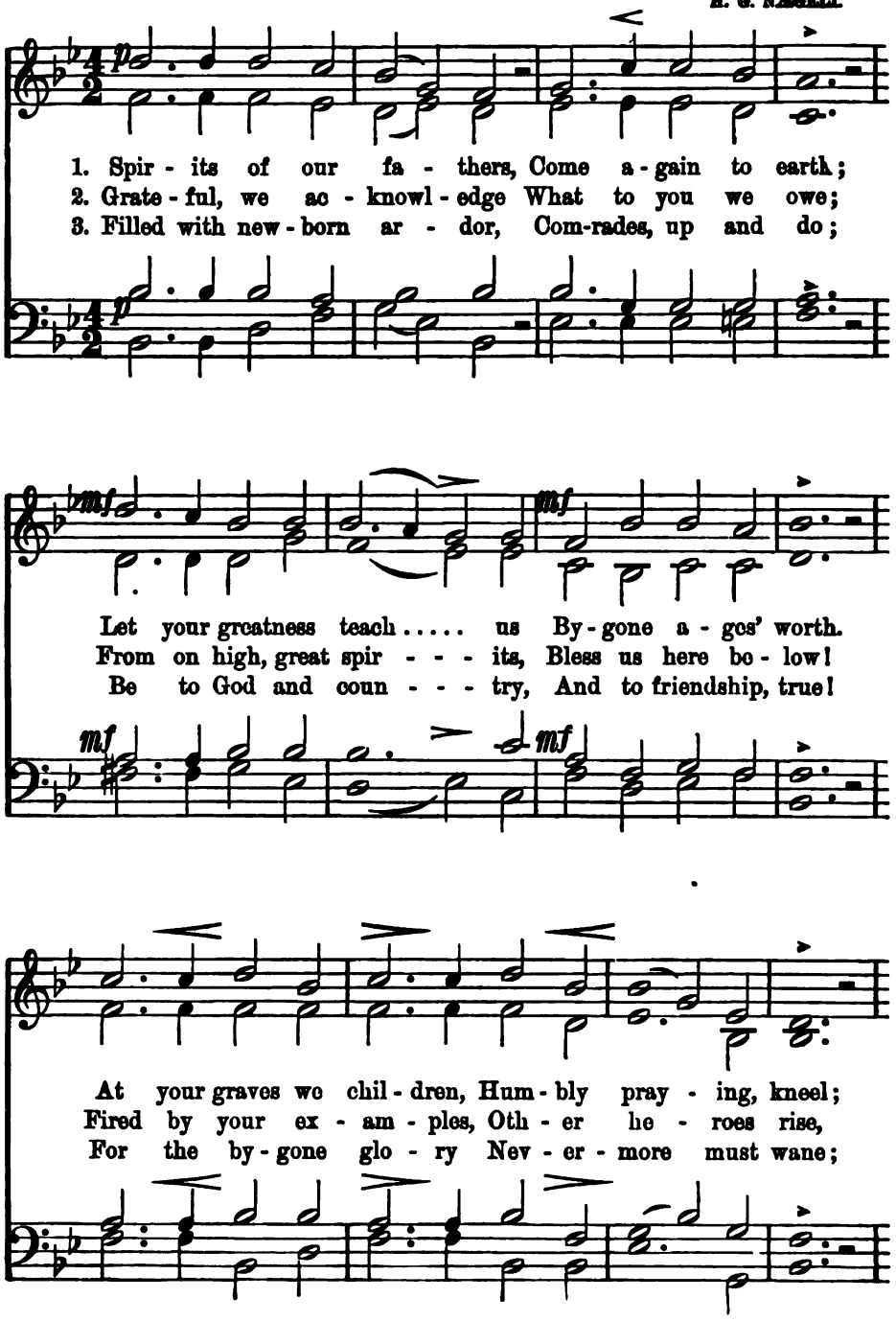
forth Thy hand, Pro - tect Thy sons so brave and bold, Their

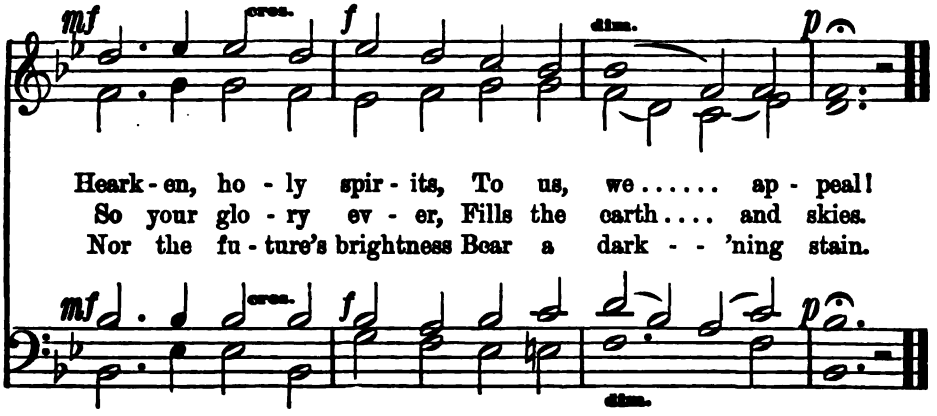
dolce.


cres.
coun - try with thy love en - fold. That is thy
cres.
land, that is thy land, That is thy land, that is thy land, That, comrade
That is thy land.....
that is thy land,.....
brave, that is thy land, That, com - rade brave, that is thy
land.....
land, That, com - rade brave, that is thy land!
land.....

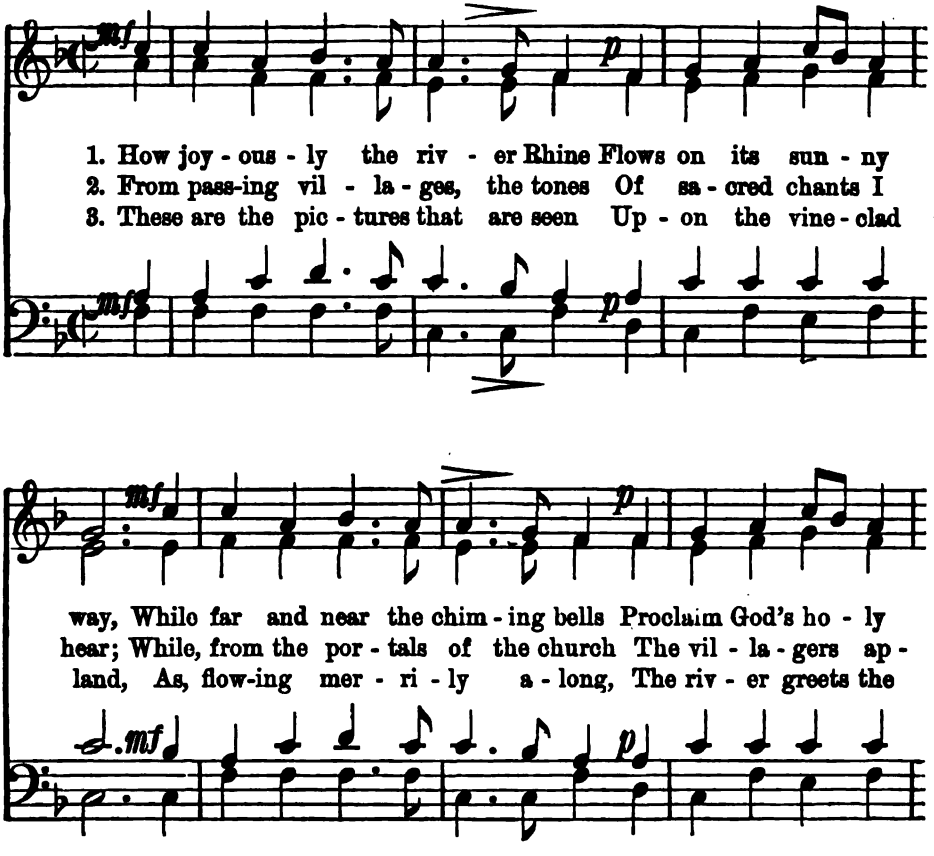
SPIRITS OF OUR FATHERS.

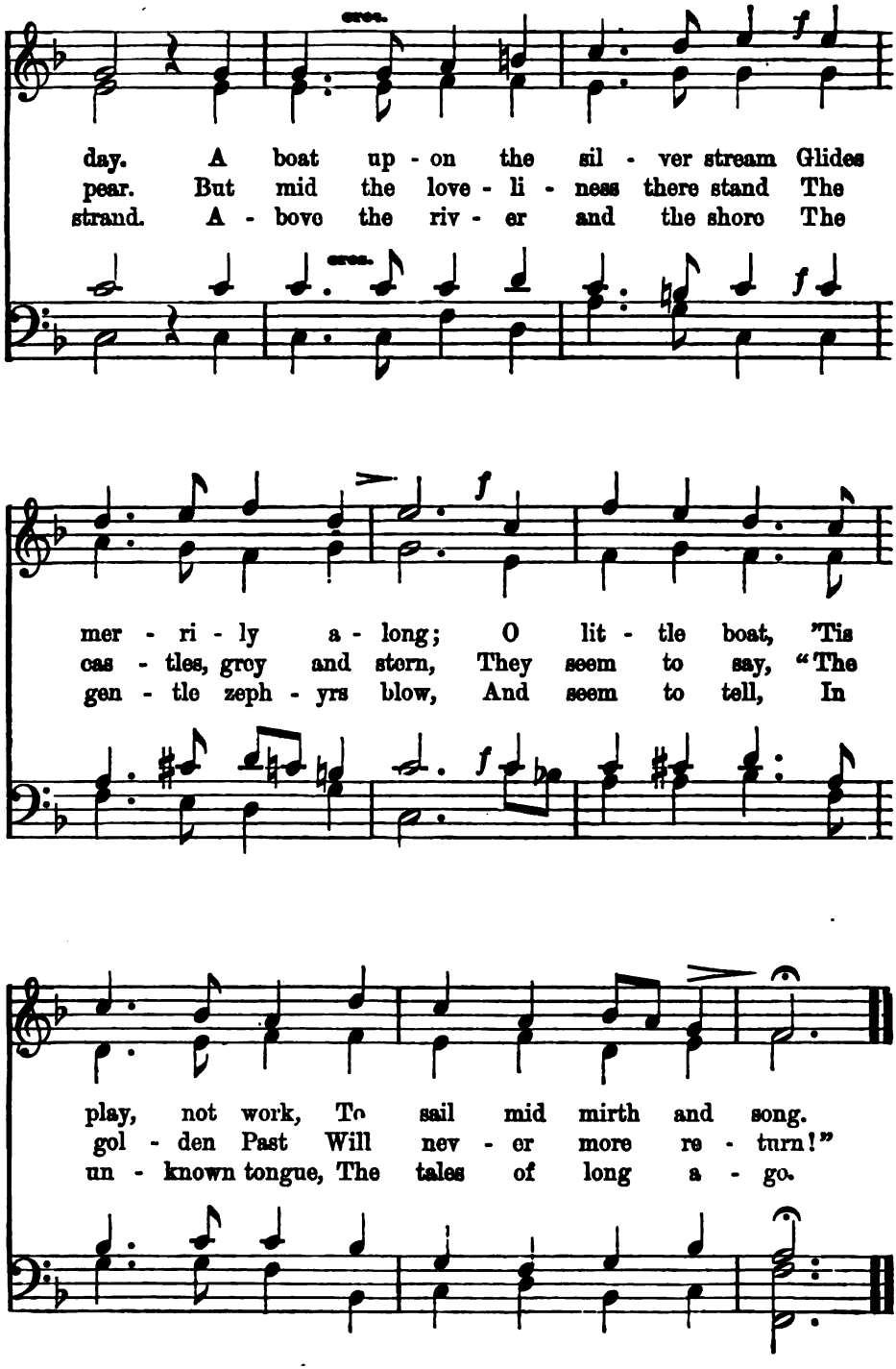
H. G. NAGELI.




mf
cres.
f
dim.
p
Heark - en, ho - ly spir - its, To us, we..... ap - peal!
So your glo - ry ev - er, Fills the earth.... and skies.
Nor the fu - ture's brightness Bear a dark - - 'ning stain.
mf
cres.
f
p
dim.

THE RHINE.


mf
p
1. How joy - ous - ly the riv - er Rhine Flows on its sun - ny
2. From pass-ing vil - la - ges, the tones Of sa - cred chants I
3. These are the pic - tures that are seen Up - on the vine - clad
mf
p
mf
p
way, While far and near the chim - ing bells Proclaim God's ho - ly
hear; While, from the por - tals of the church The vil - la - gers ap -
land, As, flow-ing mer - ri - ly a - long, The riv - er greets the
mf
p


cres.
day. A boat up - on the sil - ver stream Glides
pear. But mid the love - li - ness there stand The
strand. A - bove the riv - er and the shore The
cres.
mer - ri - ly a - long; O lit - tle boat, 'Tis
cas - tles, grey and stern, They seem to say, "The
gen - tle zeph - yrs blow, And seem to tell, In
play, not work, To sail mid mirth and song.
gol - den Past Will nev - er more re - turn!"
un - known tongue, The tales of long a - go.

THE BELL.

FR. ERNST FESCA.

1. Joy - ous is thy greet - ing From the gran - ite tur - ret
2. Like the dews of e - ven Are thy gen - tle greet - ings
3. Bell, with heart of i - ron Won-drous-ly cre - at - ed,

cres.

To the bri - dal train; Sad the meas - ured toll - ing
Which the wea - ry call; As with bur - dens lad - en
Strange be - yond com - pare, Is there pain or sor - row,

cres.

dim.

Of the old, old sto - ry; One is freed from pain.
At thy shel-t'ring ha - ven Wea - ri - ly they fall.
Is there joy or glad - ness, Which thou dost not share?

dim.

PRAY FOR THE PEACE.

ANTHEM.

J. EICHBERG.

Moderato.

mf

Pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; They shall

Peace . . . be with -

f

pros - per that love . . . Thee. Peace be with -

f

in,

in, With - in thy walls, Peace be with -

Peace

mf

in thy walls. Pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa -

pros - pe - - ri - ty . . .

p *cres.*

lem; and pros - pe - - ri - ty . . . with -

pros - pe - ri - ty with -

p *cres.*

in, with - in thy pa - la - ces.

p *cres.*

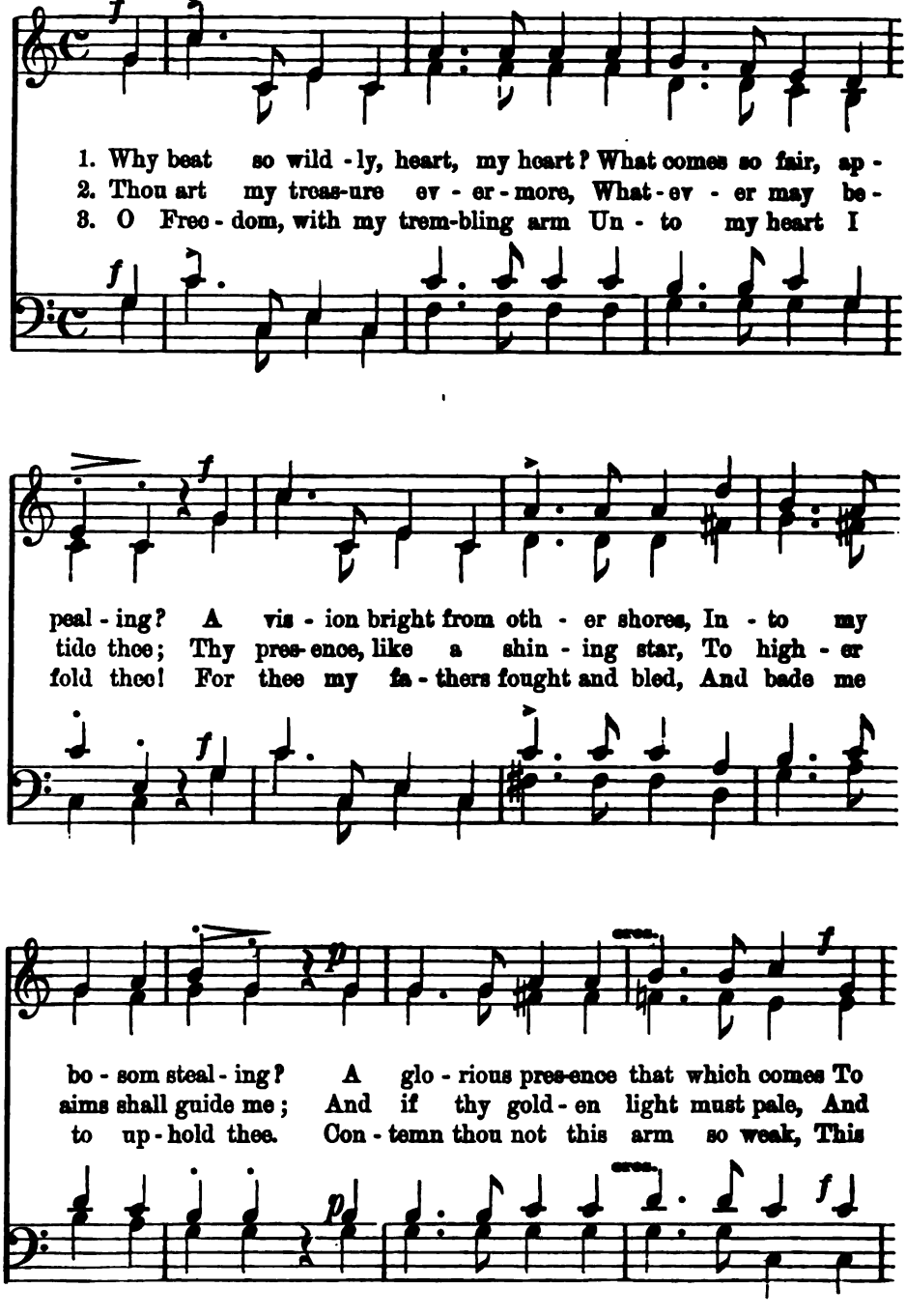
p *f*

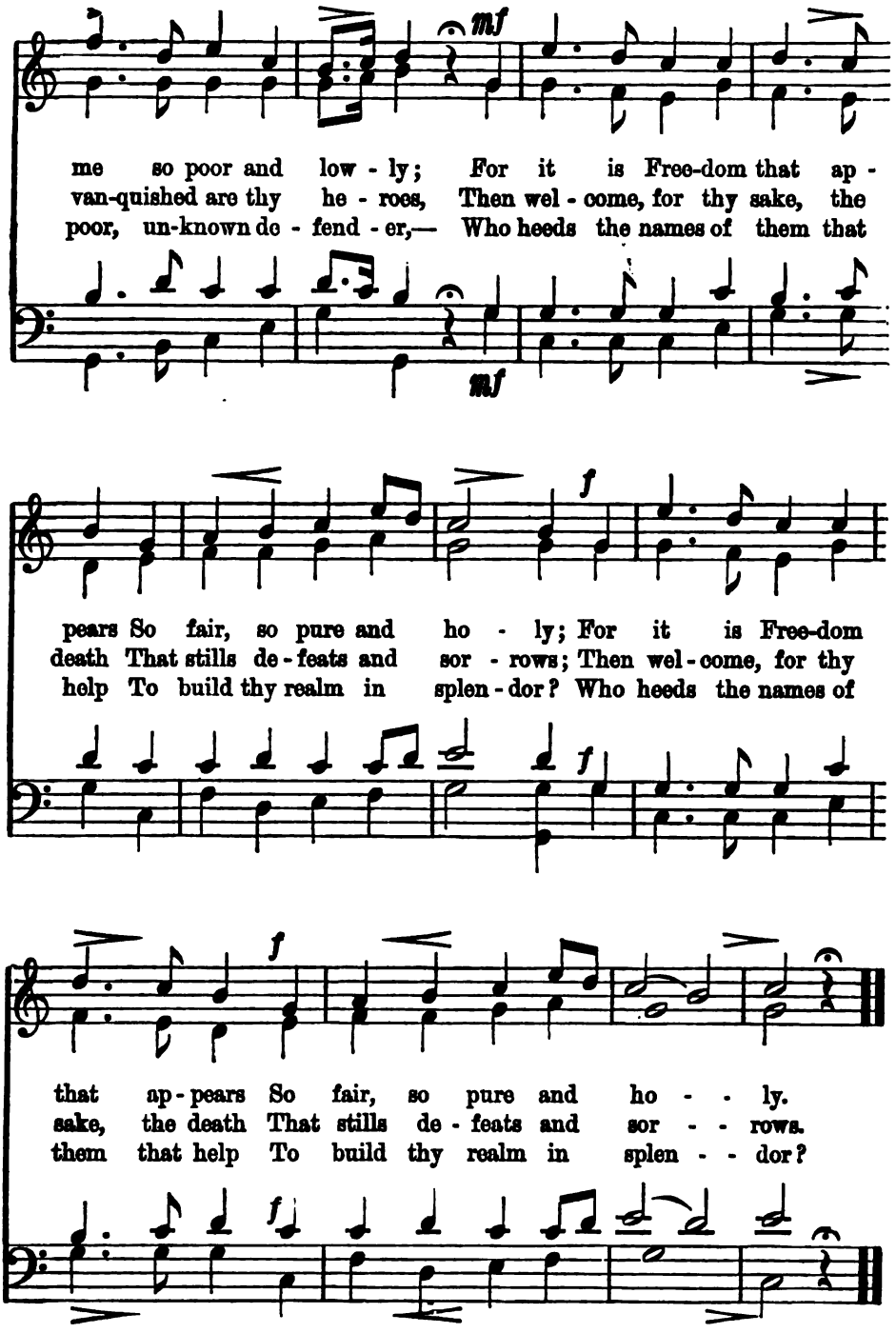
Pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa-lem; They shall

pros - per that love . . . . Thee.

FREEDOM.

ALBERT METHFESSEL.




mf
me so poor and low - ly; For it is Free-dom that ap -
van-quished are thy he - roes, Then wel - come, for thy sake, the
poor, un-known de - fend - er,— Who heeds the names of them that
mf
f
pears So fair, so pure and ho - ly; For it is Free-dom
death That stills de - feats and sor - rows; Then wel - come, for thy
help To build thy realm in splen - dor? Who heeds the names of
f
f
that ap - pears So fair, so pure and ho - - ly.
sake, the death That stills de - feats and sor - - rows.
them that help To build thy realm in splen - - dor?
f

GREETING TO SPRING.

R. SCHUMANN.

mf

1. O be thou greet - ed thous - and times, Love - ly, love - ly
2. Thy com - ing makes the world more bright, Love - ly, love - ly
3. Be greet - ed on thy sun - ny way! Love - ly, love - ly

mf

mf

Spring-time! For thou hast come from dis - tant climes, Love - ly,
Spring-time! All na - ture smiles with glad de-light, Love - ly,
Spring-time! For men re - joice be - neath thy sway, Love - ly,

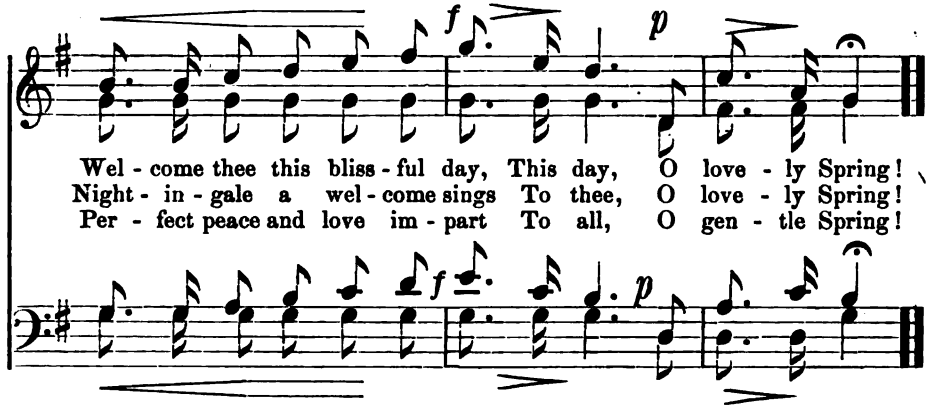
mf *p*

mf

love - ly Spring - time! All the flow'rs in bright a - ray,
love - ly Spring - time! In the mead - ows and the vale
love - ly Spring - time! En - ter gen - tly to each heart,

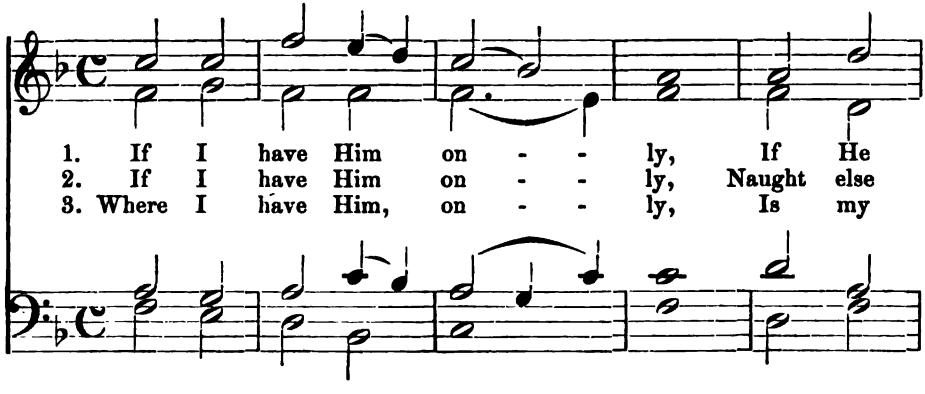
cres.

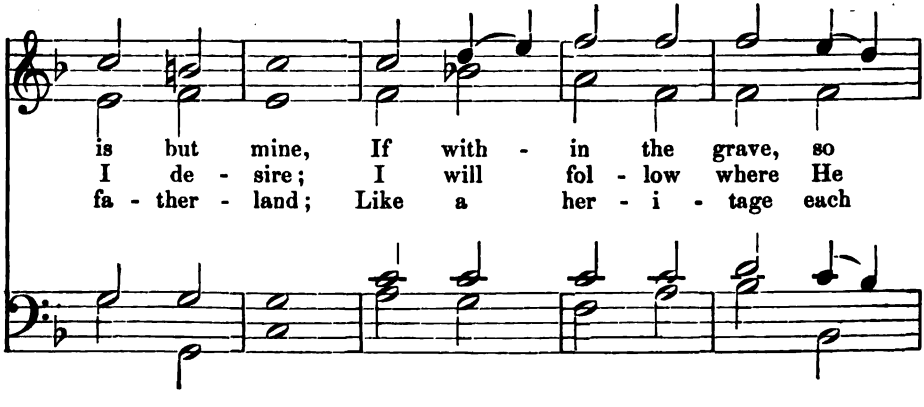
mf

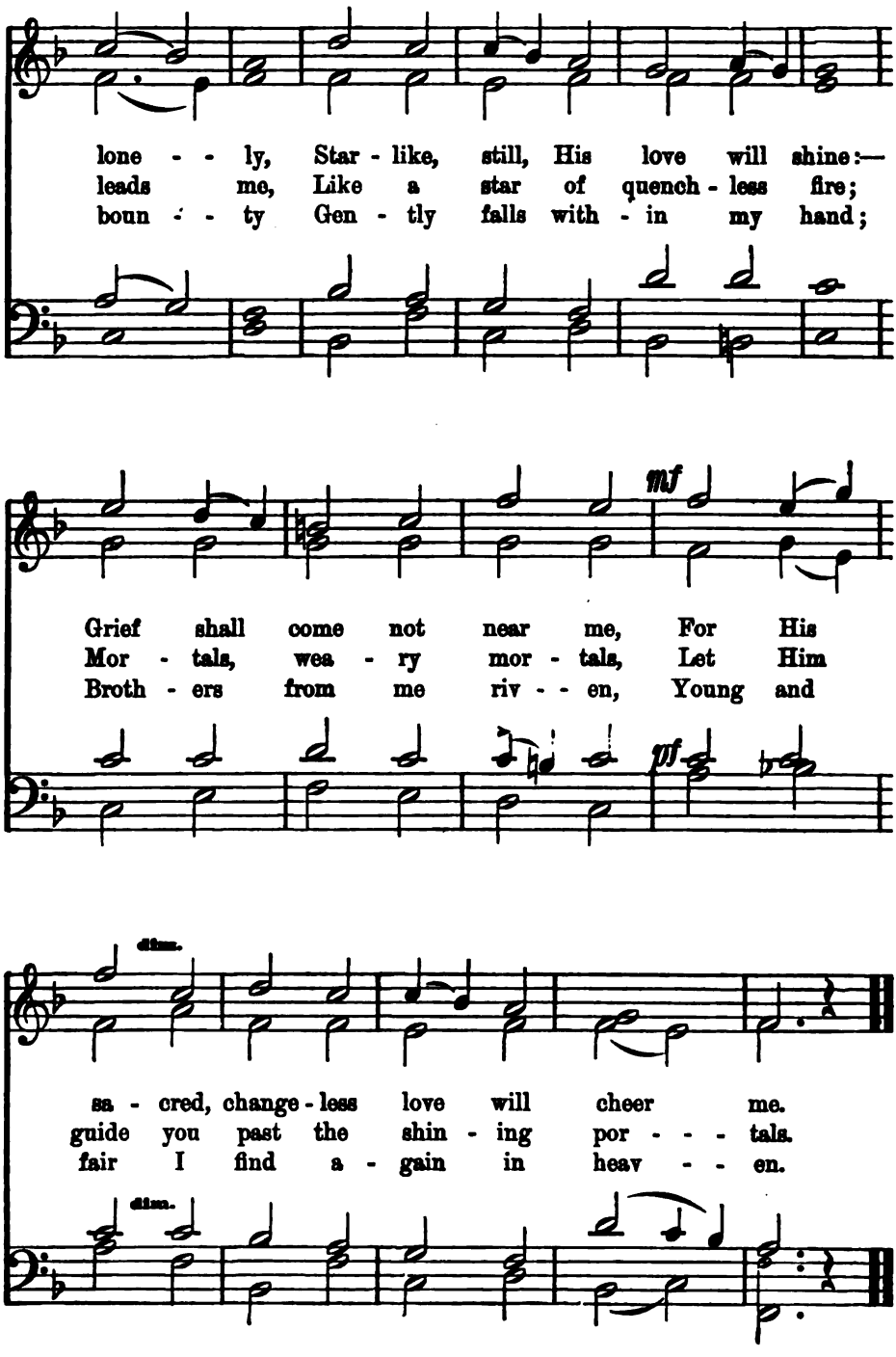


SALVATION IN CHRIST.

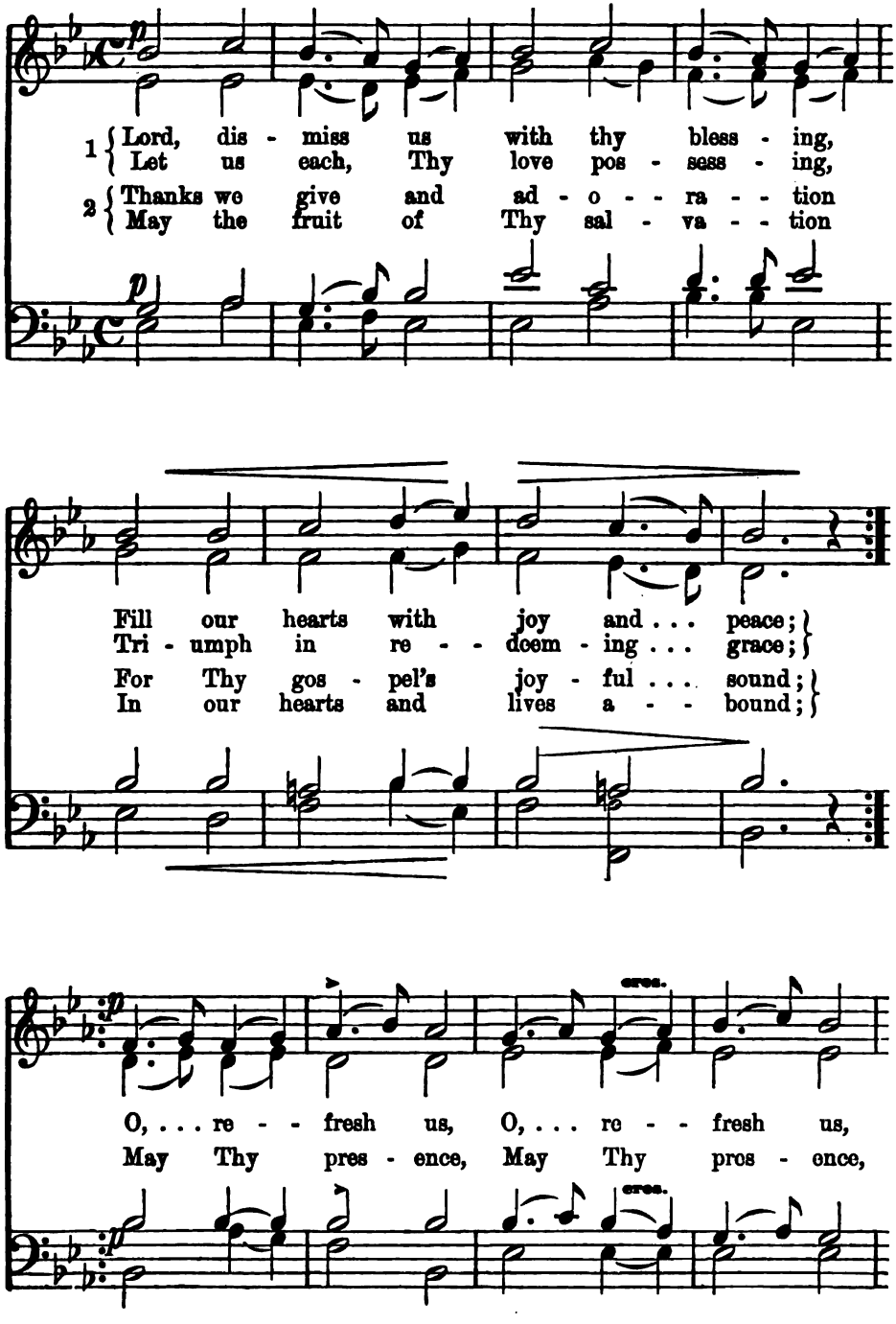
CARL BREIDENSTEIN.

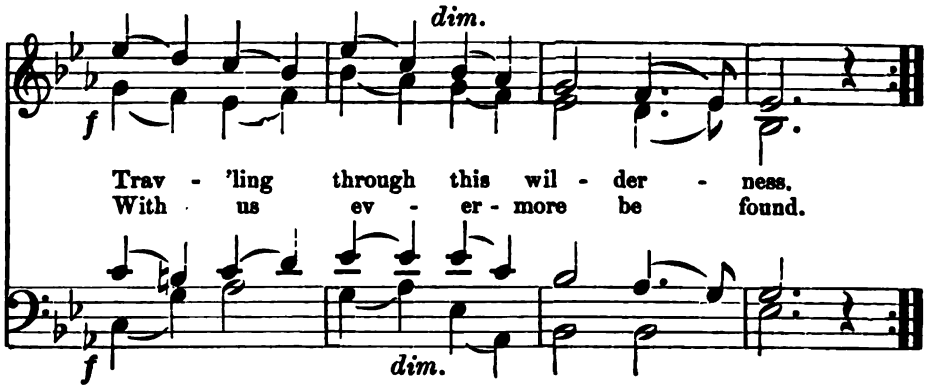





lone - - ly, Star - like, still, His love will shine:—
leads me, Like a star of quench - less fire;
boun - - ty Gen - tly falls with - in my hand;
mf
Grief shall come not near me, For His
Mor - tals, wea - ry mor - tals, Let Him
Broth - ers from me riv - - en, Young and
mf
dim.
sa - cred, change - less love will cheer me.
guide you past the shin - ing por - - - tals.
fair I find a - gain in heav - - en.
dim.

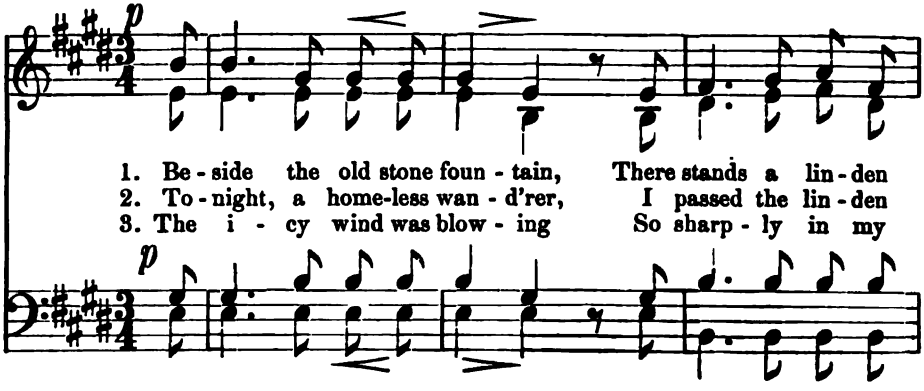
SICILIAN SONG.

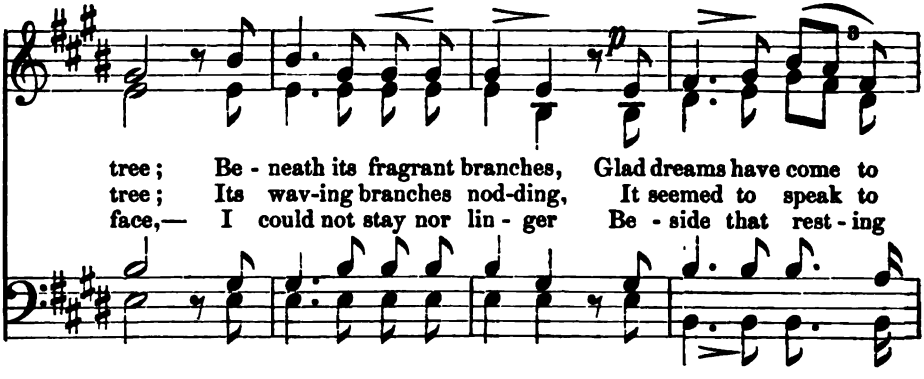


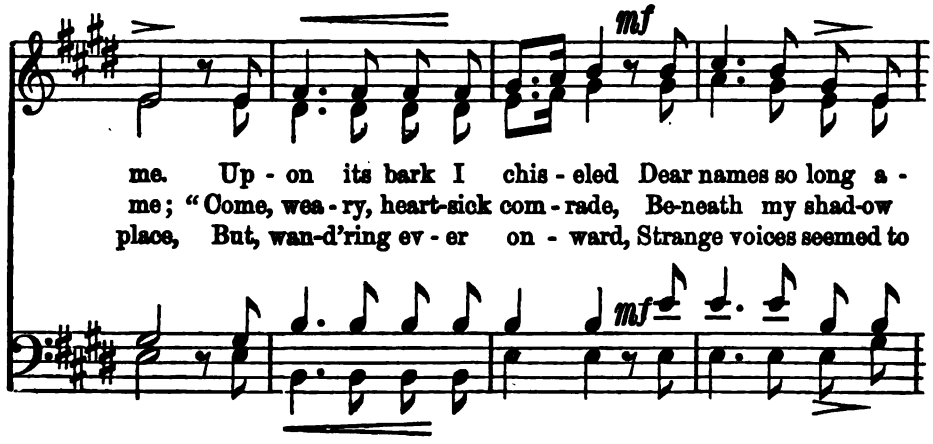


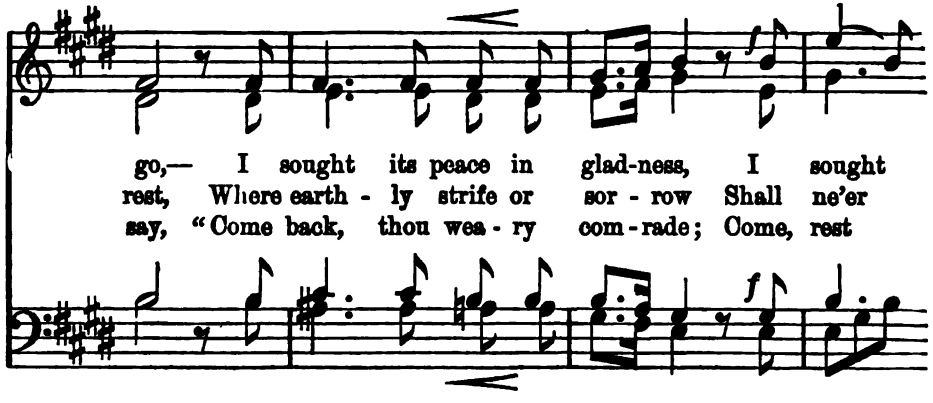
THE WANDERER.

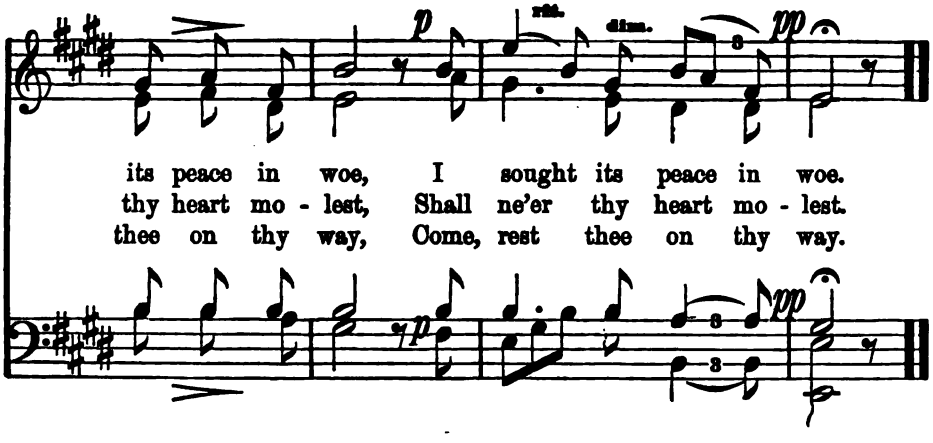
FR. SCHUBERT.






mf
me. Up - on its bark I chis - eled Dear names so long a -
me; "Come, wea - ry, heart-sick com - rade, Be-neath my shad-ow
place, But, wan-d'ring ev - er on - ward, Strange voices seemed to
mf


go,— I sought its peace in glad-ness, I sought
rest, Where earth - ly strife or sor - row Shall ne'er
say, "Come back, thou wea - ry com - rade; Come, rest
f


p
rit.
dim.
pp
its peace in woe, I sought its peace in woe.
thy heart mo - lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo - lest.
thee on thy way, Come, rest thee on thy way.
p
pp

CHRISTMAS EVE.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

1st SOPRANO.
2nd SOP.

1. Sa - cred night! won-der-ful night! All the world feels thy might;

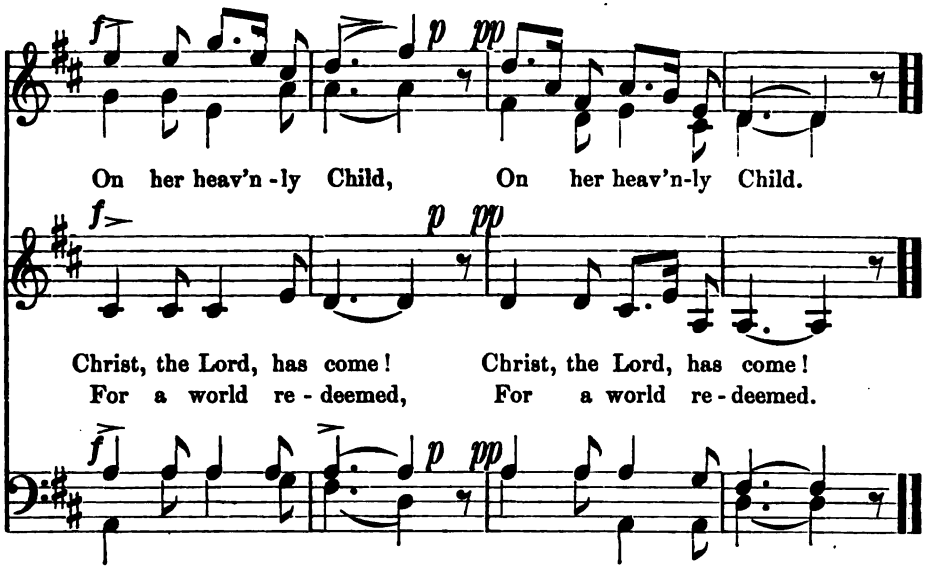
ALTO.

2. Sa - cred night! won-der-ful night! Far a - way on the height,
3. Sa - cred night! won-der-ful night! Son of God; Light of light!

TENOR.
BASS.

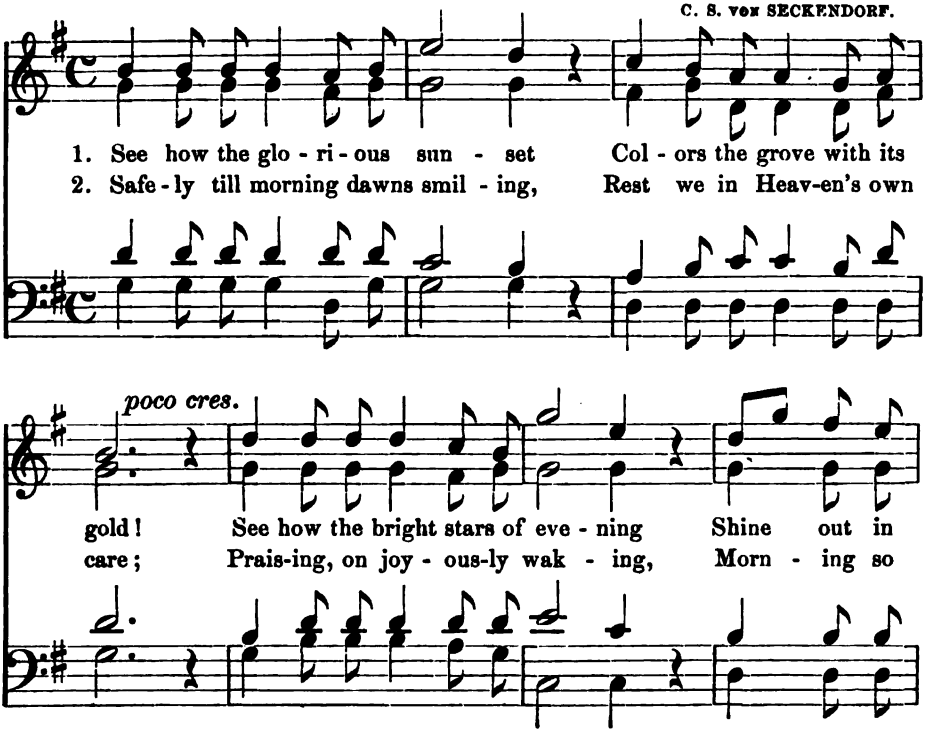
On - ly one yet wakes and prays, Looking on with ten - der gaze,

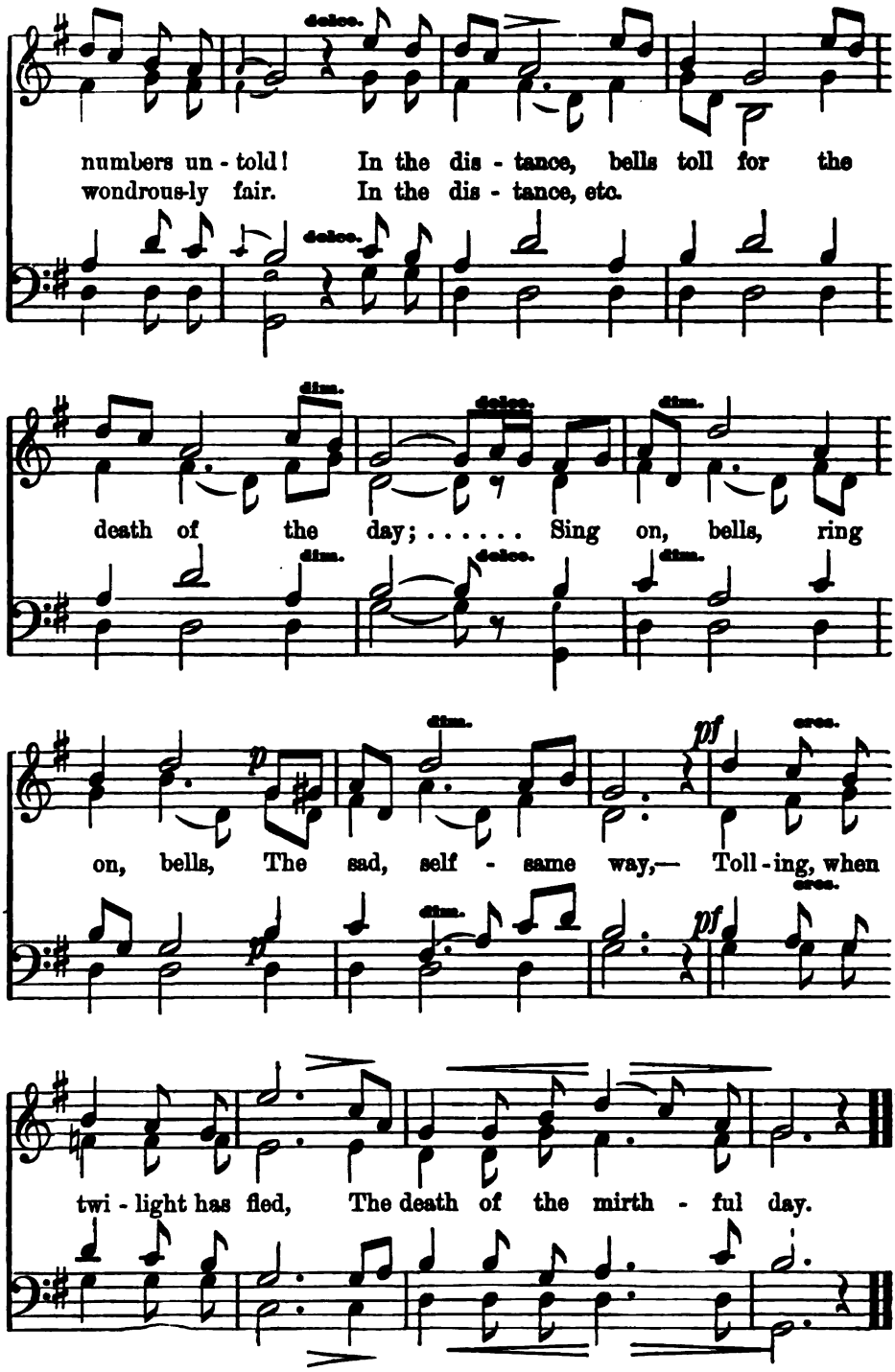
Shepherds in their lone - ly fold First the tid - ings glad unfold:
Pure and gen - tle in Thine eyes All Thy wealth of mer - cy lies



THE EVENING-BELLS.

C. S. von SECKENDORF.




dolce.
numbers un - told! In the dis - tance, bells toll for the
wondrous-ly fair. In the dis - tance, etc.
dolce.
dim.
dolce.
dim.
death of the day; . . . . . Sing on, bells, ring
dim.
dolce.
dim.
p
dim.
pf
cresc.
on, bells, The sad, self - same way,— Toll - ing, when
p
dim.
pf
cresc.
twi - light has fled, The death of the mirth - ful day.

A HYMN TO NIGHT.

Mel. L. von BEETHOVEN. (Op. 97.)

1 { Sacred Night! do thou im - part Ho - ly peace un - to my heart;
Heal the sor - row - lad - en breast; Bring the wea - ry pil - grim rest! }

2 { Mel - o - dies, so sweet and low, Gen - tle zeph - yrs hith - er blow,
From a par - a - dise a - bove, From a deep, pure sea of love; }

Al - read - y shines the star-light, Greets me from out the dark night;

Al - read - y beams the star-light, Greets me from out the dark night;

cresc. dim.

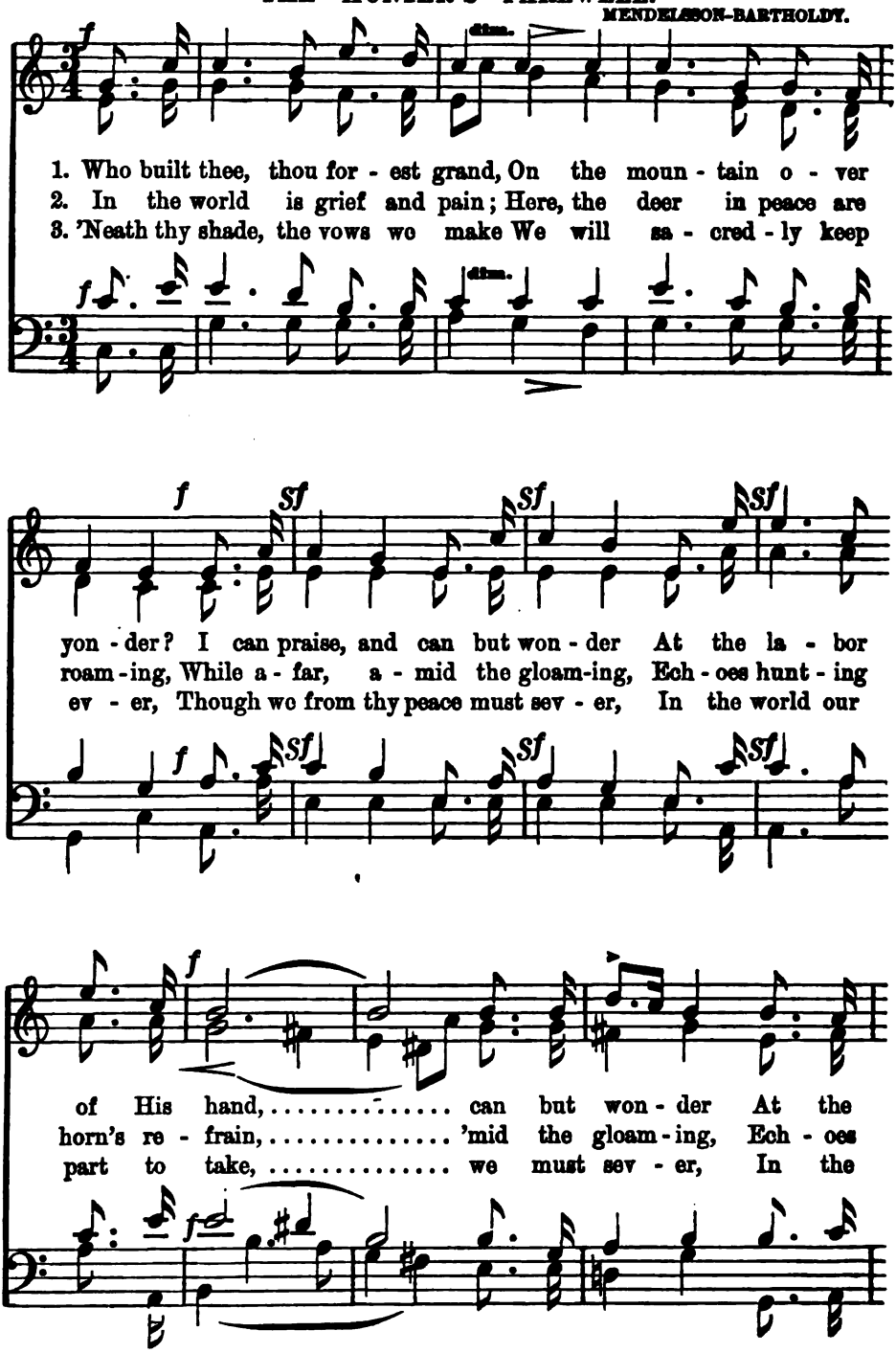
Towards it my soul is soar - ing, Seek - ing re - pose.

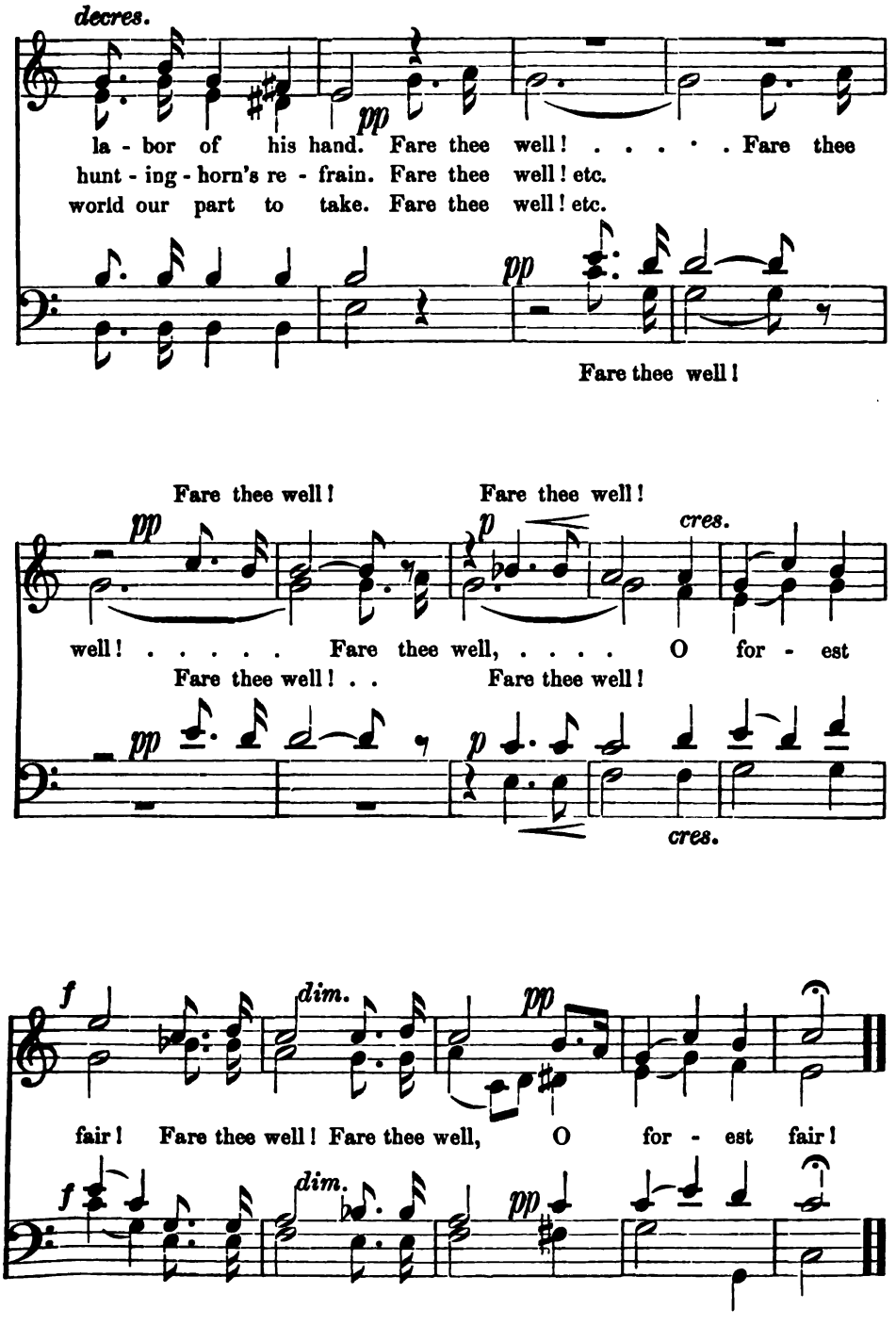
Towards it my soul is soar - ing, Seek - ing re - pose.

cresc. dim.

THE HUNTER'S FAREWELL.

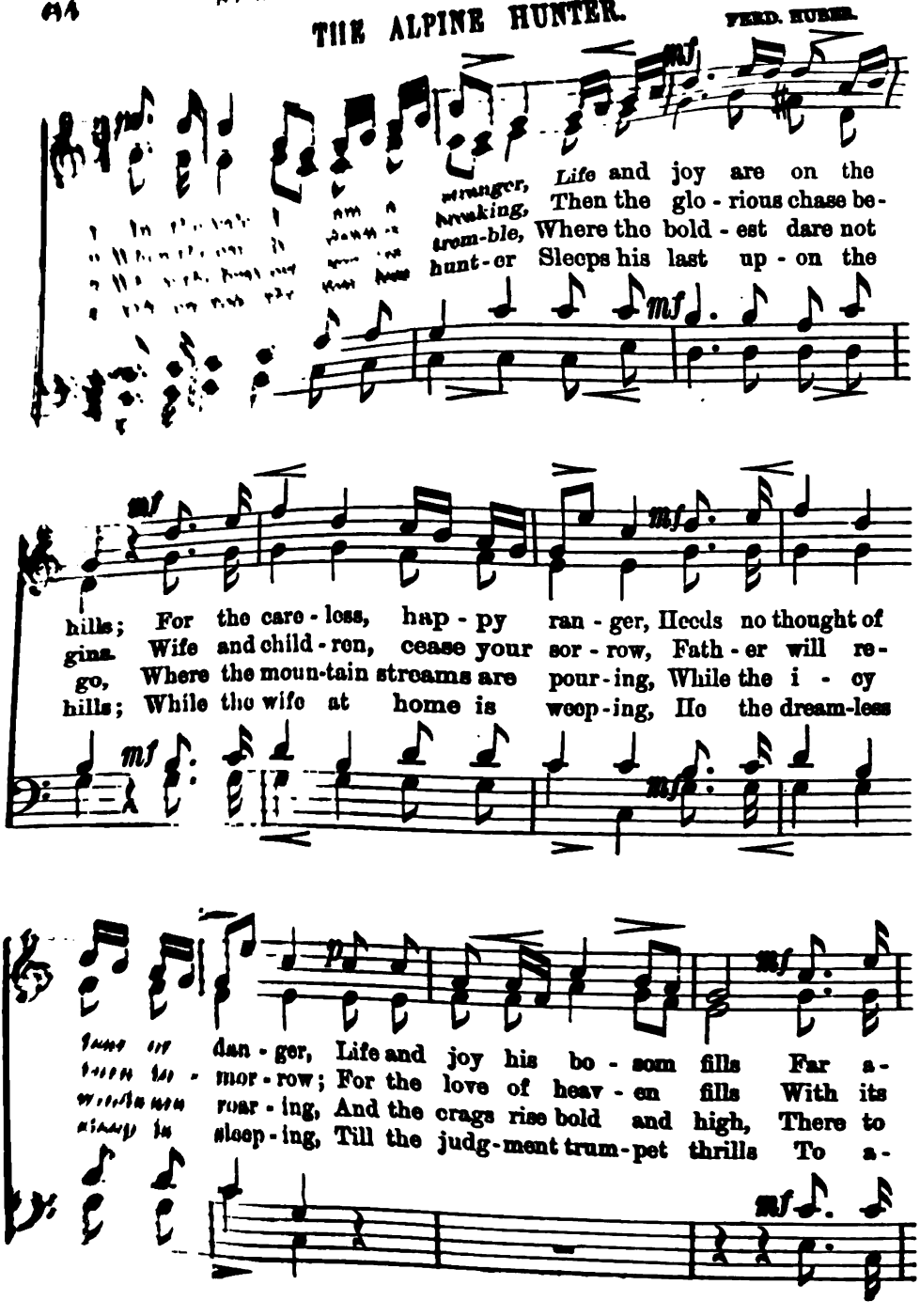
MENDELSSON-BARTHOLDY.

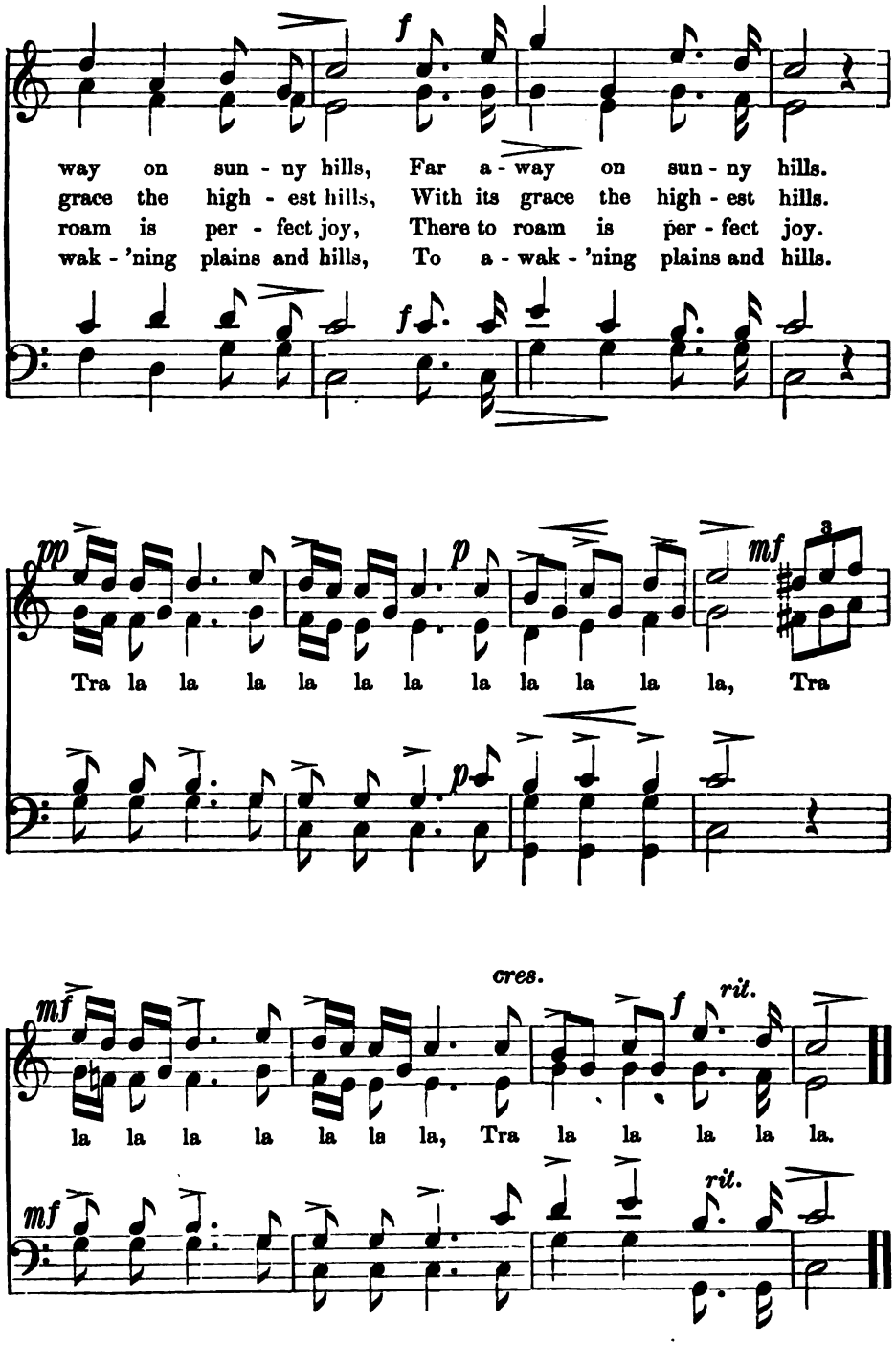



decres.
pp
la - bor of his hand. Fare thee well! . . . . . Fare thee
hunt - ing - horn's re - frain. Fare thee well! etc.
world our part to take. Fare thee well! etc.
pp
Fare thee well!
Fare thee well!
Fare thee well!
pp
p
cres.
well! . . . . . Fare thee well, ... O for - est
Fare thee well! . . Fare thee well!
pp
p
cres.
f
dim.
pp
fair! Fare thee well! Fare thee well, O for - est fair!
f
dim.
pp

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

FERD. HUBER.




f
way on sun - ny hills, Far a - way on sun - ny hills.
grace the high - est hills, With its grace the high - est hills.
roam is per - fect joy, There to roam is per - fect joy.
wak - 'ning plains and hills, To a - wak - 'ning plains and hills.
pp
p
mf
Tra la la la la la la la la la la, Tra
cres.
f
rit.
la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la.

STEADFAST BE, O FATHERLAND.

H. G. NAEGELI.

1. Stead-fast be, Stead-fast be, O Fa - ther - land! Stead-fast
2. Stead-fast be, Stead-fast be, O Fa - ther - land! Stead-fast

be, Stead - fast be, O Fa - ther - land! Stead - fast
be, Stead - fast be, O Fa - ther - land! Lead us,

in thy great - ness stand, Truth and jus - tice shield - ing;
one u - ni - ted band, High - er, high - er ev - er!

Stead - fast in tri-umphant right, With un-con-quered, dauntless might,
Stain-less be thy ra-diant fame; Let thy glo - ry be our aim,

cres. *sf*

Free - dom's Free-dom's Free-dom's weap - ons wield - ing! Stead - fast
Free - dom, Free-dom, Free - dom be our treas - ure! Stead - fast

cres. *sf*

sf *sf* *sf* *cres.*

be, Stead - fast be, Stead - fast be, Stead - fast be, O
be, etc.

sf *sf* *sf*

ff *cres.*

Fa - ther - land, O Fa - ther - land!

ff

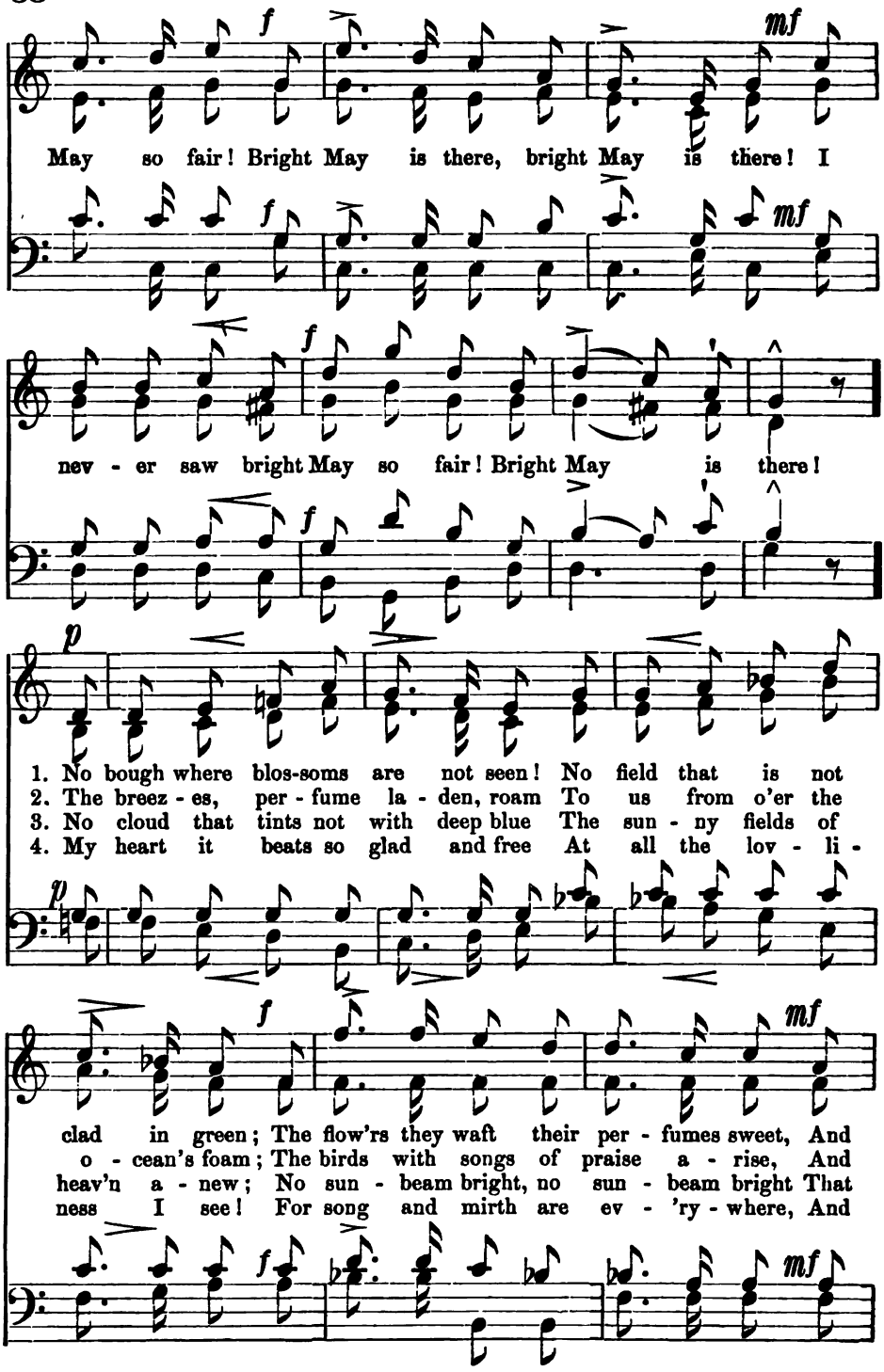
BRIGHT MAY IS THERE.

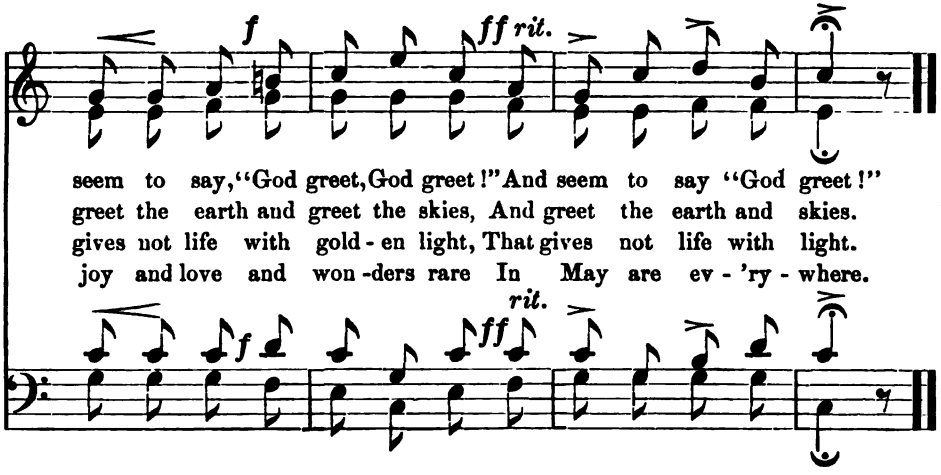
KARL ECKER.

mf *p*

1.–4. Bright May is there, bright May is there! I nev - er saw bright

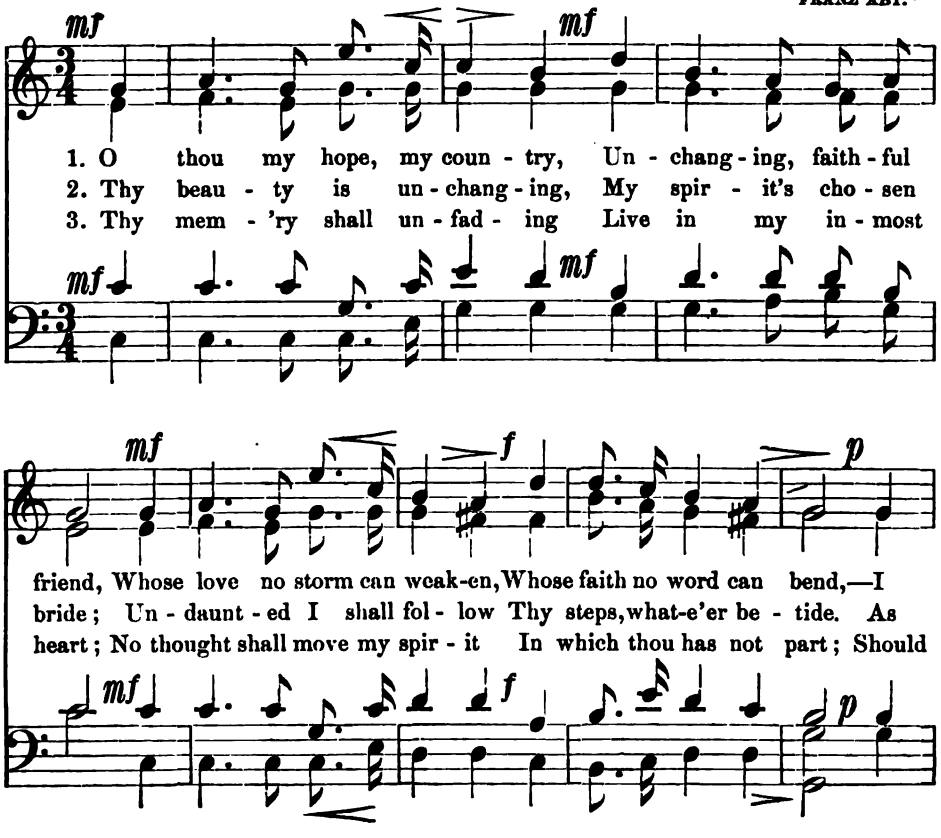
mf *p*


f
mf
May so fair! Bright May is there, bright May is there! I
nev - er saw bright May so fair! Bright May is there!
p
1. No bough where blos-soms are not seen! No field that is not
2. The breez - es, per - fume la - den, roam To us from o'er the
3. No cloud that tints not with deep blue The sun - ny fields of
4. My heart it beats so glad and free At all the lov - li -
clad in green; The flow'rs they waft their per - fumes sweet, And
o - cean's foam; The birds with songs of praise a - rise, And
heav'n a - new; No sun - beam bright, no sun - beam bright That
ness I see! For song and mirth are ev - 'ry - where, And



OH THOU MY HOPE, MY COUNTRY.

FRANZ ABT.



give to thee my heart, I give to thee my hon - or, I
flow'rs turn to the sun, My spir - it seeks thy pres - ence, Thy
fate our lives di - vide, My guid-ing star for - ev - er Will

mf *mf* *f*

give thee all, O fa - ther-land, My own dear fa - ther-land! I
pres - ence, O my fa - ther-land, My own dear fa - ther-land! Thy
be my own dear fa - ther-land, My own dear fa - ther-land! Will

mf *mf* *f*

f *rit.*

give thee all, O fa - ther - land, My own dear fa - ther-land!
pres - ence, O my fa - ther - land, My own dear fa - ther-land!
be my own dear fa - ther - land, My own dear fa - ther-land!

f *rit.*

A SAILOR'S SONG.

1. The breeze is blow - ing, the boat - - is manned; A
2. The moth - er watch - es, in grief .... and fear .. When
3. "God - speed!" the fa - ther in part - - ing cries; His

bove ... us gai - ly the sails ..... ex - pand; Pro -
sa - - ble shad - ows on high ..... ap - pear; Pro -
heart .. is heav - y, and dimm'd .. his eyes .. Pro -

tect us, ho - ly Fa - ther, Up - on the unknown sea ... O
tect her, ho - ly Fa - ther, And let her spir - it be ... Our
tect, all - ho - ly Fa - ther, Guard Fa - ther - land and Home, Our

dim.

Fa - ther-land, O coun - try, We now must part from thee! O
guid - ing - star for - ev - er, Up - on life's troub - led sea. O
best our price-less treas - ures, While far a - way we roam, O

fa - ther-land, fare - well, O fa - ther-land, fare - well!
moth - er, fare thee well, O moth - er, fare thee well!
fa - ther-land, fare - well, O fa - ther-land, fare - well!

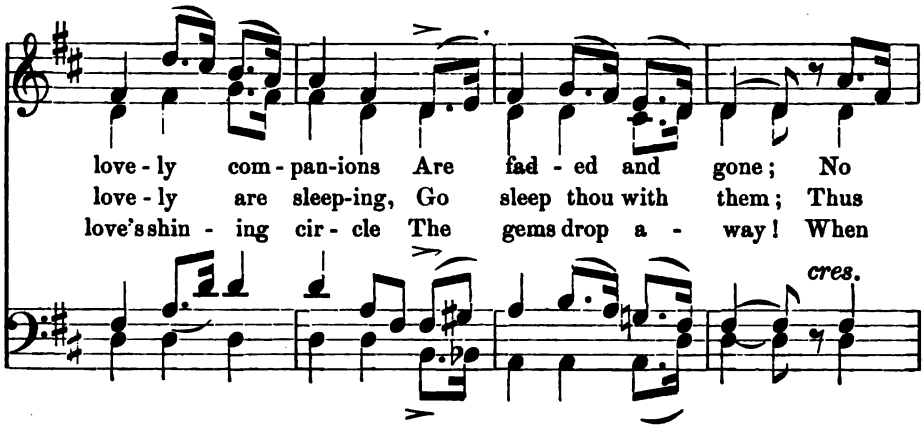
rit.

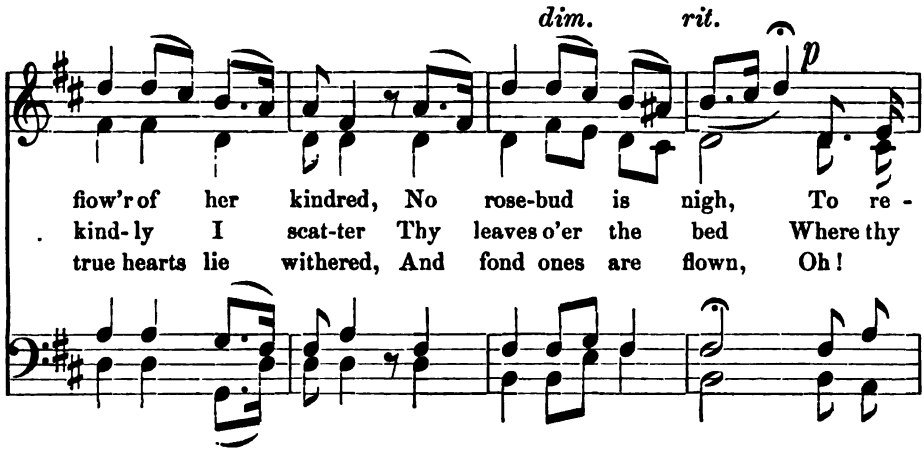
'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

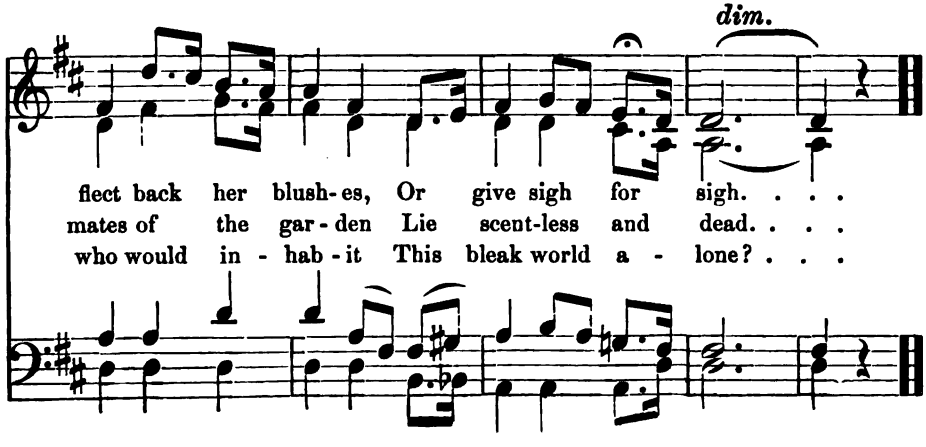
Larghetto.
dolce.

Arr. for this work.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the
3. So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de - cay, And from

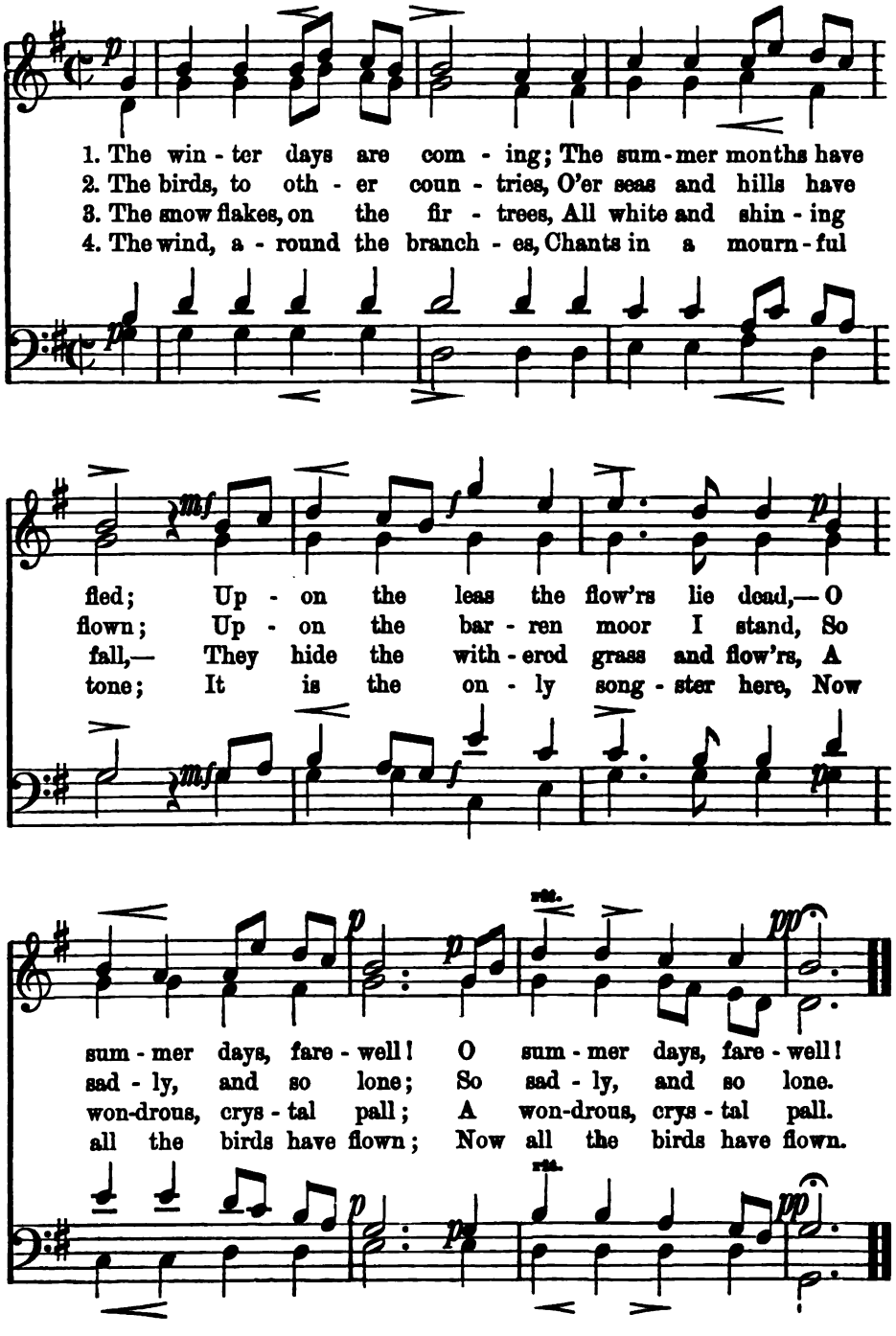

love - ly com - pan-ions Are fad - ed and gone; No
love - ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus
love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When
cres.


dim.
rit.
p
flow'r of her kindred, No rose-bud is nigh, To re -
kind-ly I scat-ter Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy
true hearts lie withered, And fond ones are flown, Oh!


dim.
flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh. . . .
mates of the gar - den Lie scent-less and dead. . . .
who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone? . . .

WINTER.

FR. SILCHER.



BATTLE SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

From the Swedish.
Music by J. EICHBERG.

ff

1. Be not dis - may'd, thou lit - tle flock, Al-though the foe's fierce bat - tle shock, Loud on all sides as - sail thee,
2. Thy cause is God's — go at His call, And to His hand com - mit thy all, Fear thou no ill im - pend - ing,
3. Our hope is sure in Je- sus' might; A-gainst them-selves the god - less fight, Them-selves not us dis - tress - ing;

Though o'er thy fall they laugh se - cure, Their tri-umph can - not long en - dure; Let not thy cour - age fail . . . thee.
His Gid - eon shall a - rise for thee, God's word and peo - ple man - ful - ly, In God's own time de - fend - ing.
Shame and con - tempt their lot shall be; God is with us, with Him are we, To us be - longs His bless - ing.

AWAY IN THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

Music by J. EICHBERG.

Allegro risoluto.

SOPRANO. Two cof - fins stand a -

ALTO. A - way in the old ca - the - dral Two coffins stand a -

TENOR.

BASS.

pp

lone; In one of them sleeps King Ott - mar, And the

pp

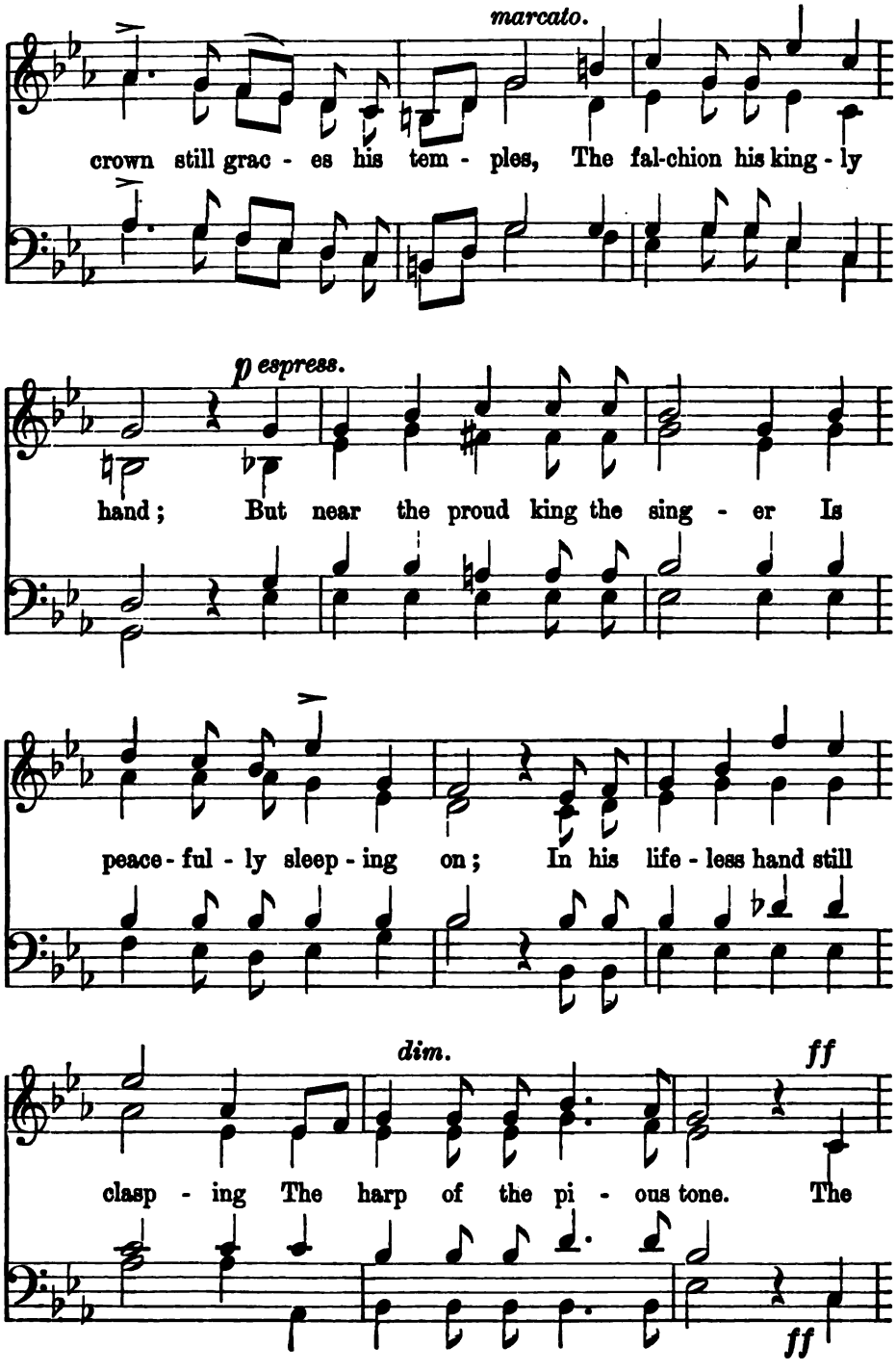
f

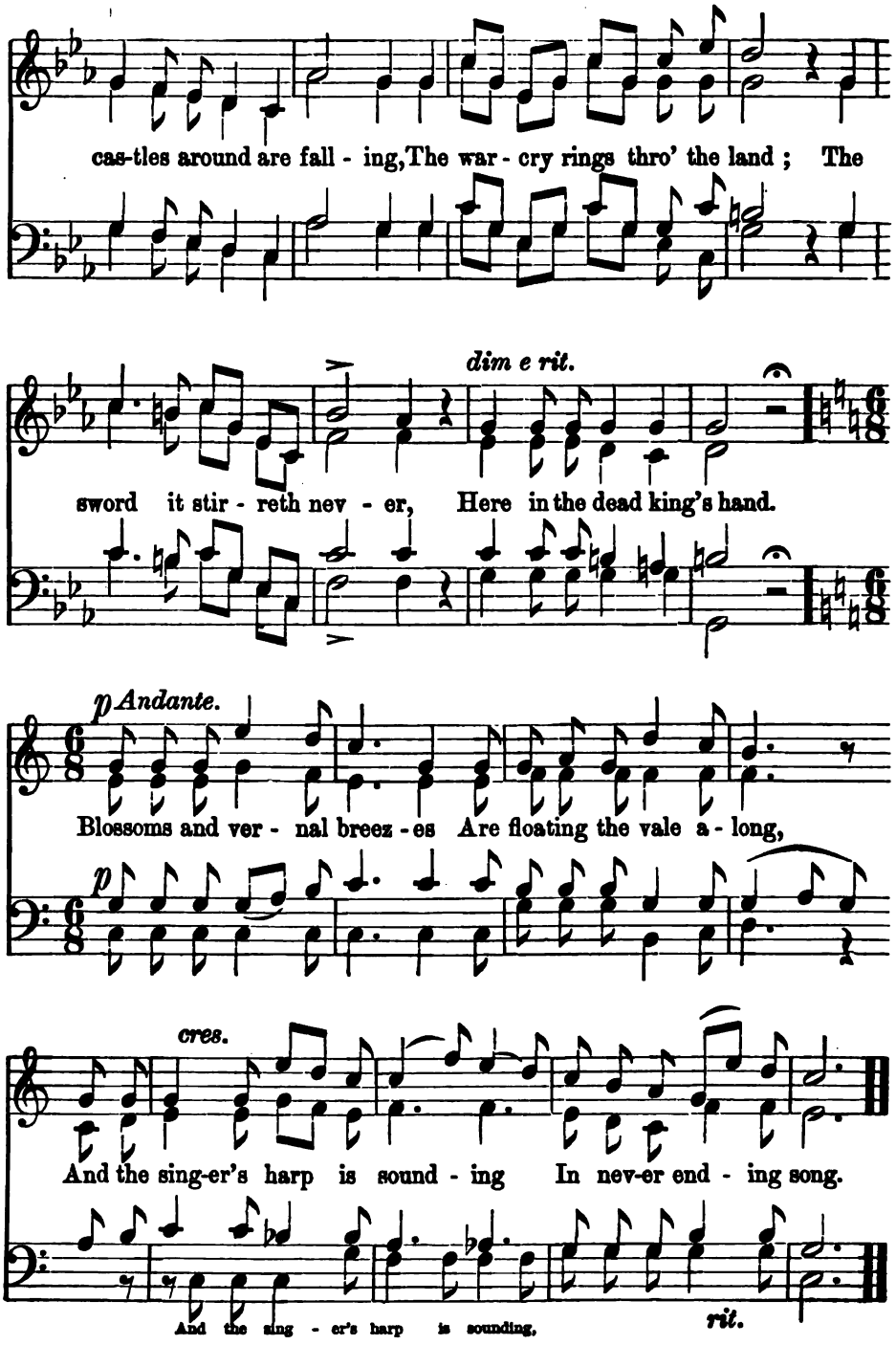
sing - er rests in one. The king sat once in

f

pp And the sing - er

pow - er, High throned in his fa - ther's land; The


marcato.
crown still grac - es his tem - ples, The fal-chion his king - ly
p espress.
hand; But near the proud king the sing - er Is
peace - ful - ly sleep - ing on; In his life - less hand still
dim.
ff
clasp - ing The harp of the pi - ous tone. The
ff


cas-tles around are fall - ing, The war - cry rings thro' the land ; The
dim e rit.
sword it stir - reth nev - er, Here in the dead king's hand.
p Andante.
Blossoms and ver - nal breez - es Are floating the vale a - long,
p
cres.
And the sing-er's harp is sound - ing In nev-er end - ing song.
And the sing - er's harp is sounding,
rit.

NIGHT-SONG.

From the German by HERDER. Music by JULIUS EICHBERG.

1. The moon is up in splen - dor, And gol - den stars at - tend her; The heav'ns are calm and bright; Trees cast a deepening shad - ow, And slow - ly off the mead - ow A mist . . . is ris - ing, sil - - ver white.

2. Night's curtains now are clos - ing Round half a world re - pos - ing In calm and ho - ly trust; All seems one vast, still cham - ber, Where wea - ry hearts re - mem - ber No more . . . the sor - row of . . . the dust.

THE RIVER'S MESSAGE.

ALBERT BRAUN.

Moderato. *p* SOPRANO. *p* *dim.*

ALTO.

1. In - to the si - lent room the moon Her flood - ing ra - diance
2. In far off lands a faith - ful heart The same fair riv - er

p TENOR. *p* *dim.*

BASS.

f *rit.*

pours; Be - neath the window sings the stream That laps the moon - lit
sees; And greet - ings to the lone - ly maid, It sends o'er dis - tant

f *rit.*

pp *a tempo.*

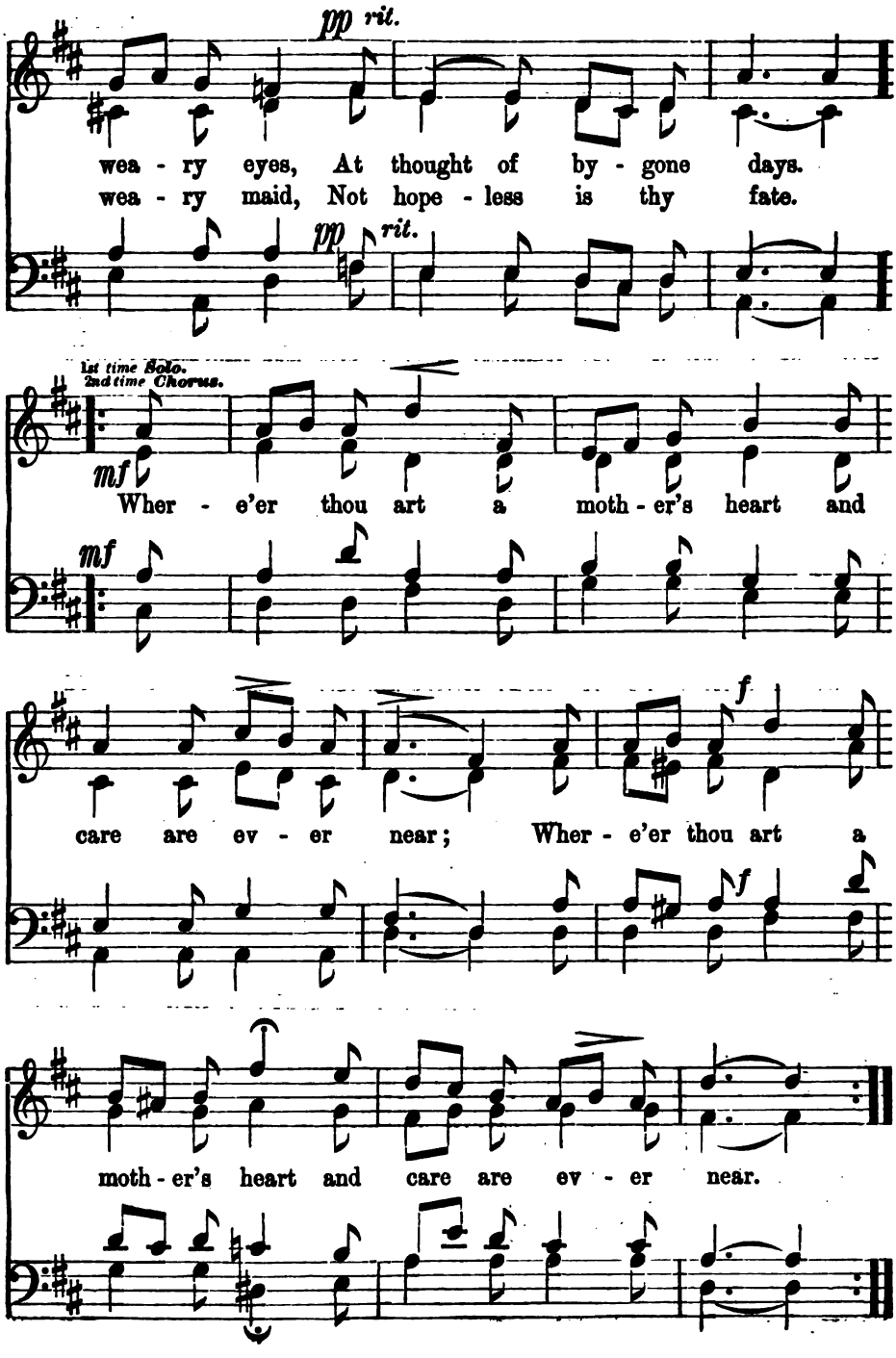
shores. The maid sits by the spin - ning wheel, But the
leas. O maid be - side the spin - ning wheel, The

pp *a tempo.*

rit.

wheel it's mur - mur stays, And the tears they rise to her
lov - ing mes - sage hear; And still thy fears, O

rit.


pp rit.
wea - ry eyes, At thought of by - gone days.
wea - ry maid, Not hope - less is thy fate.
pp rit.
1st time Solo.
2nd time Chorus.
mf
Wher - e'er thou art a moth - er's heart and
mf
care are ev - er near; Wher - e'er thou art a
f
f
moth - er's heart and care are ev - er near.

LIKE THE LARK.

Music by J. EICHBERG.

Allegretto.

SOP. *mf*

ALTO.

BASS.

1. Like the Lark, would I were sing - ing Thro' the
2. Like the Lark, would I were drink - ing Draughts of
3. Like the Lark, 'twixt earth and heav - en, Could I

az - ure plains on high, O - ver hill and val - ley
pur - est morn - ing air, Till on dew - y flow - erets
free - ly float a - long, I would riv - et earth to

bring - ing Dreams of spring a - long the sky, Dreams of
sink - ing, I could bask in fra - grance rare, I could
heav - en With the mag - ic of my song, With the

f

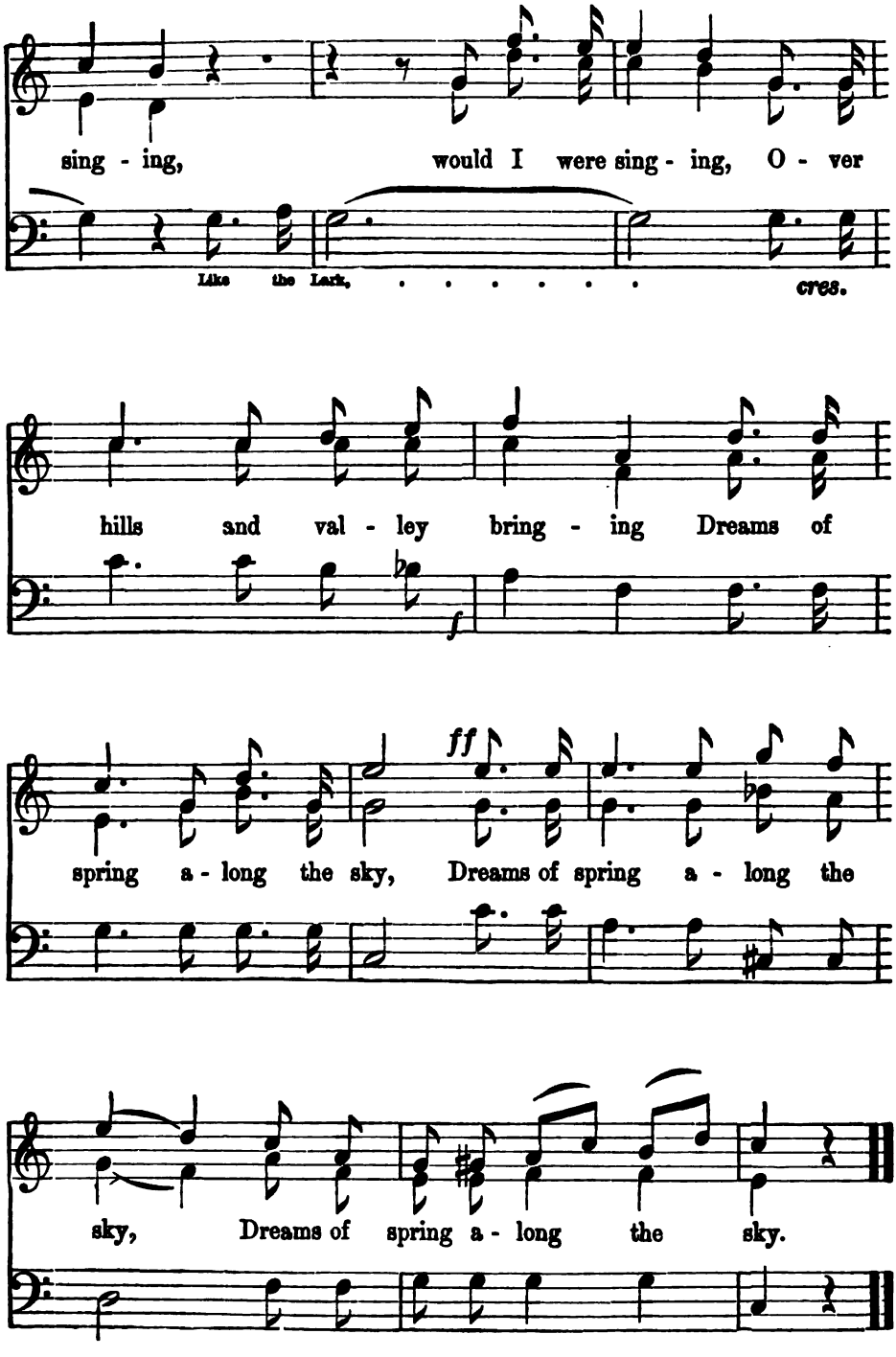
spring a - long the sky.
bask in fra - grance rare.
mag - ic of my song.

p

Would I were

p

Like the Lark. . . . . .


sing - ing, would I were sing - ing, O - ver
Like the Lark, ...
cres.
hills and val - ley bring - ing Dreams of
f
ff
spring a - long the sky, Dreams of spring a - long the
sky, Dreams of spring a - long the sky.

FINALE FROM CHRISTMAS ORATORIO.

C. SAINT-SAENS.
Arranged by J. EICHBERG.

Maestoso.

f

Raise now your song on high, And now a - dore the

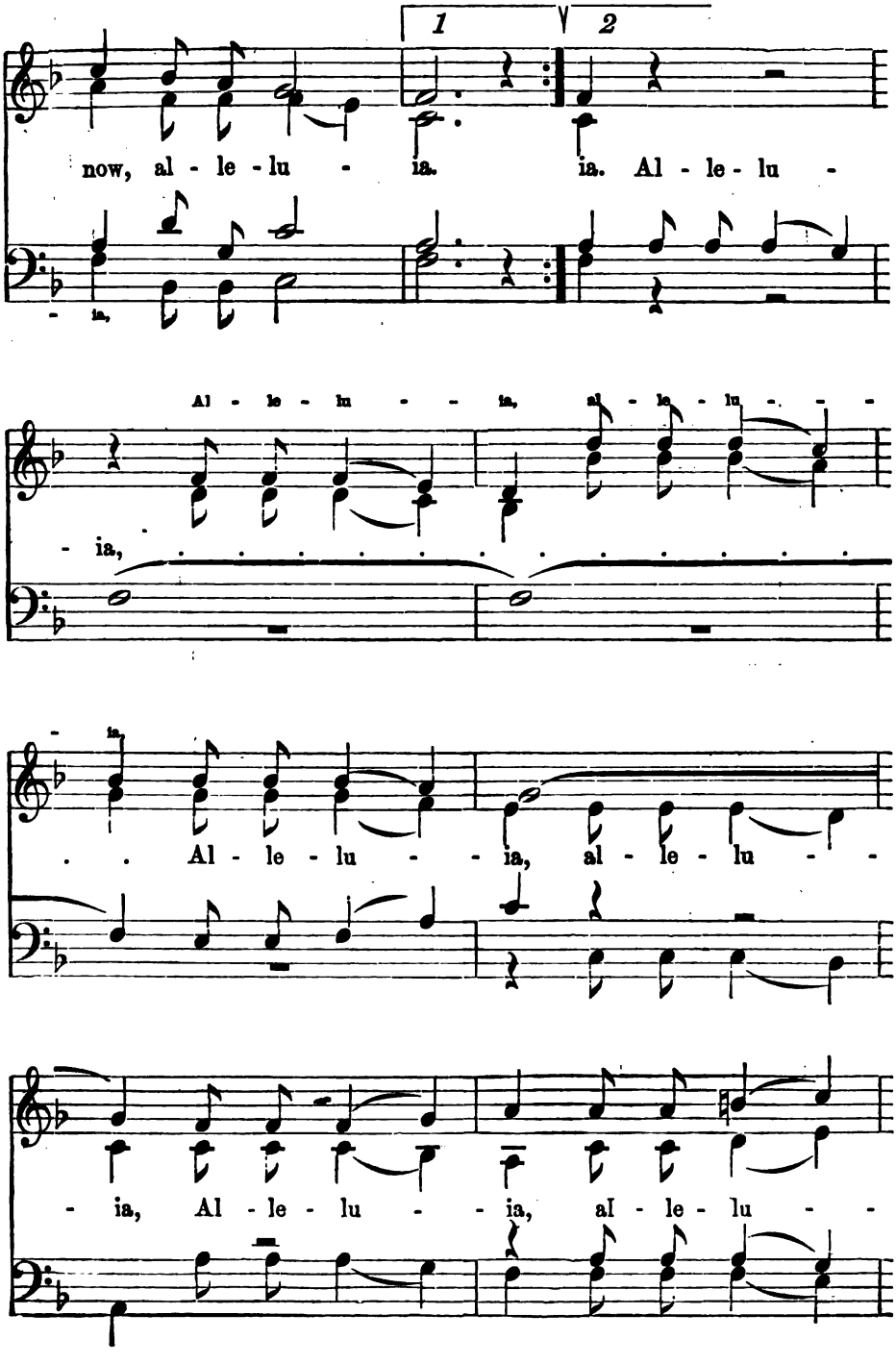
f

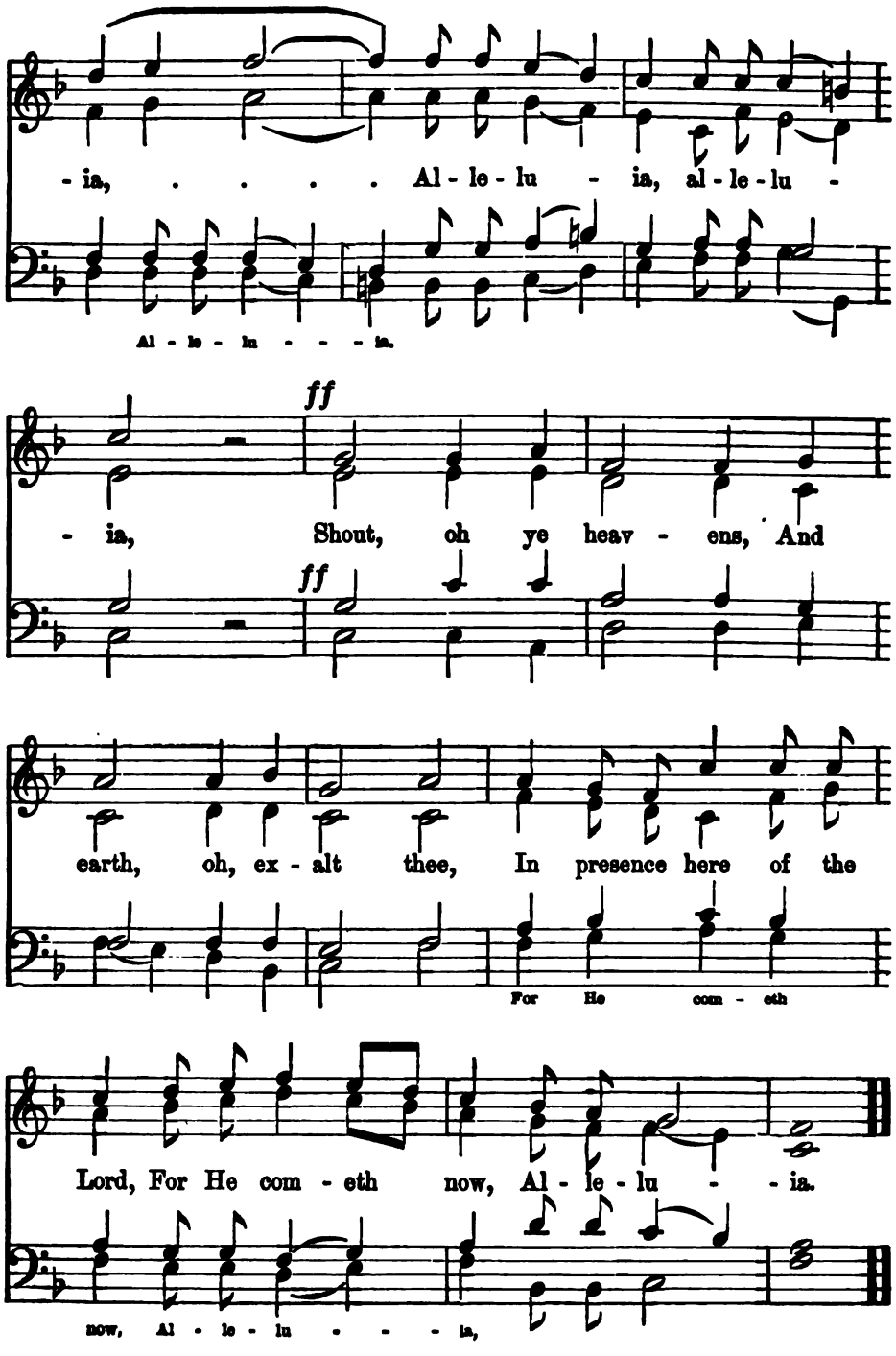
Lord our God With praise in His ho - ly tem - ple.

Shout, oh ye heav - ens, And earth, oh ex - alt thee,

In pres - ence here of the Lord, for He com - eth

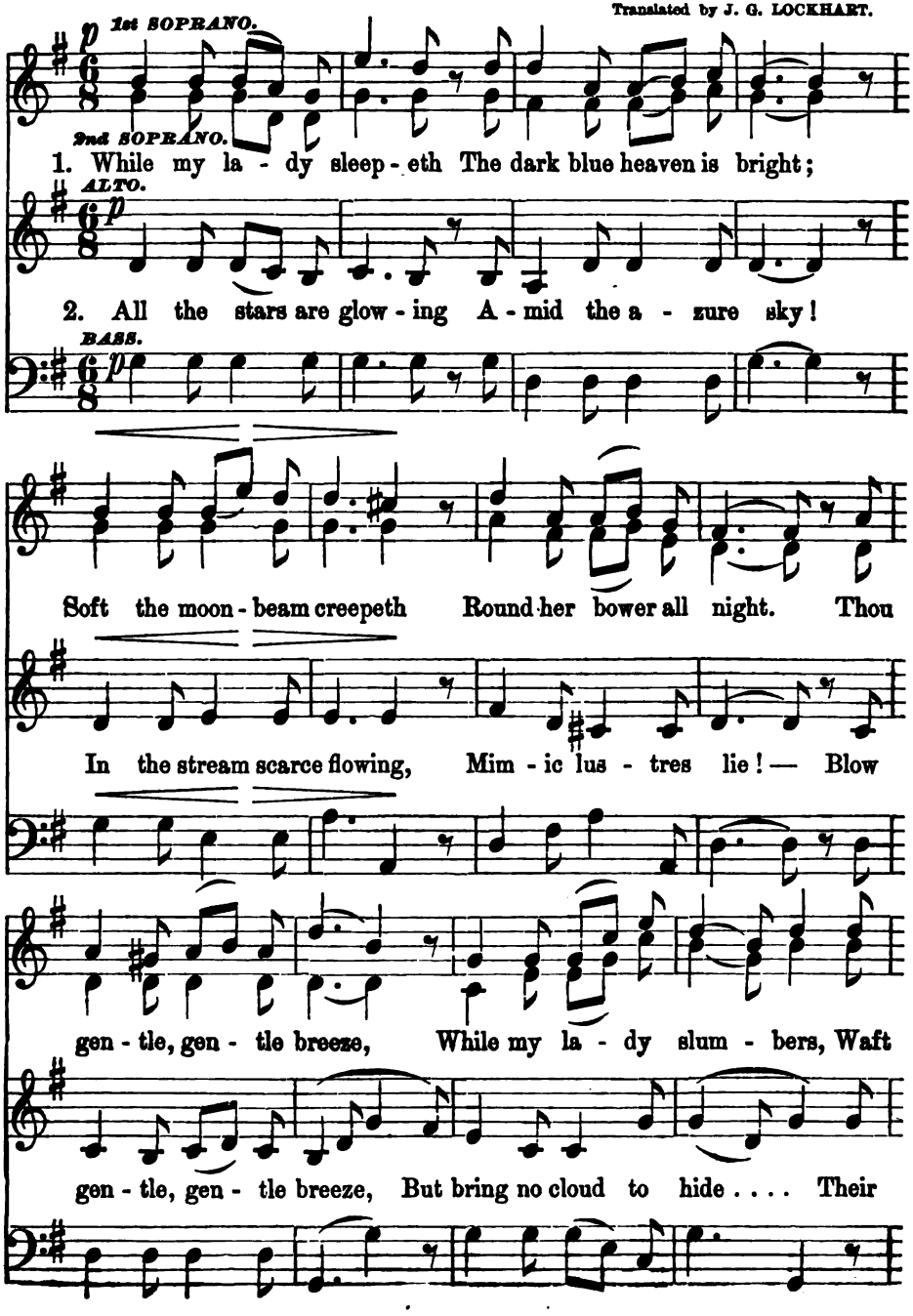
For He com - eth now, Al - le - lu - - -

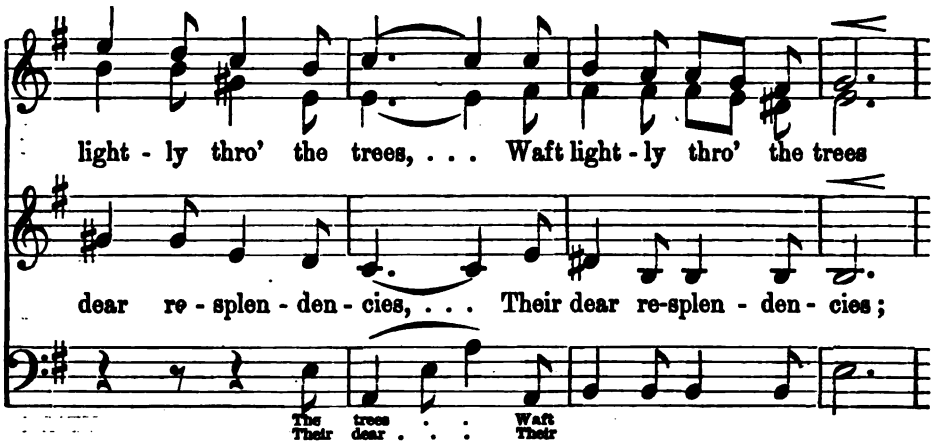

1
2
now, al - le - lu - ia. ia. Al - le - lu -
- ia,
Al - le - lu - - ia, al - le - lu - - -
- ia,
. . Al - le - lu - - ia, al - le - lu - -
- ia, Al - le - lu - - ia, al - le - lu - -

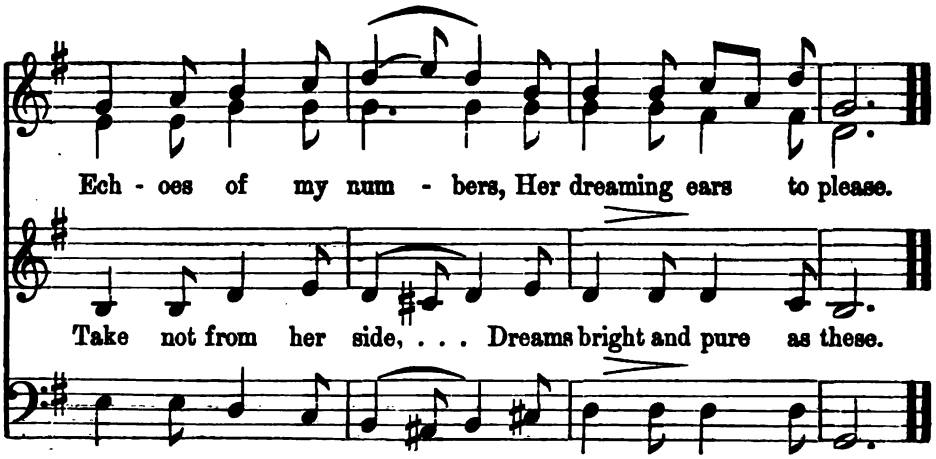

- ia, ... Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu -
Al - le - lu - - - - ia.
ff
- ia, Shout, oh ye heav - ens, And
ff
earth, oh, ex - alt thee, In presence here of the
For He com - eth
Lord, For He com - eth now, Al - le - lu - - ia.
now, Al - le - lu - - - - ia,

MOORISH SERENADE.

Music by J. EICHBERG.
From "Spanish Ballads."
Translated by J. G. LOCKHART.

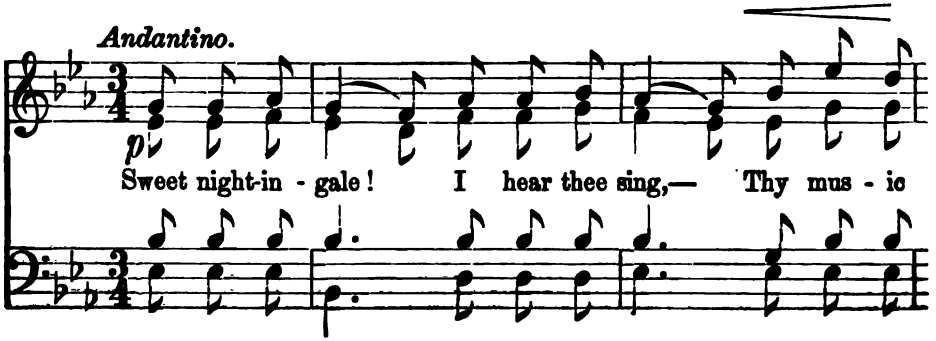






THE NIGHTINGALE.

Music by J. EICHBERG.



makes my heart up - spring; Oh, quick - ly come, sweet bird to

SOLI. p

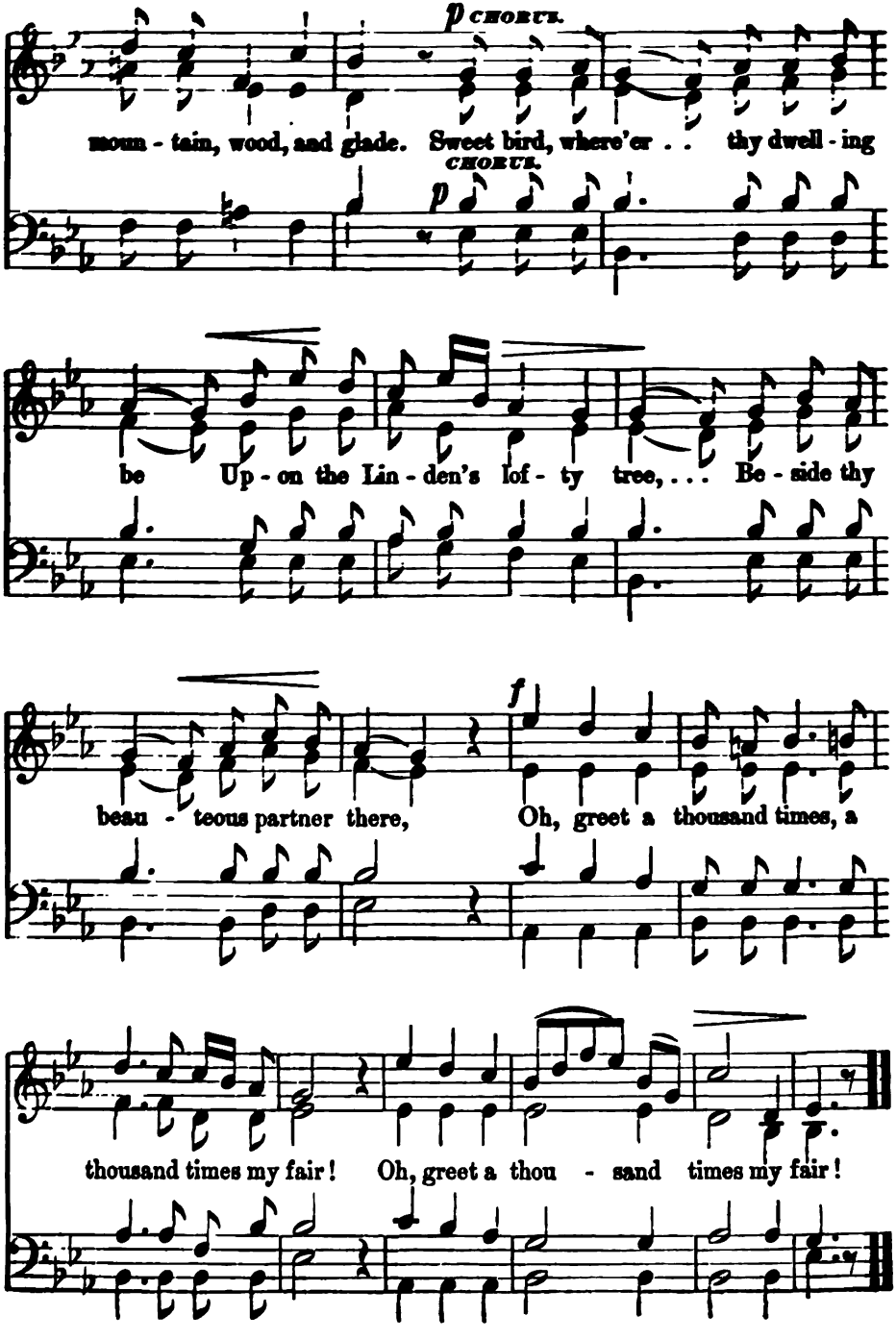
me, And teach me to re - joice like thee! Sweet night - in -

gale! . . . . to the cool wave . . . I see thee

p SOLI.

Sweet nightingale, to the cool wave

haste thy limbs to lave, When eve - ning's rest - ful shade Cov - ers


p CHORUS.
moun - tain, wood, and glade. Sweet bird, where'er . . thy dwell - ing
CHORUS.
p
be Up - on the Lin - den's lof - ty tree, . . . Be - side thy
beau - teous partner there, Oh, greet a thousand times, a
f
thousand times my fair! Oh, greet a thou - sand times my fair!

FAIR LADY, RARE LADY.

Allegretto.

Music by J. EICHBERG.

SOP. *dol.*

ALTO.

Fair la - dy, rare la - dy, Light on the lea, Wand'ring and

BASS.

pond'ring, "Oh, bring him to me!" Wand'ring and pond'ring, "Oh,

bring him to me!" Gal - lant knight, val - iant knight,

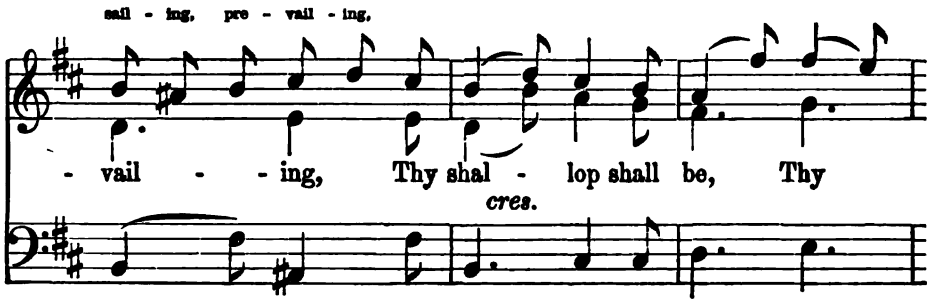
f

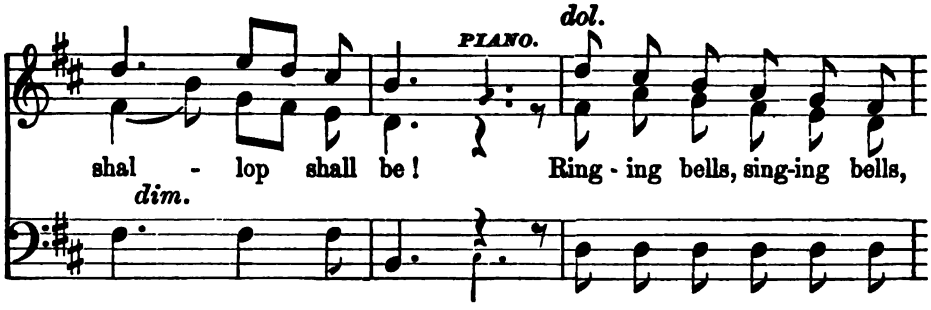
p

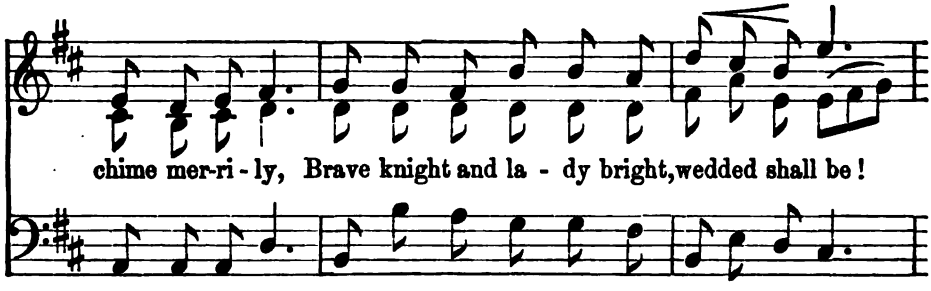
mf

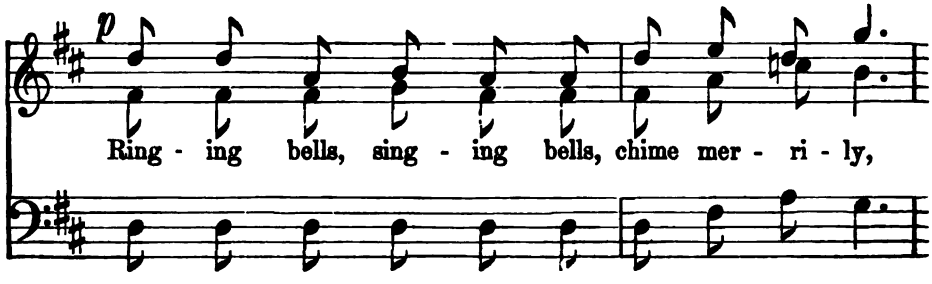
Sail - ing, pre - vail - ing,

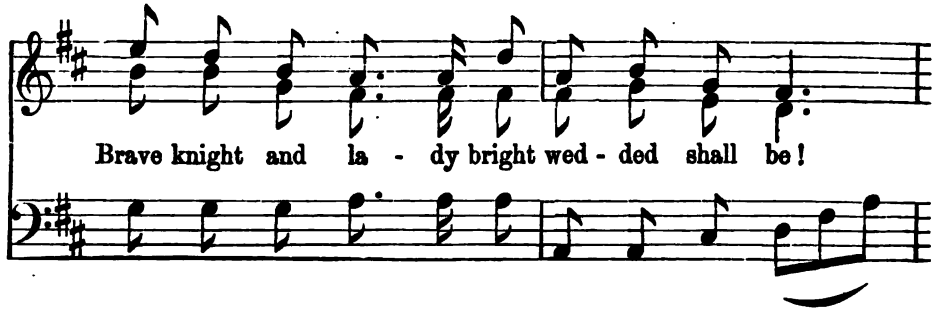
Swift on the sea, swift on the sea, Sail - - ing, pre -

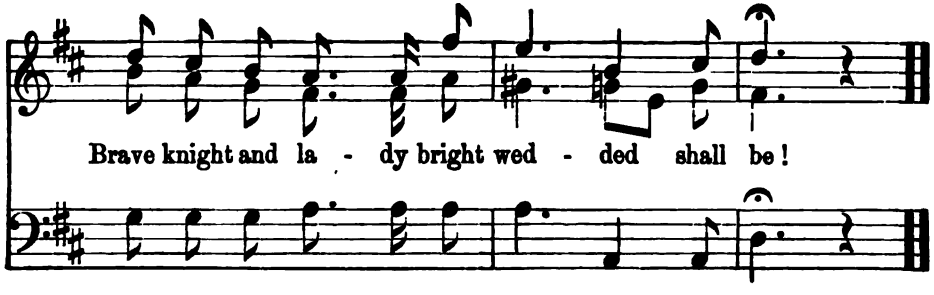

sail - ing, pre - vail - ing,
- vail - - ing, Thy shal - lop shall be, Thy
cres.


PIANO.
dol.
shal - lop shall be! Ring - ing bells, sing-ing bells,
dim.

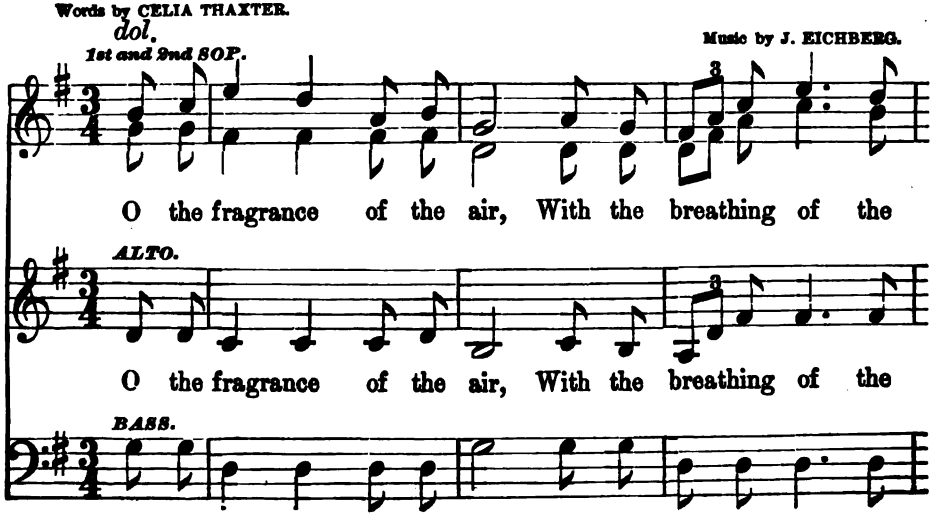

chime mer-ri - ly, Brave knight and la - dy bright, wedded shall be!


p
Ring - ing bells, sing - ing bells, chime mer - ri - ly,





O THE FRAGRANCE OF THE AIR.



flowers! O the isles of cloudlets fair, Shining af - ter balm - y

flowers! O the isles of cloudlets fair, Shining af - ter balm - y

p

showers. O the fresh - ly rip - pling notes! O the

showers. O the fresh - ly rip - pling notes! O the

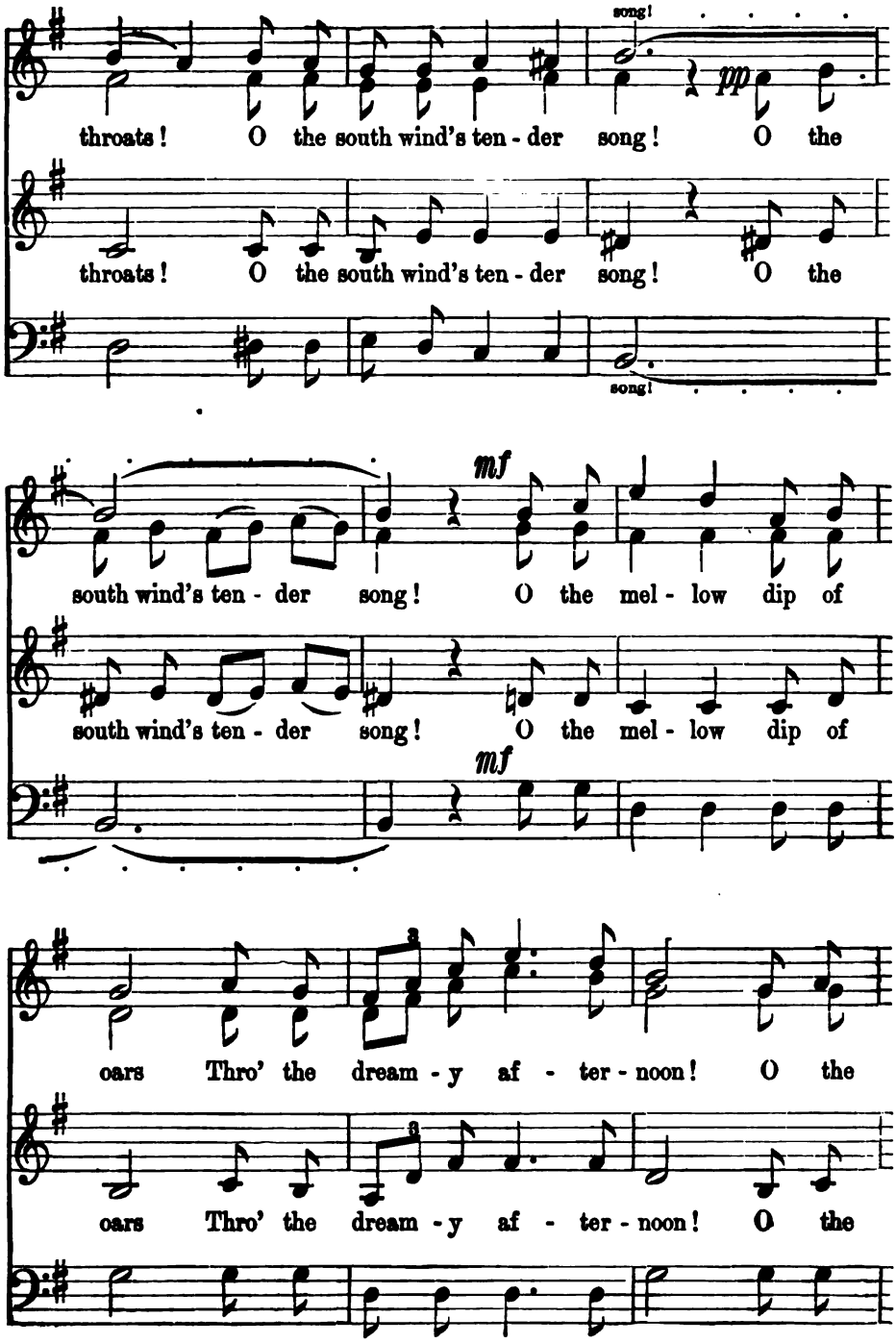
dol.

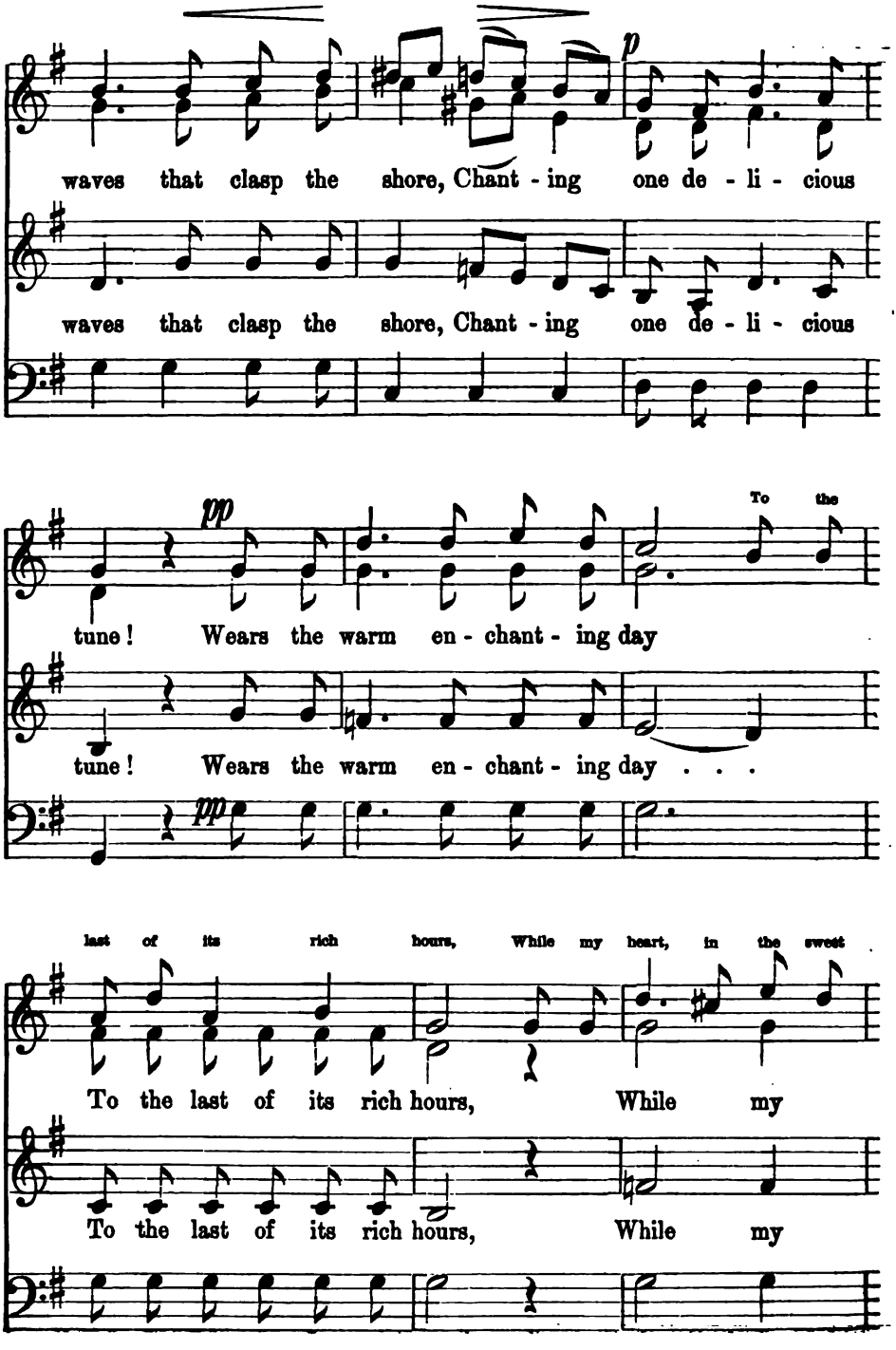
o notes!

warb - ling, loud and long, From a thou - sand gol - den

warb - ling, loud and long, From a thou - sand gol - den

thou - - sand


song!
pp
throats! O the south wind's ten - der song! O the
throats! O the south wind's ten - der song! O the
song!
mf
south wind's ten - der song! O the mel - low dip of
south wind's ten - der song! O the mel - low dip of
mf
oars Thro' the dream - y af - ter - noon! O the
oars Thro' the dream - y af - ter - noon! O the


p
waves that clasp the shore, Chant - ing one de - li - cious
waves that clasp the shore, Chant - ing one de - li - cious
pp
To the
tune! Wears the warm en - chant - ing day
tune! Wears the warm en - chant - ing day . . .
pp
last of its rich hours, While my heart, in the sweet
To the last of its rich hours, While my
To the last of its rich hours, While my

May, Buds and blos-soms with the flowers, Buds and

heart Buds and blossoms with the flowers, ...

heart . . Buds and blossoms with the flowers, ...

blos - soms with the flowers.

blos-soms with the flowers, Buds and blos - soms

. . Buds and blos - - soms with the flowers.

. . Buds and blos - - soms with the flowers.

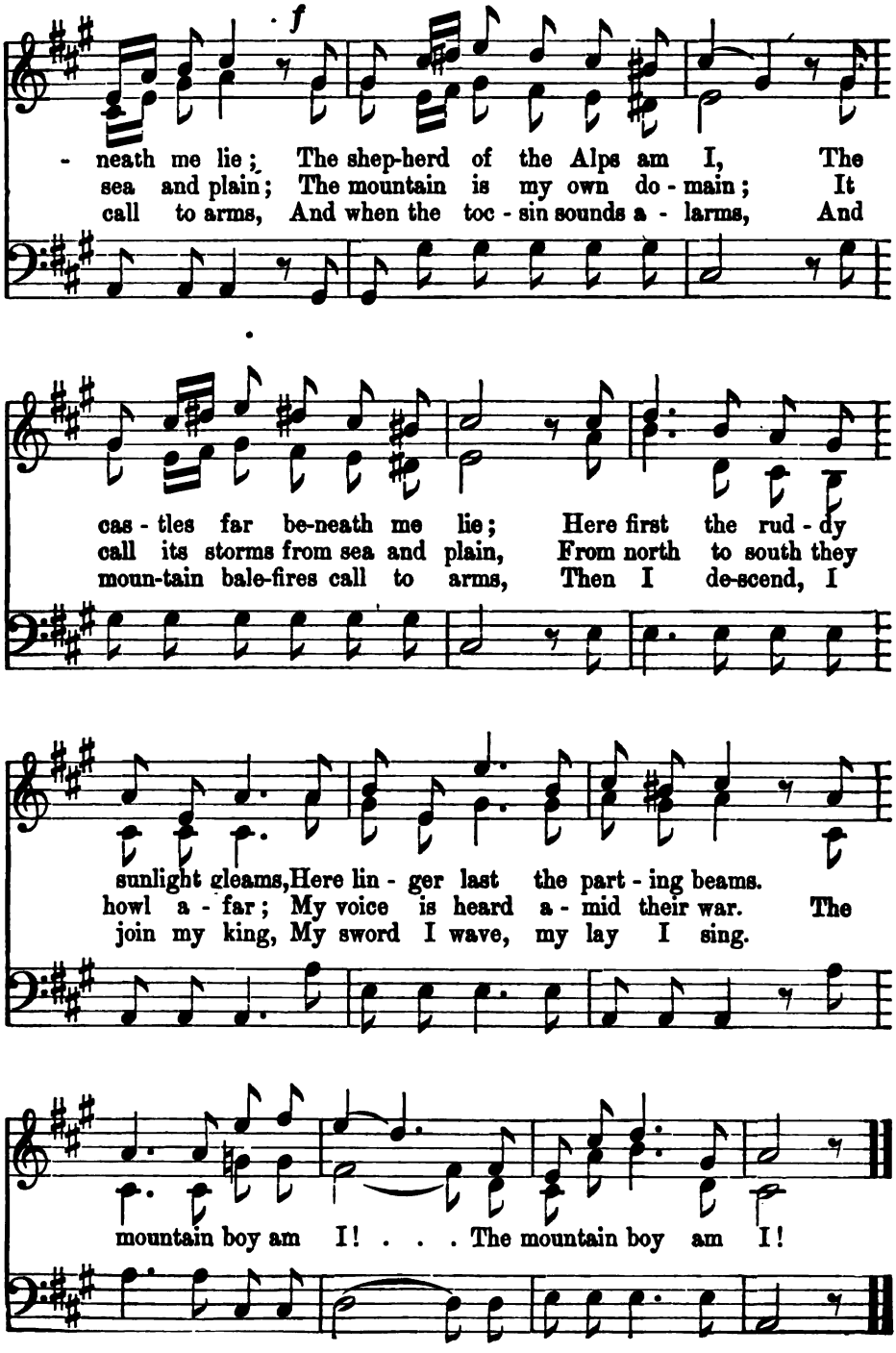
THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

Music by J. EICHBERG.

Vivace.

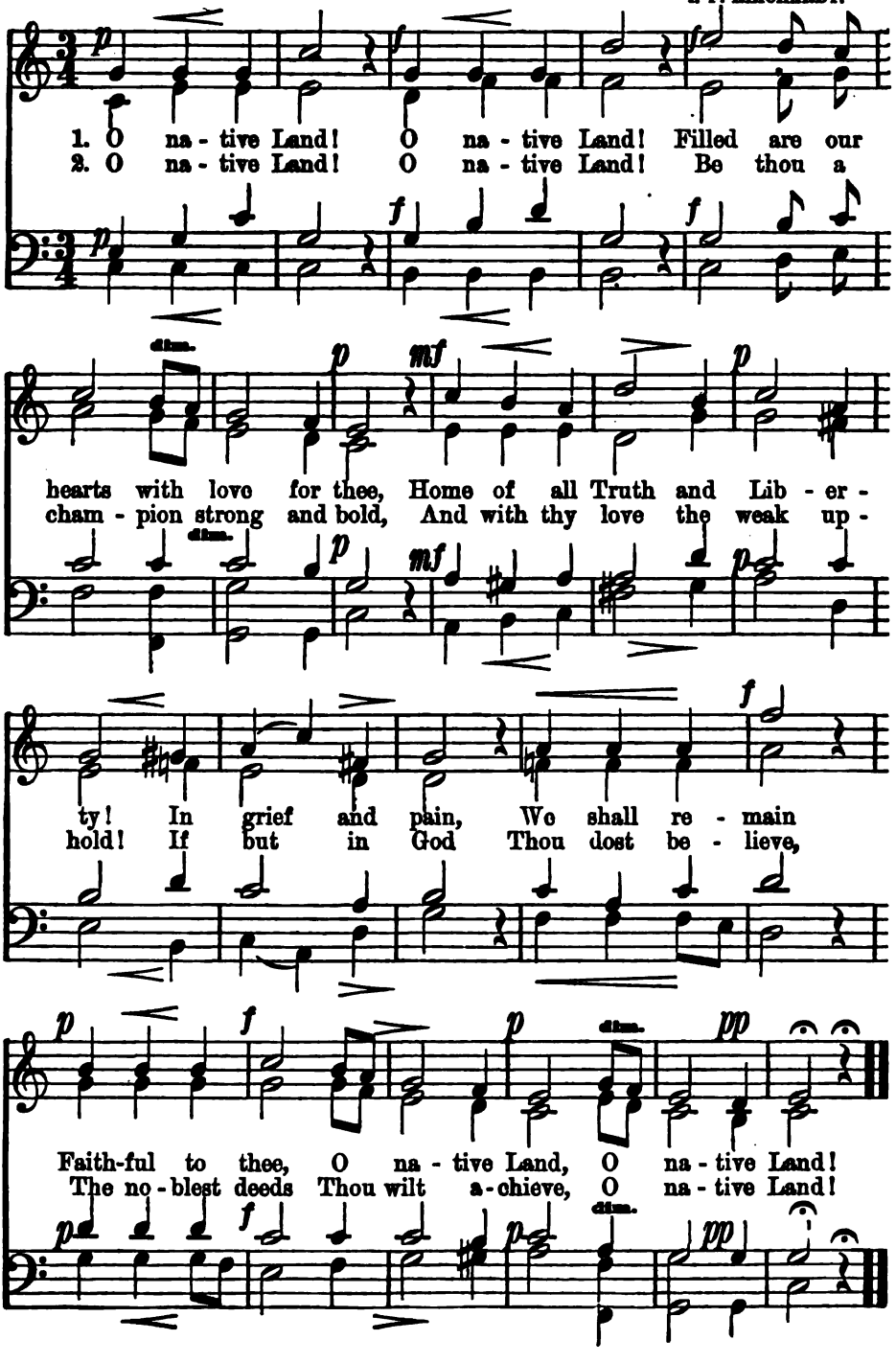
mf

1. The shepherd of the Alps am I, The cas - tles far be -
2. The mountain is my own do - main; It calls its storms from
3. And when the toc-sin sounds a - larms, And moun-tain bale-fires


f
- neath me lie; The shep-herd of the Alps am I, The
sea and plain; The mountain is my own do - main; It
call to arms, And when the toc - sin sounds a - larms, And
cas - tles far be-neath me lie; Here first the rud - dy
call its storms from sea and plain, From north to south they
moun-tain bale-fires call to arms, Then I de-scend, I
sunlight gleams, Here lin - ger last the part - ing beams.
howl a - far; My voice is heard a - mid their war. The
join my king, My sword I wave, my lay I sing.
mountain boy am I! . . . The mountain boy am I!

O NATIVE LAND.

I. F. REICHARDT.



FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

MENDELSSOHN.

p *Andante non lento.* *f*

1. Thou for - est broad and sweeping, Fair work of na-ture's God, Of
2. Who right-ly scans thy beau - ty, A so-lemn word shall read Of
3. Ah! soon must I for - sake thee, My own, my shelt'ring home, In

p

all my joy and weep - ing, The con - se -crate a - bode! Yon
love, of truth and du - ty, Our hope in time of need. And
sor - row soon be - take me, In yon vain world to roam. And

Yon world de -
And I have
And there the

cres. *f* *mp*

world de-ceiv - ing ev - er, Murmurs in vain a - larms, O
I have read them of - ten, Those words so true and clear, What
there the word re - call - ing, Thy so - lemn les - sons teach, 'Mid

ceiv - - - ing ev - er,
read . . . them of - ten,
word . . re - call - ing,

Yon world de - ceiving ev-er,
And I have read them often,
And there the word re-calling,

f

might I wan-der nev - er From thy protect - ing arms! Oh,
heart that would not soft - en, Thy wis - dom to re - vere, What
care and dan - ger fall - ing, No harm my soul shall reach, 'Mid

might I wan-der nev - - - er, Oh, might I wan-der
heart that would not soft - - - en, What heart that would not
care and dan-ger fall - - - ing, 'Mid care and dan - ger

From thy pro - tect - ing arms!
Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
dim. No harm my soul shall reach.

p

might I wan-der nev - er, From thy . . . . pro-tect-ing arms!
heart that would not soft - en Thy wis - - dom to re - vere?
care and dan - ger fall. - ing, No harm . . . my soul shall reach.

From thy pro - tect - ing arms!
Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
No harm my soul shall reach.

nev - - - er
soft - - - en
fall - - - ing,

WHERE ART THOU, BEAM OF LIGHT?

HENRY R. BISHOP.
Arranged for this book.

Adagio.

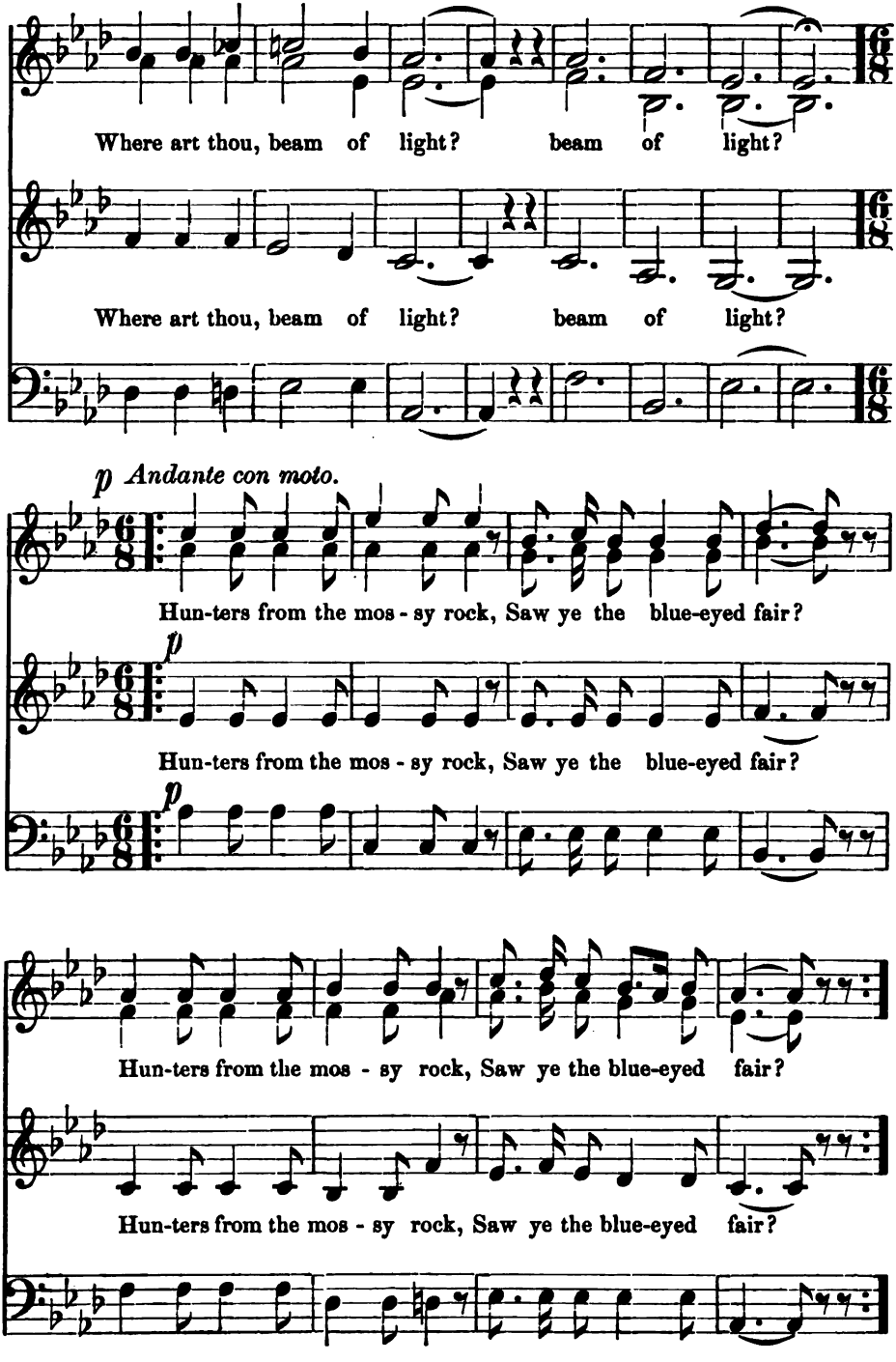
p

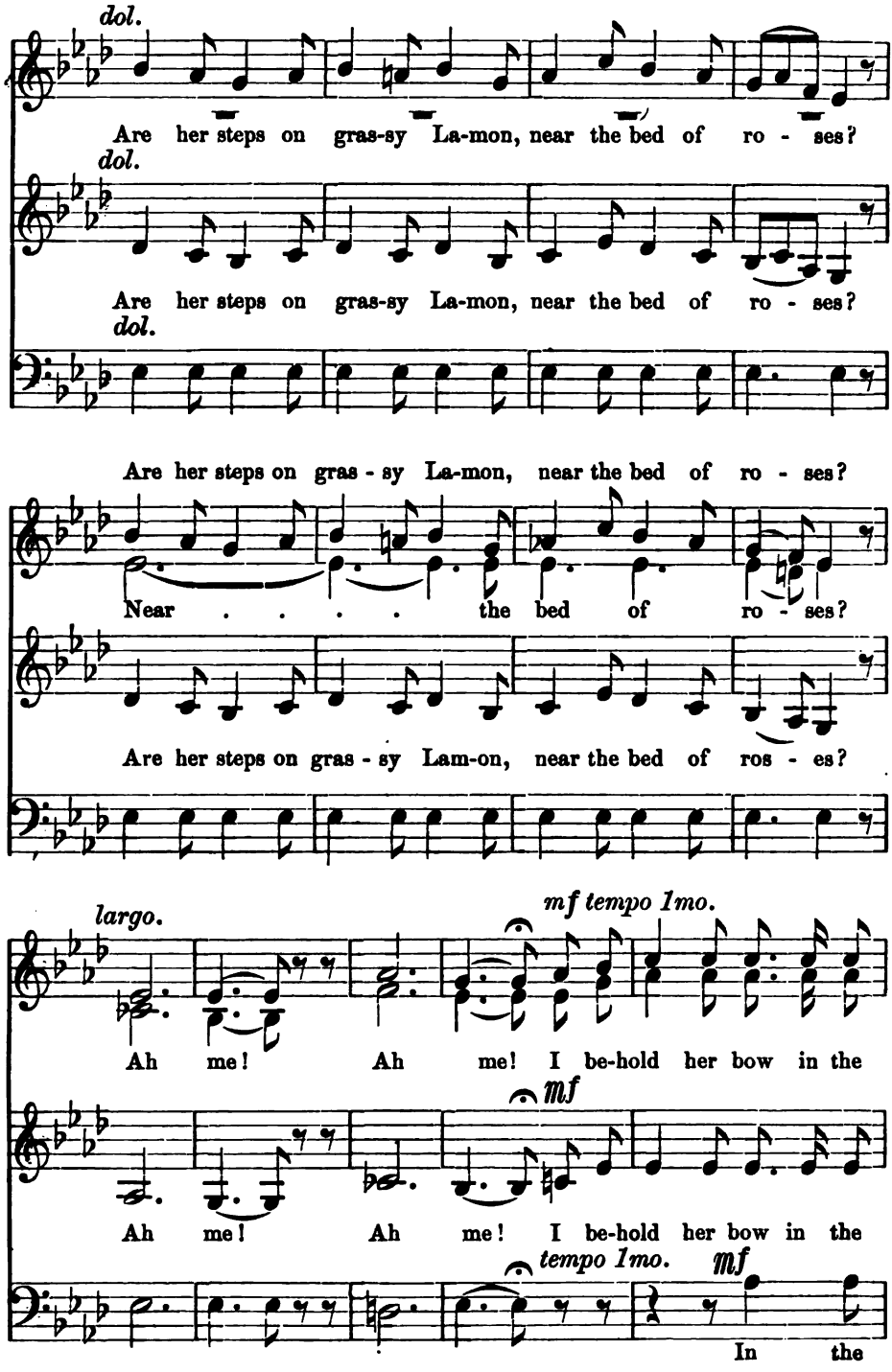
Where, where, where art thou, beam of light? . .

p

Where, where, where art thou, beam of light? . .

p


Where art thou, beam of light? beam of light?
Where art thou, beam of light? beam of light?
p Andante con moto.
Hun-ters from the mos - sy rock, Saw ye the blue-eyed fair?
p
Hun-ters from the mos - sy rock, Saw ye the blue-eyed fair?
p
Hun-ters from the mos - sy rock, Saw ye the blue-eyed fair?
Hun-ters from the mos - sy rock, Saw ye the blue-eyed fair?


dol.
Are her steps on gras-sy La-mon, near the bed of ro - ses?
dol.
Are her steps on gras-sy La-mon, near the bed of ro - ses?
dol.
Are her steps on gras - sy La-mon, near the bed of ro - ses?
Near . . . . the bed of ro - ses?
Are her steps on gras - sy Lam-on, near the bed of ros - es?
largo.
mf tempo 1mo.
Ah me! Ah me! I be-hold her bow in the
mf
Ah me! Ah me! I be-hold her bow in the
tempo 1mo.
mf
In the

hall, I be - hold her bow in the hall.

hall, ... her bow in the hall.

hall, ... her bow in the hall.

Where art thou, where art thou, beam of light?

sf

Where art thou, beam of light? Where art thou, beam of light?

sf

Where art thou, beam of light? Where art thou, beam of light?

sf

Where art thou, where art thou, beam of light?

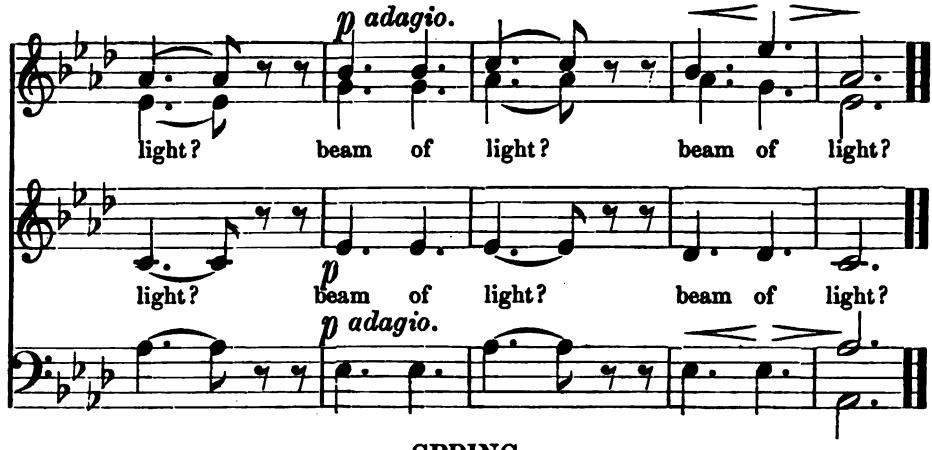
sf

Where art thou, beam of light? Where art thou, beam of

sf

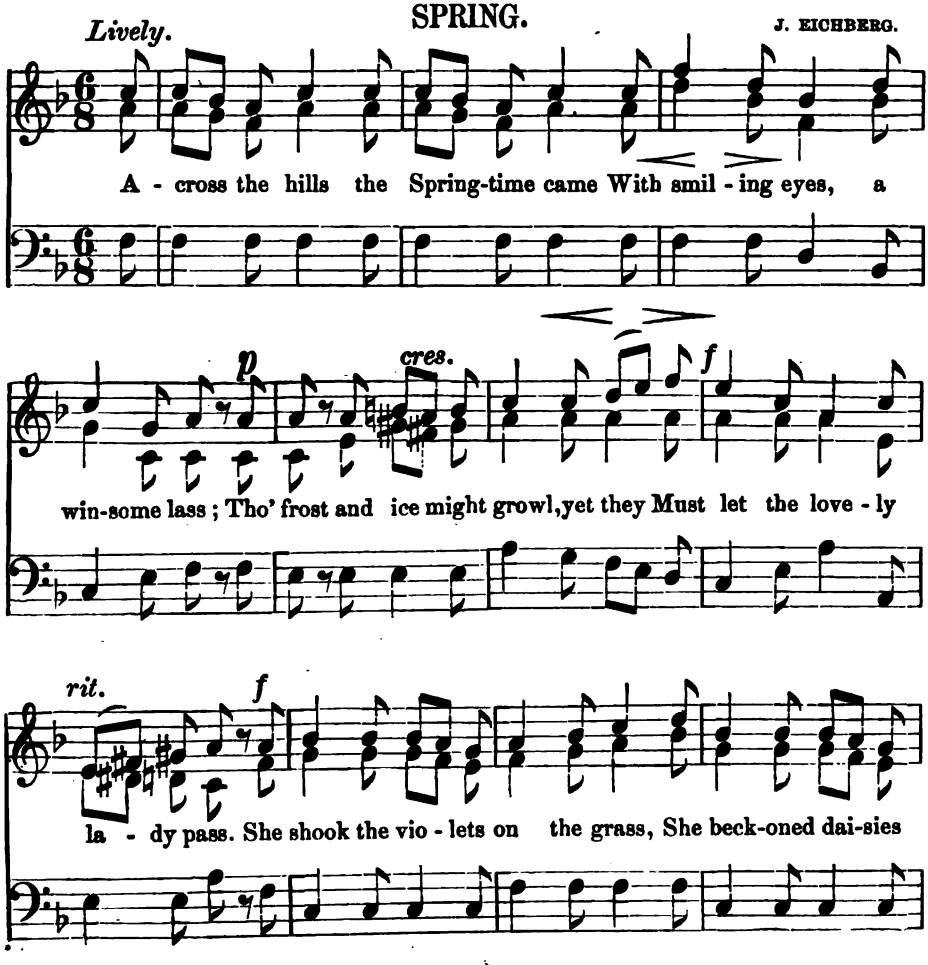
Where art thou, beam of light? Where art thou, beam of

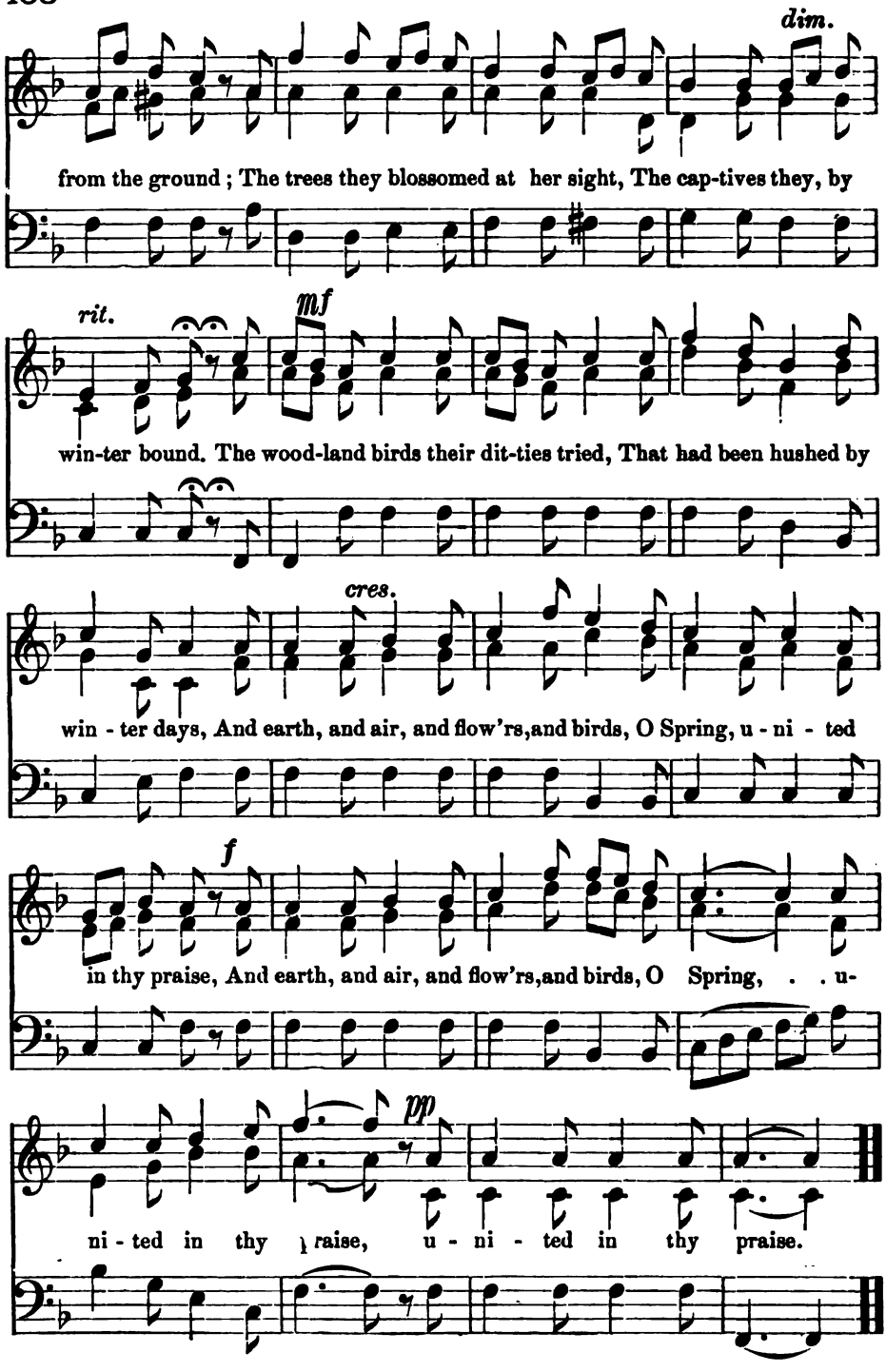
sf



SPRING.

J. EICHBERG.




dim.
from the ground ; The trees they blossomed at her sight, The cap-tives they, by
rit.
mf
win-ter bound. The wood-land birds their dit-ties tried, That had been hushed by
cres.
win - ter days, And earth, and air, and flow'rs, and birds, O Spring, u - ni - ted
f
in thy praise, And earth, and air, and flow'rs, and birds, O Spring, . . u-
pp
ni - ted in thy raise, u - ni - ted in thy praise.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Andante. *p* Arr. for this book.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls As if that soul were fled; So sleeps the pride of for- mer days, So glo- ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that praise no more.
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright, The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a- lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus Free - dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that she still lives.

THE WATCH O'ER THE RHINE.

C. WILHELM.
Arr. for this work.

Allegro marcato. *cres.* *f*

1. With thunder shout the air is rent, Like roar of waves and sword-clash blent; "Now
2. The peo - ple hear that mighty cry, Like lightning flash-es ev - 'ry eye, That
3. The waves re- ech -o back the cry, The standard in the breeze doth fly, The

ff *sf*

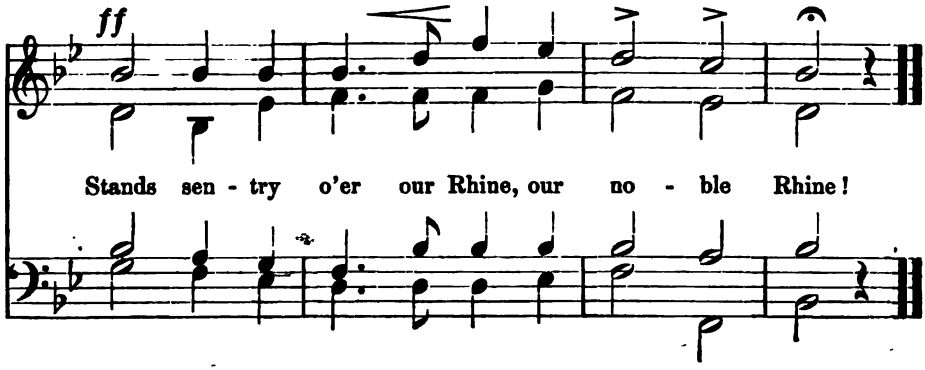
of the Ger-man Rhine so free, Who will the riv - er's guar-dian
land -mark ev - 'ry heart will keep, And watch unsleeping o'er the
Rhine, the Ger-man Rhine so free, Yes, we will all thy guar-dians

mf dol.

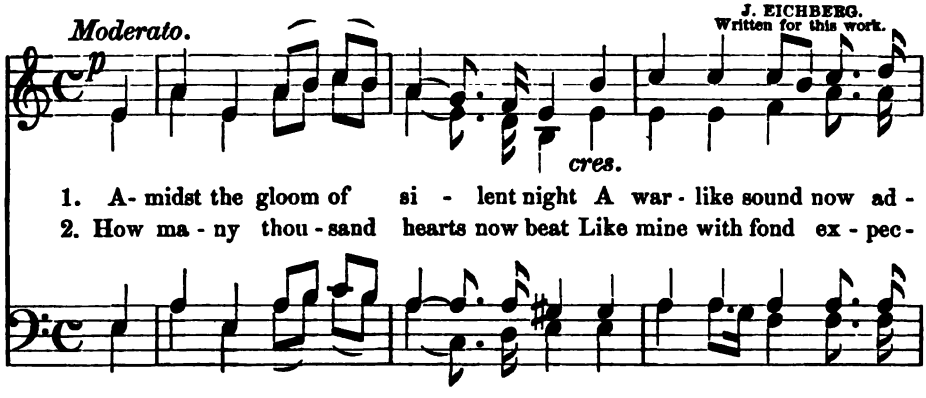
be?" Thou, Fa - ther-land, mayst tran-quil be, Thy faith - ful sons will
deep.
be.

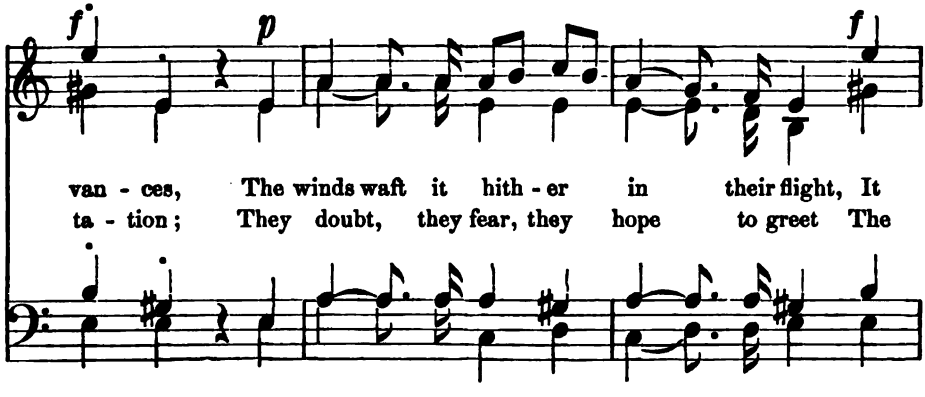
ff cres.

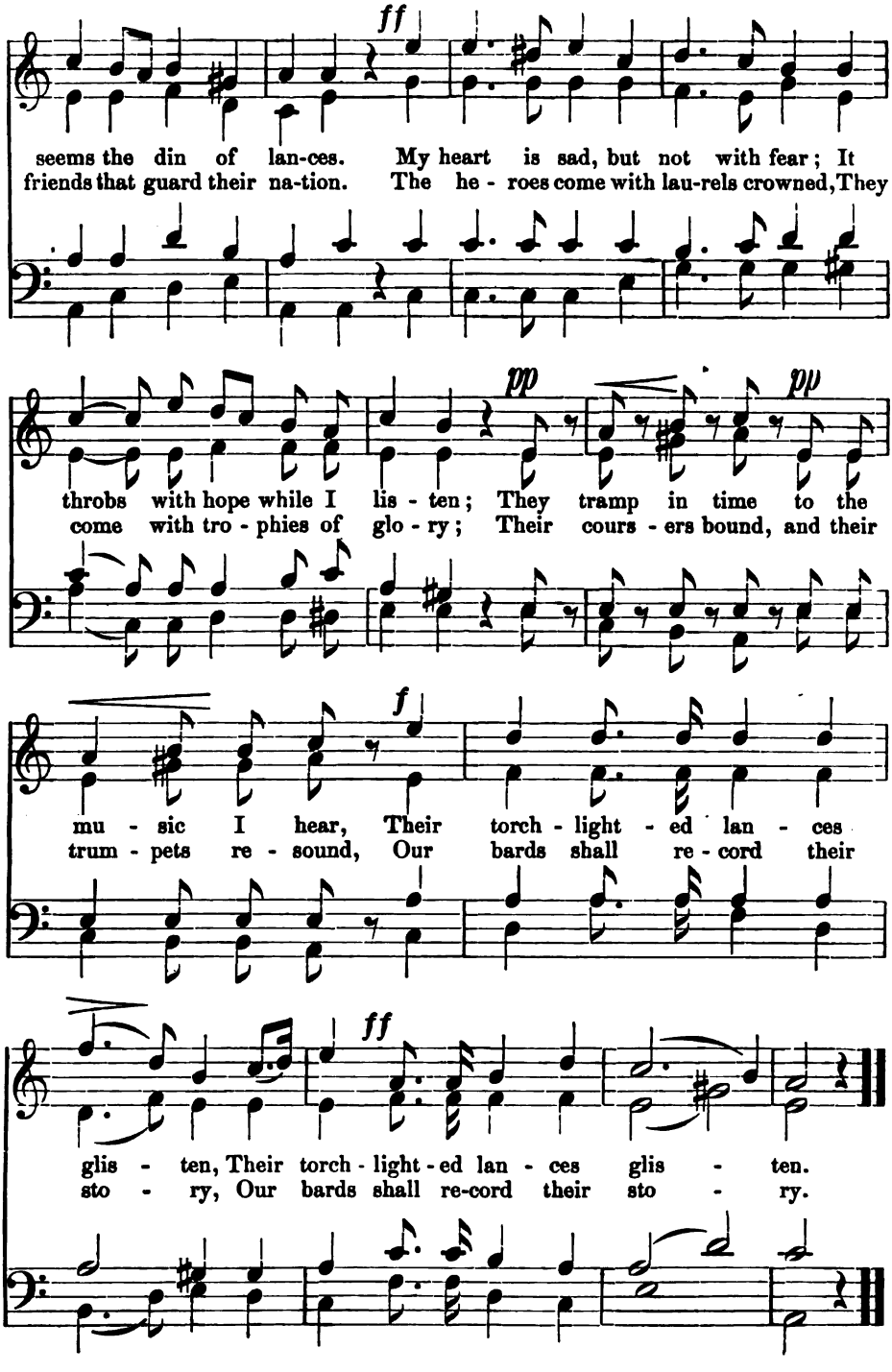
watch o'er thee; Stead - fast and true each son, each son of thine



THE VICTORS' RETURN.






ff
seems the din of lan-ces. My heart is sad, but not with fear; It
friends that guard their na-tion. The he - roes come with lau-rels crowned, They
pp
pp
throbs with hope while I lis - ten; They tramp in time to the
come with tro - phies of glo - ry; Their cours - ers bound, and their
f
mu - sic I hear, Their torch - light - ed lan - ces
trum - pets re - sound, Our bards shall re - cord their
ff
glis - ten, Their torch - light - ed lan - ces glis - ten.
sto - ry, Our bards shall re-cord their sto - ry.

THE MORNING.

Andantino.

J. EICHBERG.
Written for this book.

p

The small birds sing to the morn- ing, The cock crows his shril - lest

The small birds sing to the morn- ing, The cock crows his shril - lest

lay; With jew-els and ra -diance a-dorn -ing Her path comes the laughing

lay; With jew-els and ra -diance a-dorn -ing Her path comes the laughing

mf

day; She touch-es with ro- sy fin - gers The land till the wood a -

day; She touch-es with ro- sy fin - gers The land till the wood a -

blaze, Ex - iles the night that lin - gers To the gloom of its west-ern

blaze, a blaze, Ex-iles the night that lin - gers To the gloom of its west-ern

f

ways, She touch-es with ro-sy fin - gers The land till the wood a -

f

ways, She touch-es with ro-sy fin - gers The land till the wood a -

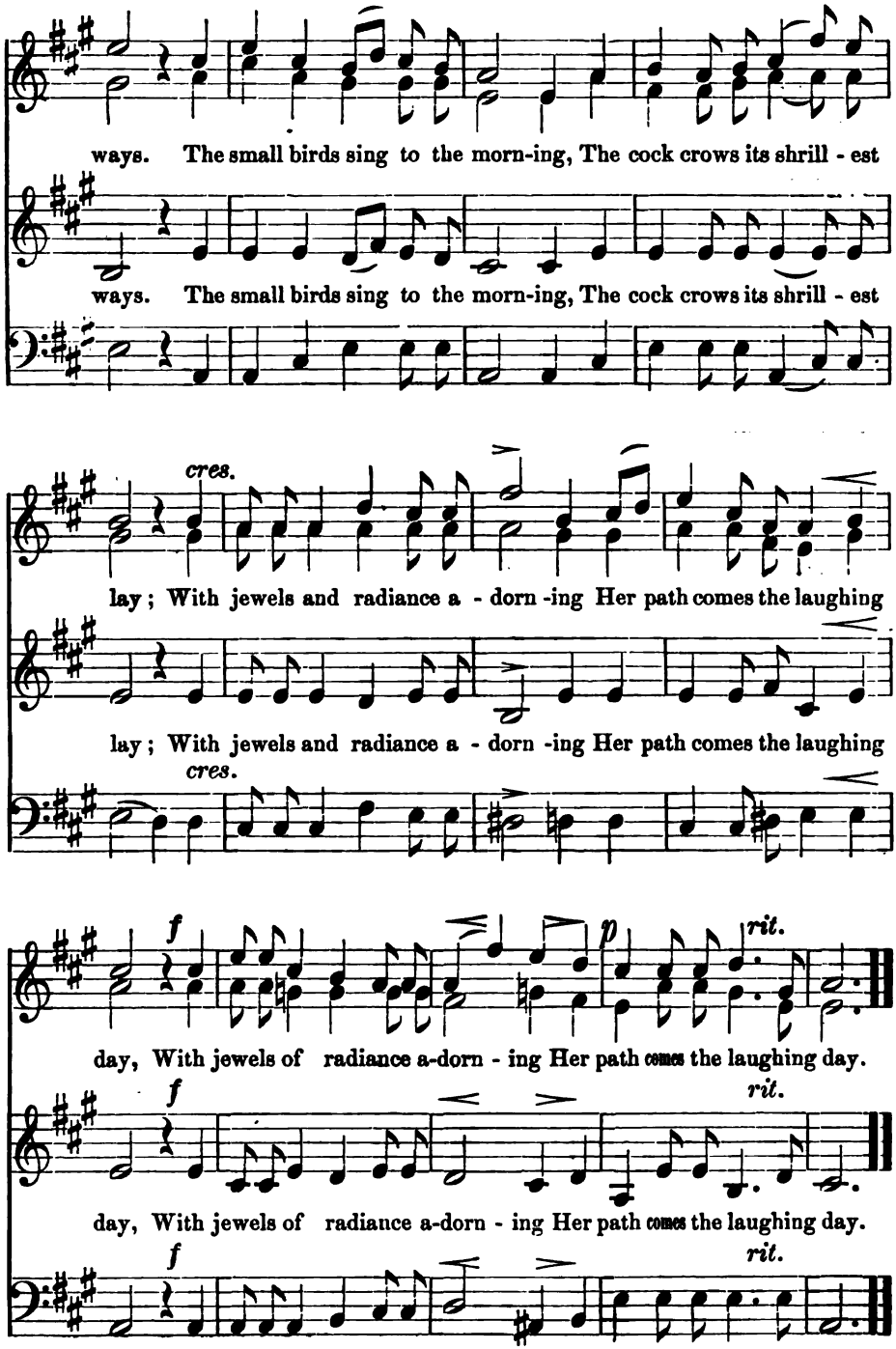
p

blaze Ex - iles the night that lin - gers To the gloom of its west-ern

p

blaze Ex - iles the night that lin - gers To the gloom of its west-ern

p


ways. The small birds sing to the morn-ing, The cock crows its shrill - est
ways. The small birds sing to the morn-ing, The cock crows its shrill - est
cres.
lay; With jewels and radiance a - dorn -ing Her path comes the laughing
lay; With jewels and radiance a - dorn -ing Her path comes the laughing
cres.
f
p
rit.
day, With jewels of radiance a-dorn - ing Her path comes the laughing day.
f
rit.
day, With jewels of radiance a-dorn - ing Her path comes the laughing day.
f
rit.

MOURN NOT.

MENDELSSOHN.

Moderato.

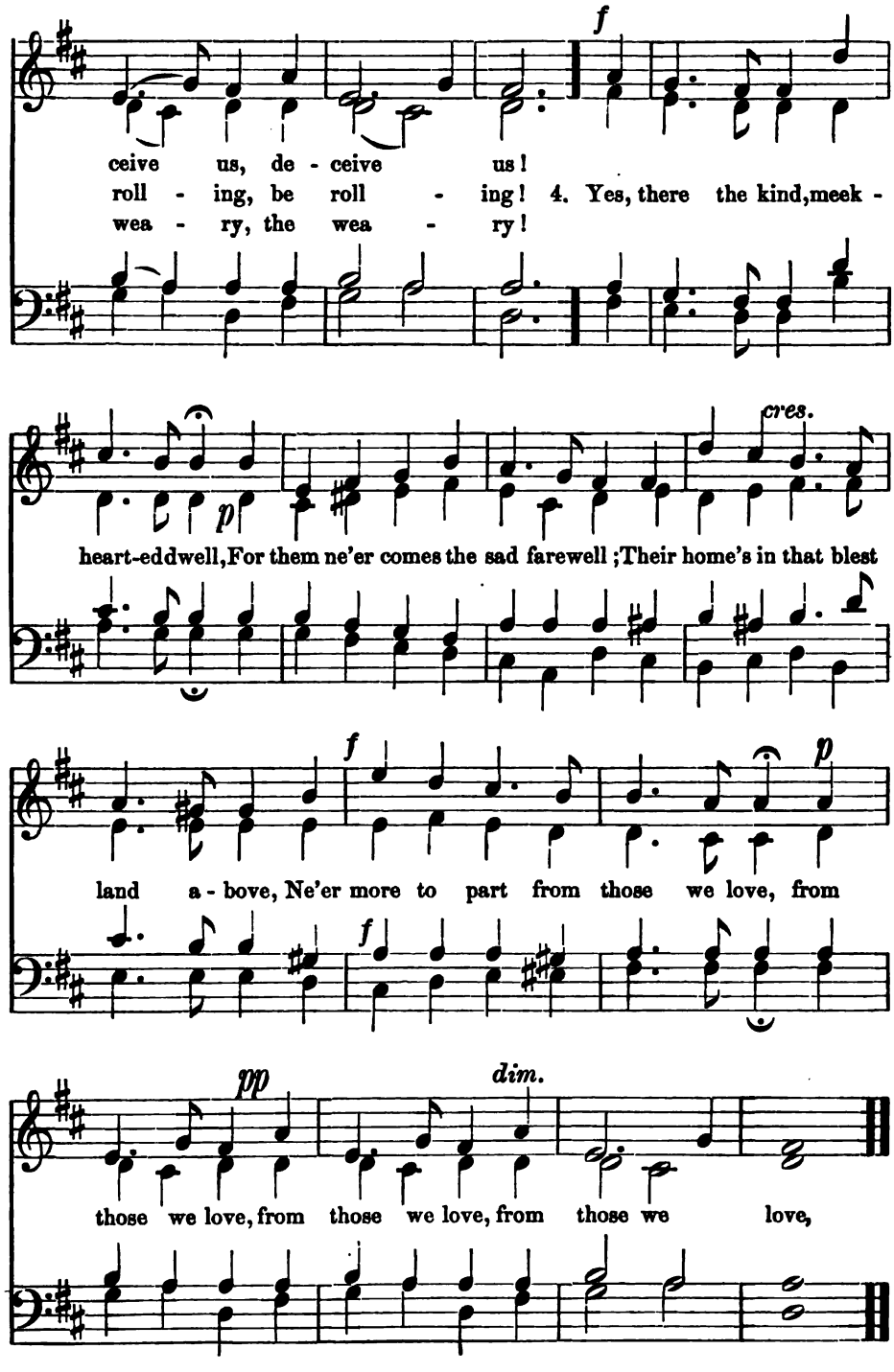
1. Mourn not when false ones from us fly, Mourn not when loved ones
2. To earth we soon must bid fare-well, For us soon will the
3. Mourn not if life with sor - row teem, If cheer - less here our

piu lento. *pp* *mf*

fond - ly sigh To leave us, to leave us; But weep when those prove
part - ing knell Be toll - ing, be toll - ing; The grave both friend and
jour - ney seem And drea - ry, and drea - ry; Be - yond this fe - ver'd

p *pp*

cold, un-just, When they who once our souls could trust De - ceive us, de -
foe will hide, And o'er them dark ob - li - vious tide Be roll -ing be
troub - led sleep, A ha - ven lies for those that weep, The wea -ry, the


f
ceive us, de - ceive us!
roll - ing, be roll - ing! 4. Yes, there the kind, meek -
wea - ry, the wea - ry!
p
cres.
heart-eddwell, For them ne'er comes the sad farewell; Their home's in that blest
f
p
land a - bove, Ne'er more to part from those we love, from
f
pp
dim.
those we love, from those we love, from those we love,

NORWEGIAN PEASANT WEDDING MARCH.

A. SÖDERMANN.
Arranged for this book.

Allegretto. *p*

Who with the radiant sun-light O'er wood and lea doth ride? The

Who with the radiant sun-light O'er wood and lea doth ride? The

p

world with joy a - dorn - ing, The bridegroom seeks his bride. Who

world with joy a - dorn - ing, The bridegroom seeks his bride. Who

with the ra - diant twi - light O'er wood and lea doth ride? The

with the ra - diant twi - light O'er wood and lea doth ride? The

rall.

world with joy a- dorn - ing, He seeks his bride.

rall. *f marc.*

world with joy a - dorn - ing, He seeks his bride. O

rall. *f marc.*

O sil - ver bu-gle,

f marc.

Pro- claim o'er hill and dale What grief may come and sor - row

let your sound Pro -claim o'er hill and dale What grief may come and sor - row

ff

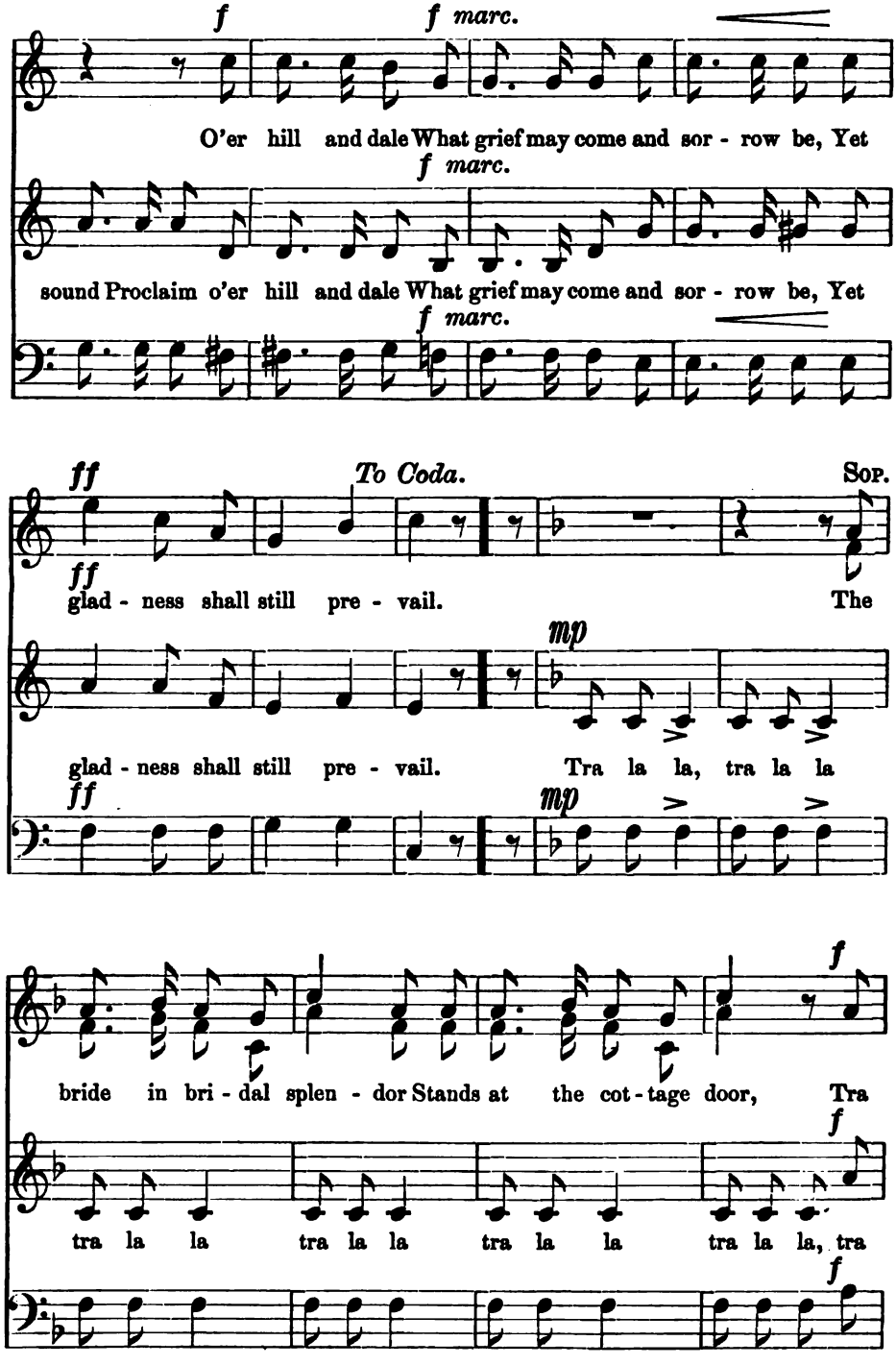
be, glad- ness shall pre - vail.

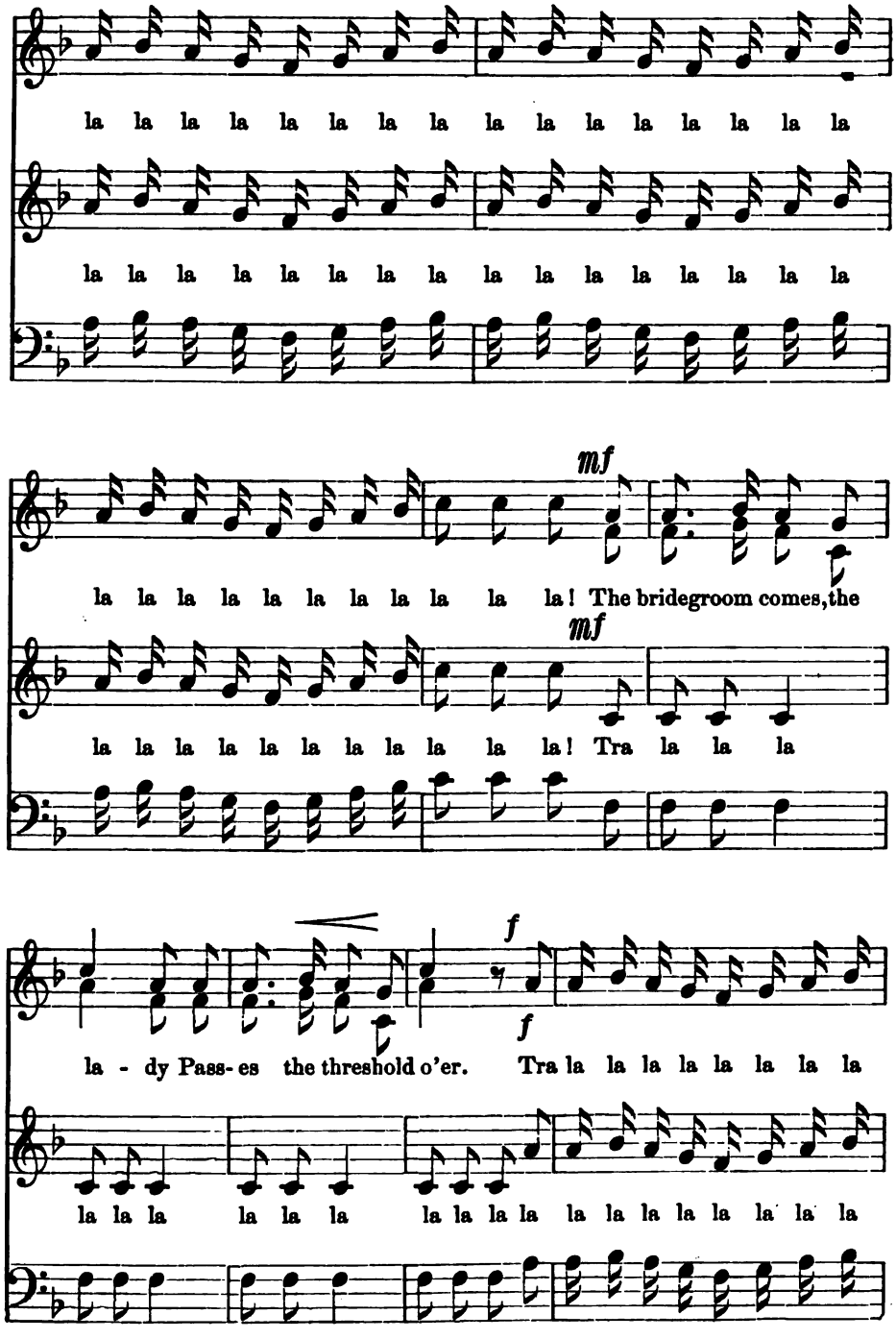
ff *f*

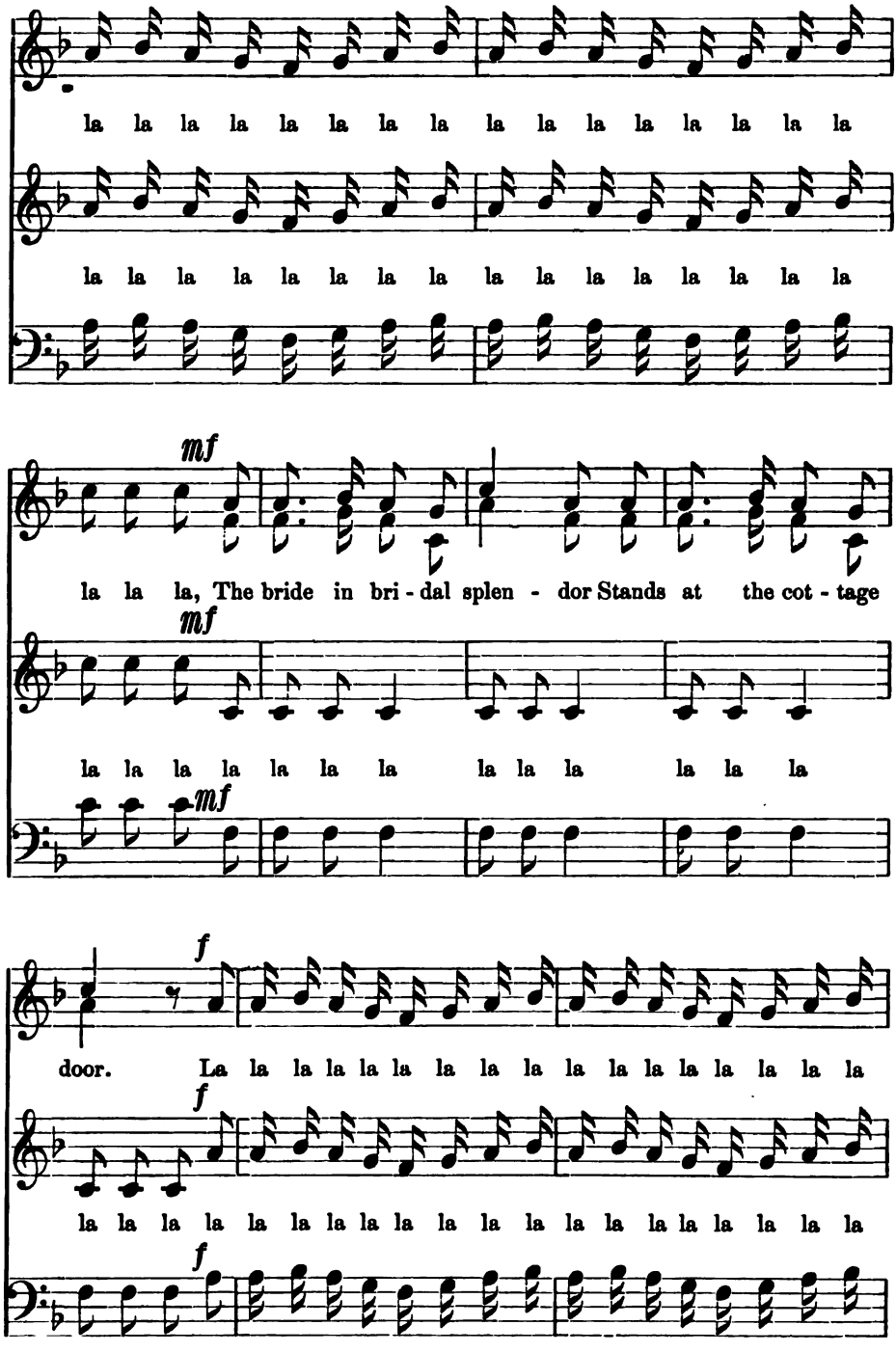
be, glad -ness shall pre - vail.

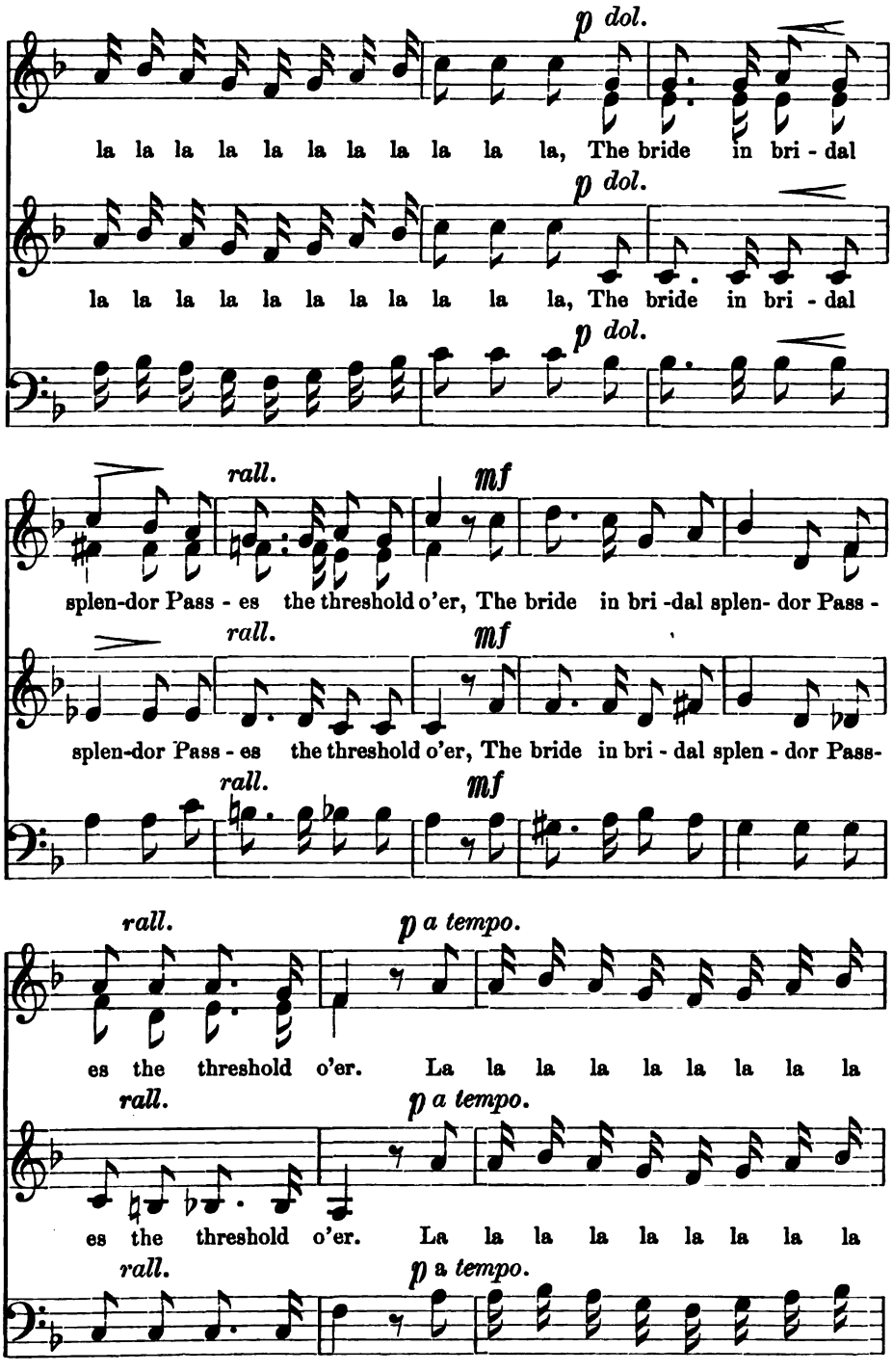
ff *f*

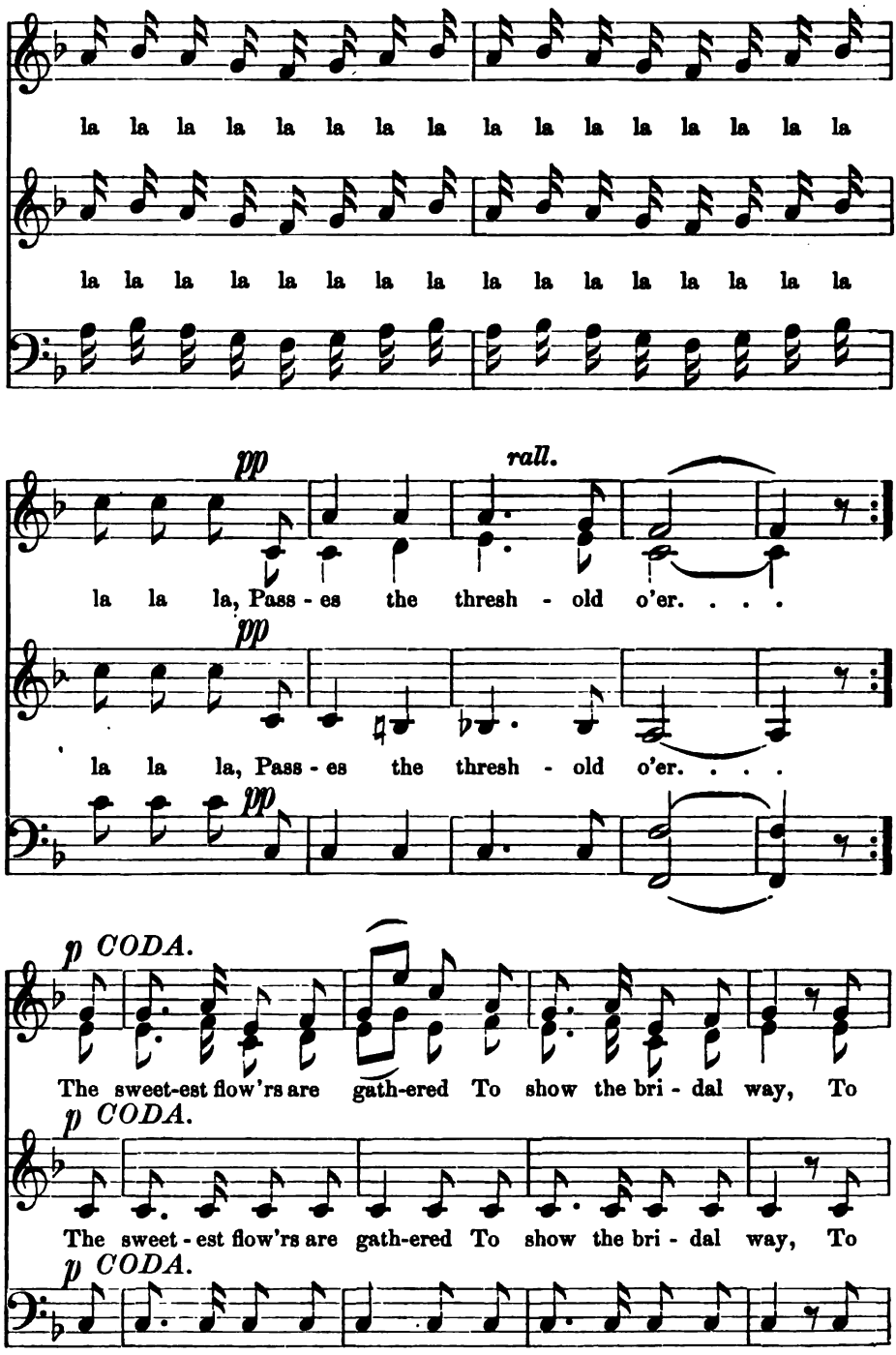
be, Yet glad -ness shall pre - vail. O sil - ver bu - gle, let your

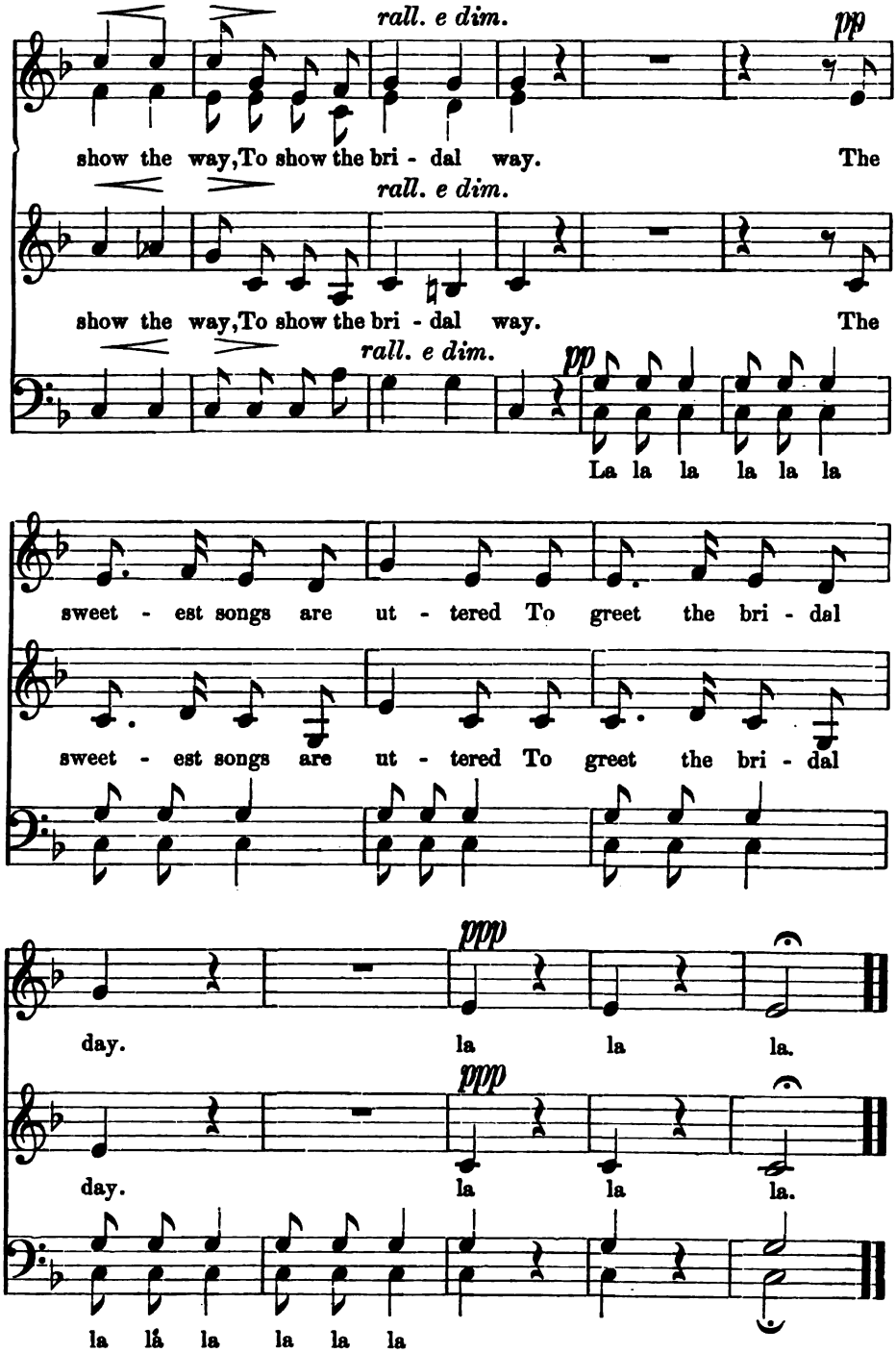

f
f marc.
O'er hill and dale What grief may come and sor - row be, Yet
f marc.
sound Proclaim o'er hill and dale What grief may come and sor - row be, Yet
f marc.
ff
To Coda.
Sop.
ff
glad - ness shall still pre - vail.
The
mp
glad - ness shall still pre - vail.
Tra la la, tra la la
ff
mp
f
bride in bri - dal splen - dor Stands at the cot - tage door,
Tra
f
tra la la tra la la tra la la tra la la, tra
f


la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
mf
la la la la la la la la la la la! The bridegroom comes, the
mf
la la la la la la la la la la la! Tra la la la
f
la - dy Pass- es the threshold o'er. Tra la la la la la la la la
f
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la


la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
mf
la la la, The bride in bri - dal splen - dor Stands at the cot - tage
mf
la la la la la la la la la la la la
mf
f
door. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
f
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
f


p dol.
la la la la la la la la la la, The bride in bri - dal
p dol.
la la la la la la la la la la, The bride in bri - dal
p dol.
rall.
mf
splen-dor Pass - es the threshold o'er, The bride in bri -dal splen- dor Pass -
rall.
mf
splen-dor Pass - es the threshold o'er, The bride in bri - dal splen - dor Pass-
rall.
mf
rall.
p a tempo.
es the threshold o'er. La la la la la la la la la
rall.
p a tempo.
es the threshold o'er. La la la la la la la la la
rall.
p a tempo.


la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
pp
rall.
la la la, Pass - es the thresh - old o'er. . . .
pp
la la la, Pass - es the thresh - old o'er. . . .
pp
p CODA.
The sweet-est flow'rs are gath-ered To show the bri - dal way, To
p CODA.
The sweet - est flow'rs are gath-ered To show the bri - dal way, To
p CODA.


rall. e dim.
pp
show the way, To show the bri - dal way. The
rall. e dim.
show the way, To show the bri - dal way. The
rall. e dim.
pp
La la la la la la
sweet - est songs are ut - tered To greet the bri - dal
sweet - est songs are ut - tered To greet the bri - dal
ppp
day. la la la.
ppp
day. la la la.
la la la la la la

THE FAITHFUL COMRADE.

SILCHER.
Arr. for this work.

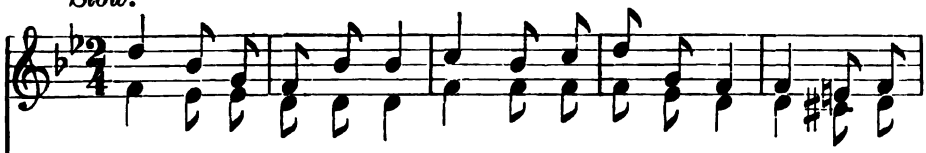
Moderato.

1. I once had a faith - ful com - rade, Nev-er bet - ter could there be! The trum-pet ech-oed wide - - ly; He firmly marched be- side me, There step for step with me, There step for step with me.
2. One ball wing'd by death came fly - ing; Is it sent for me or thee? Torn a-way from life, and dy - ing; As at my feet he's ly - ing He seems a part of me, He seems a part of me.
3. His hand now he strives to give to me, I meanwhile my gun must load; No time have I to grasp it Un - til a - gain I clasp it In yon e - ter - nal a-bode, In yon e - ter-nal a - bode.

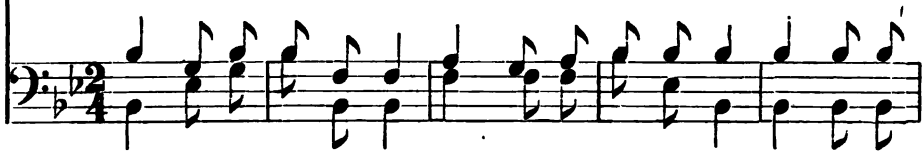
FAITHFULNESS.

Slow.

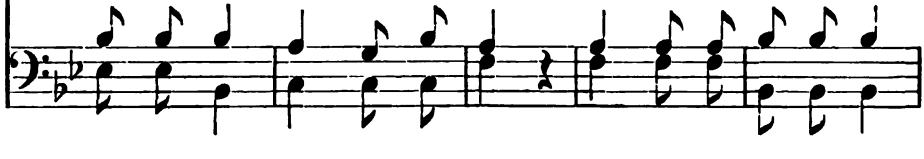
Arranged for this work.



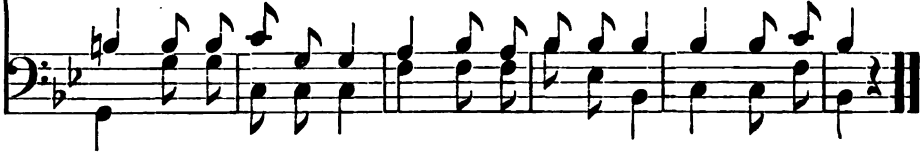
1. How can I leave thee, dear, And leave my heart thus here? Thou art that
2. Blooms in a sha - dy spot, Sweet blue for - get - me - not; Laid on that
3. If but a bird were I, Then home to thee I'd fly; Fal - con nor



heart's best love All else a - bove. Thou dost pos - sess my soul;
heart of thine, For - get not mine! Tho' hope and flow'r may die,
hawk I'd fear, If thou wert near! Shot by a hun- ter's ball,



Thou dost each tho't con-trol; No joy this heart hath known When far a-way.
Still rich in faith am I; Some faith, as thou shall see, Dies not in me.
Would at thy feet I fall, To know a ling'ring tear Would dim thine eye.



DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM.

ANTHEM.

G. L. ELVEY.
Arr. for this work.

Largo. *p*

Daugh - ters, daugh - ters, daugh-ters of Je - ru - sa - lem,

f *cres.*

dim. *p*

weep not for me, weep not for me,

weep not for me, *f* Daugh-ters of Je - ru - sa - lem,

Daugh - ters

p

weep not for me, but weep for your - selves, weep,

p

. . . for your-selves and for your chil - - - - - dren,

cres. *ff* *f*

weep for your - selves . . . . . and for your chil -

weep for your-selves and for your chil - - - - - dren, for your

dim. *ff* *f*

weep for your - selves and for your chil - dren,

dim. weep, ... weep for your chil - dren,

dim. - - dren, weep . . for your

chil - dren, weep for your chil - dren,

and for your chil - dren,

weep, weep . . for your chil - dren, weep,

for your

dim.

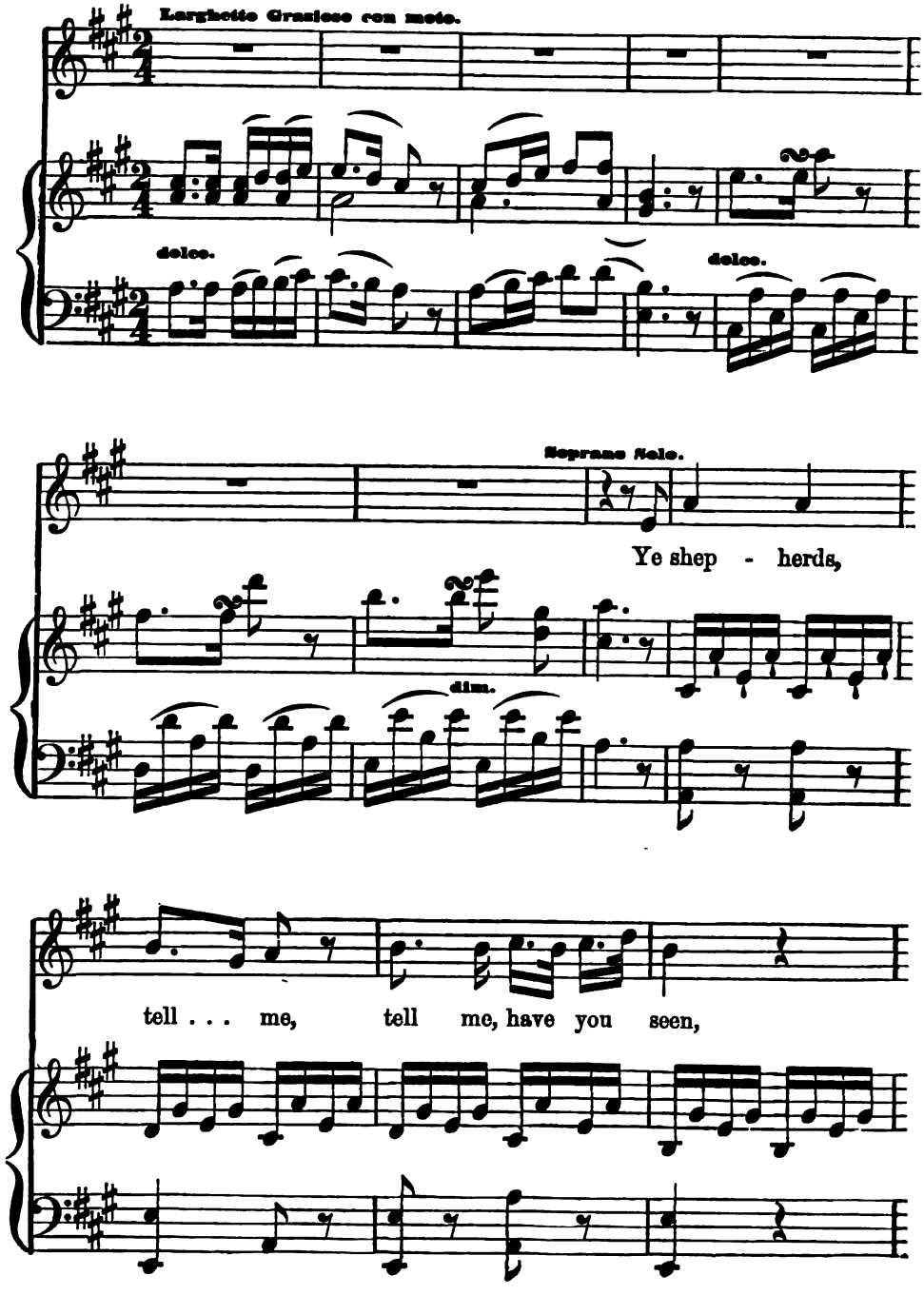
weep, . . weep, weep not for me.

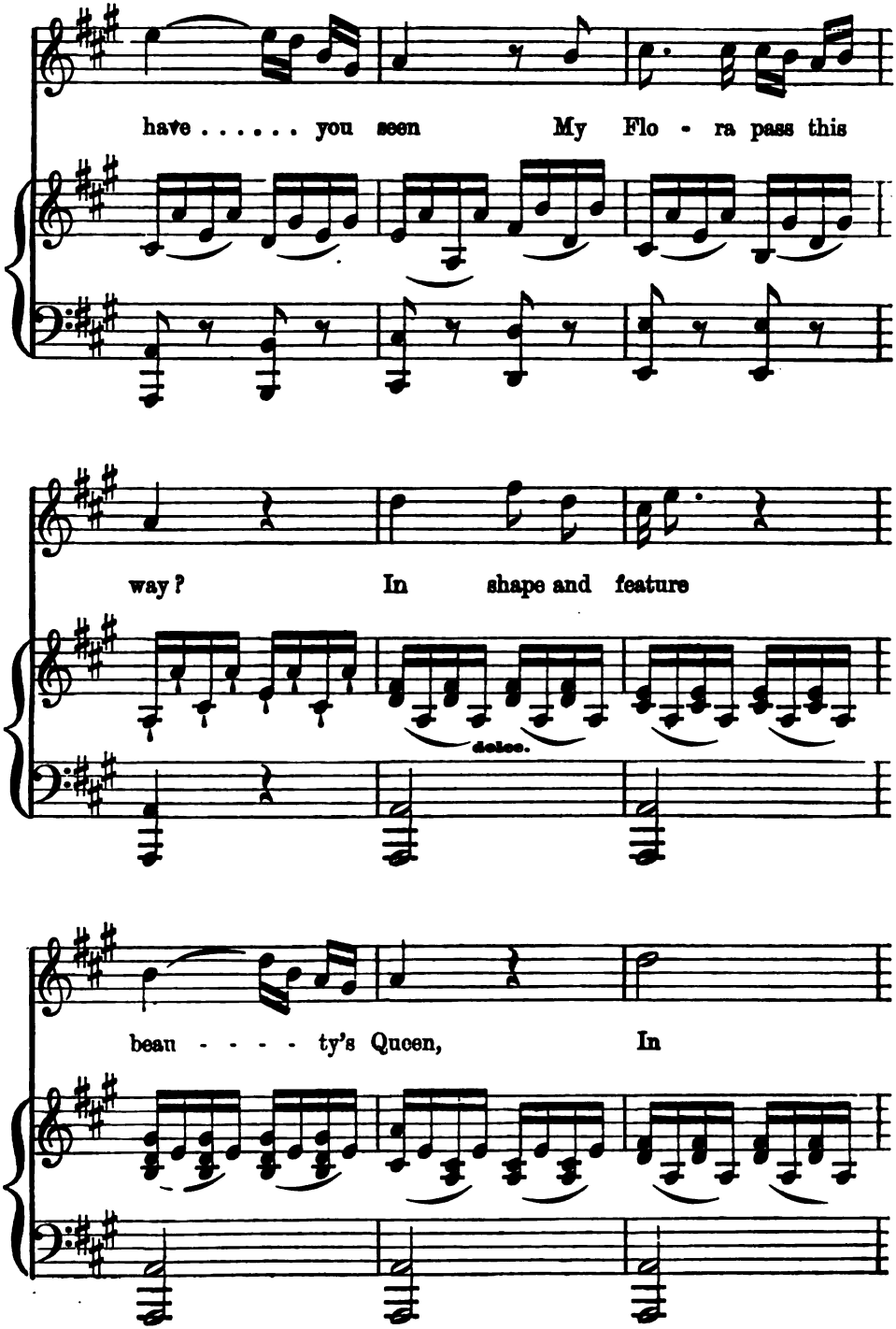
pp

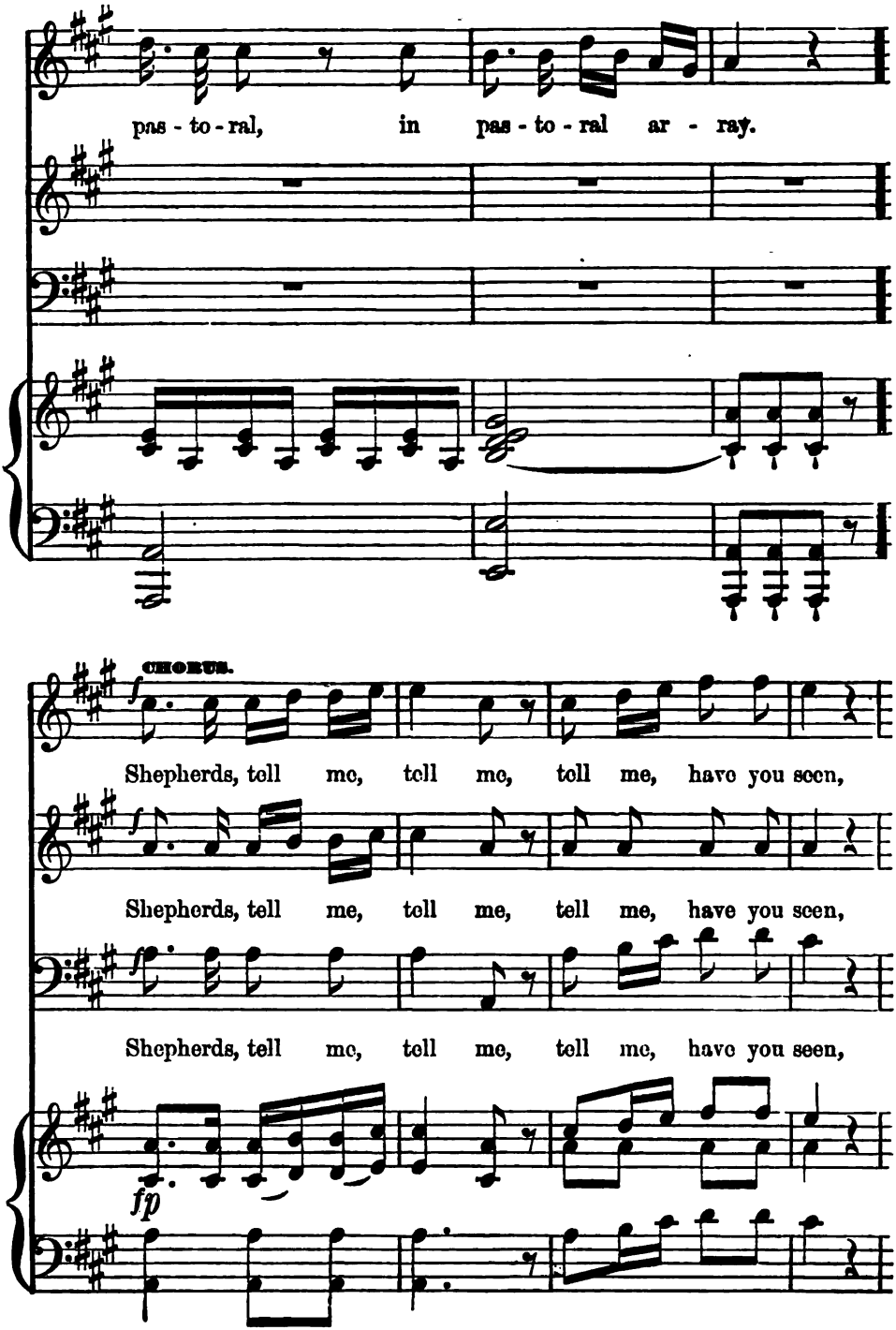
weep not, weep not, weep not for me.

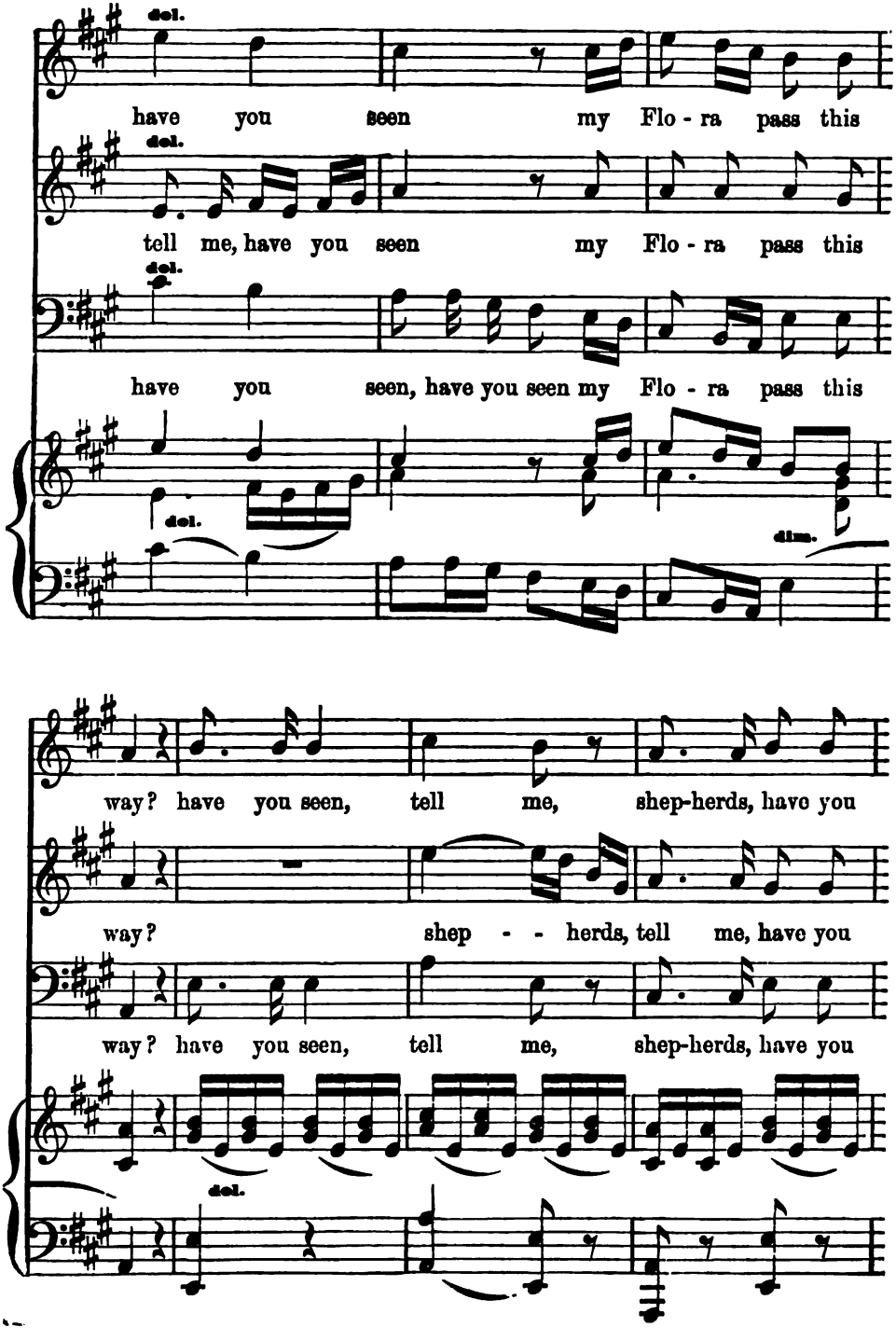
YE SHEPHERDS, TELL ME.

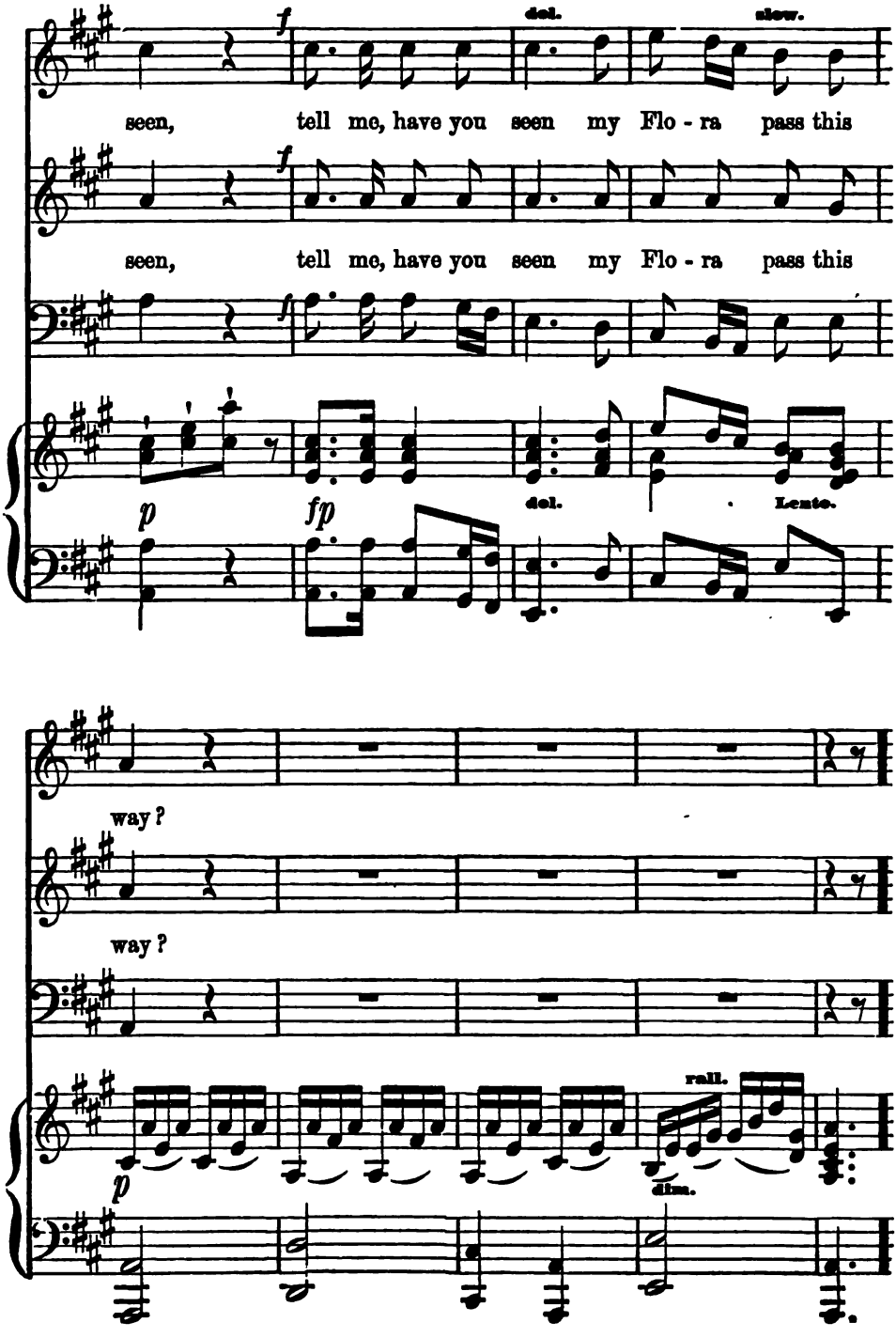
Composed by J. MAZZINGHI.

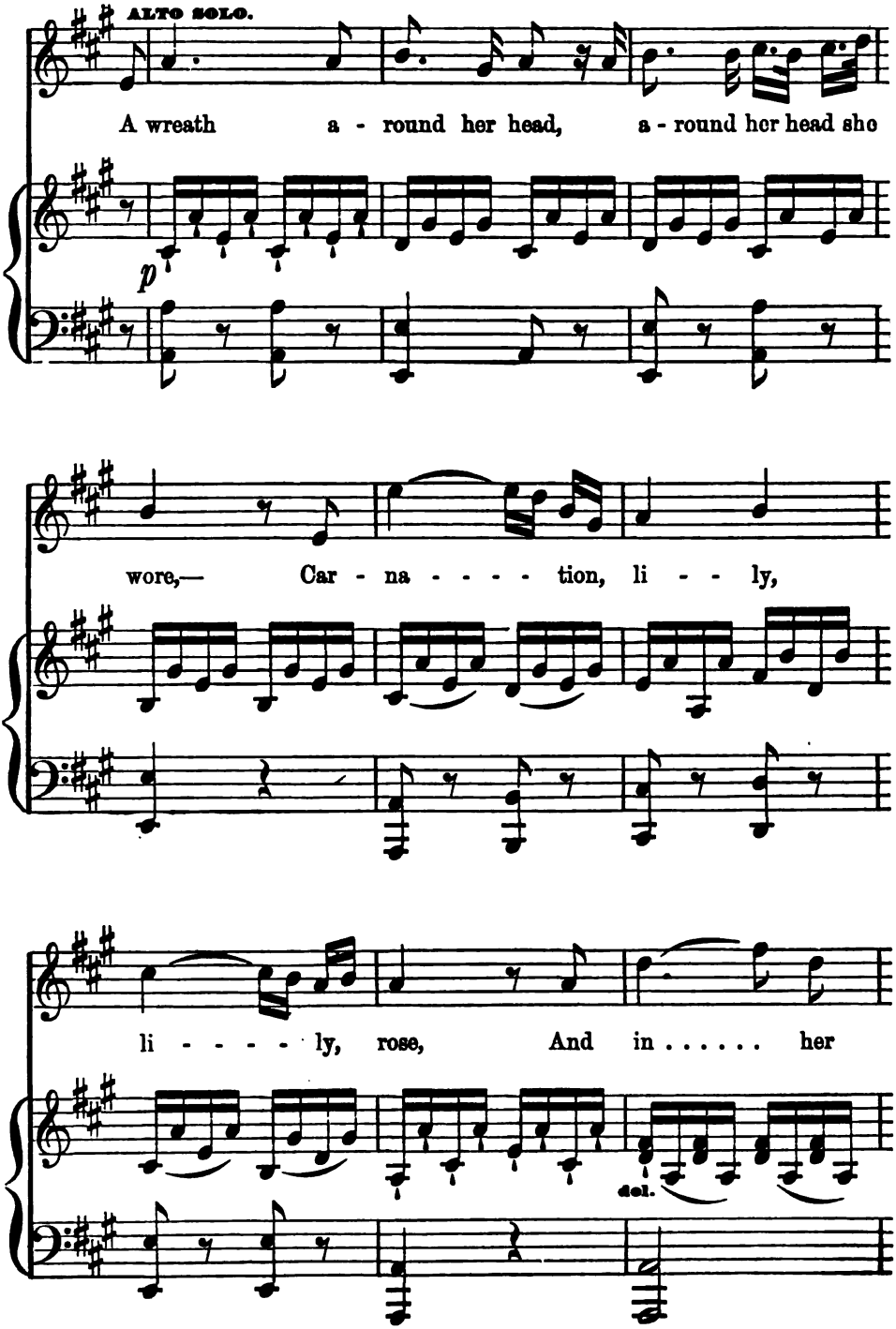



have . . . . . you seen My Flo - ra pass this
way? In shape and feature
dolce.
beau - - - - ty's Queen, In


pas - to - ral, in pas - to - ral ar - ray.
CHORUS.
Shepherds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
Shepherds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
Shepherds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
fp


del.
have you seen my Flo - ra pass this
del.
tell me, have you seen my Flo - ra pass this
del.
have you seen, have you seen my Flo - ra pass this
del.
dim.
way? have you seen, tell me, shep-herds, have you
way? shep - - herds, tell me, have you
way? have you seen, tell me, shep-herds, have you
del.


f
dol.
slow.
seen, tell me, have you seen my Flo - ra pass this
f
seen, tell me, have you seen my Flo - ra pass this
f
p
fp
dol.
Lento.
way?
way?
p
rall.
dim.


ALTO SOLO.
A wreath a - round her head, a - round her head she
p
wore,— Car - na - - - - tion, li - - ly,
li - - - - ly, rose, And in . . . . . her
del.

hand a crook . . . . . she bore, And

sweets . . . . . her breath . . com - pose

Repeat Chorus.

BASS SOLO.

The beau - teous, the beau - teous wreath that decks, that decks her

p

head Forms her de - scrip - tion,

her de-scrip-tion true. Hands li - ly -

Svn. Svn.

white, Lips crim - son - red, And

Svn. Svn. Svn.

Repeat Chorus.

cheeks of ro - - sy, ro - - sy hue.

Svn. Svn. Svn.

FROM "LAUDA SION."

SOLO AND CHORUS

MENDELSSOHN.
Arr. for this work.

Sostenuto.

SOLO.

Sing of judg - ment, sing of mer-cies, Bless the Lord in sa - cred

p

TUTTI.

f

ver - ses, Praise His name in ho - ly mirth; Sing of

f

Sing of

f

f

judg-ment, sing of mer - cies, Bless the Lord in sa - cred

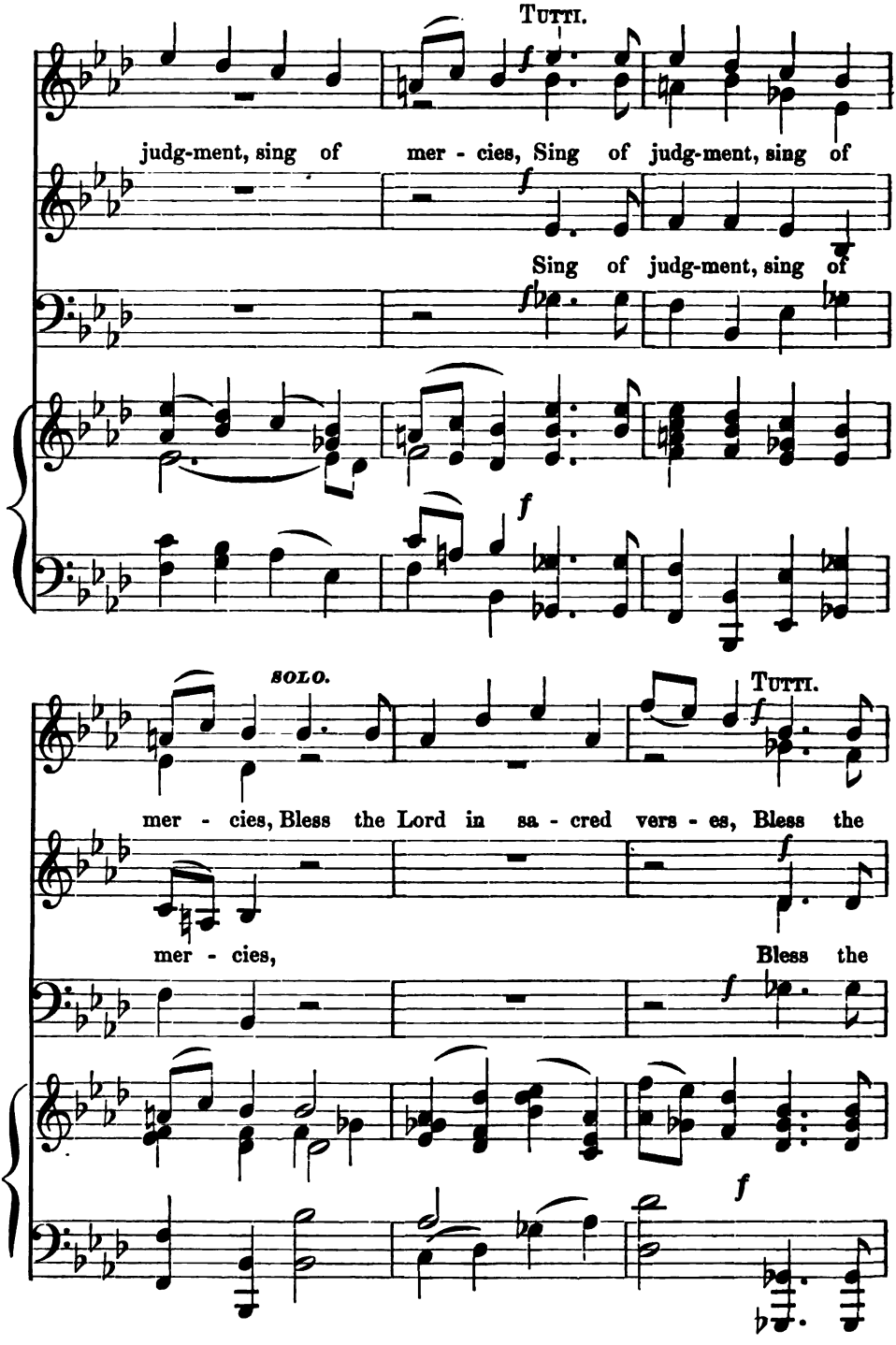
judg-ment, sing of mer - cies, Bless the Lord in sa - cred

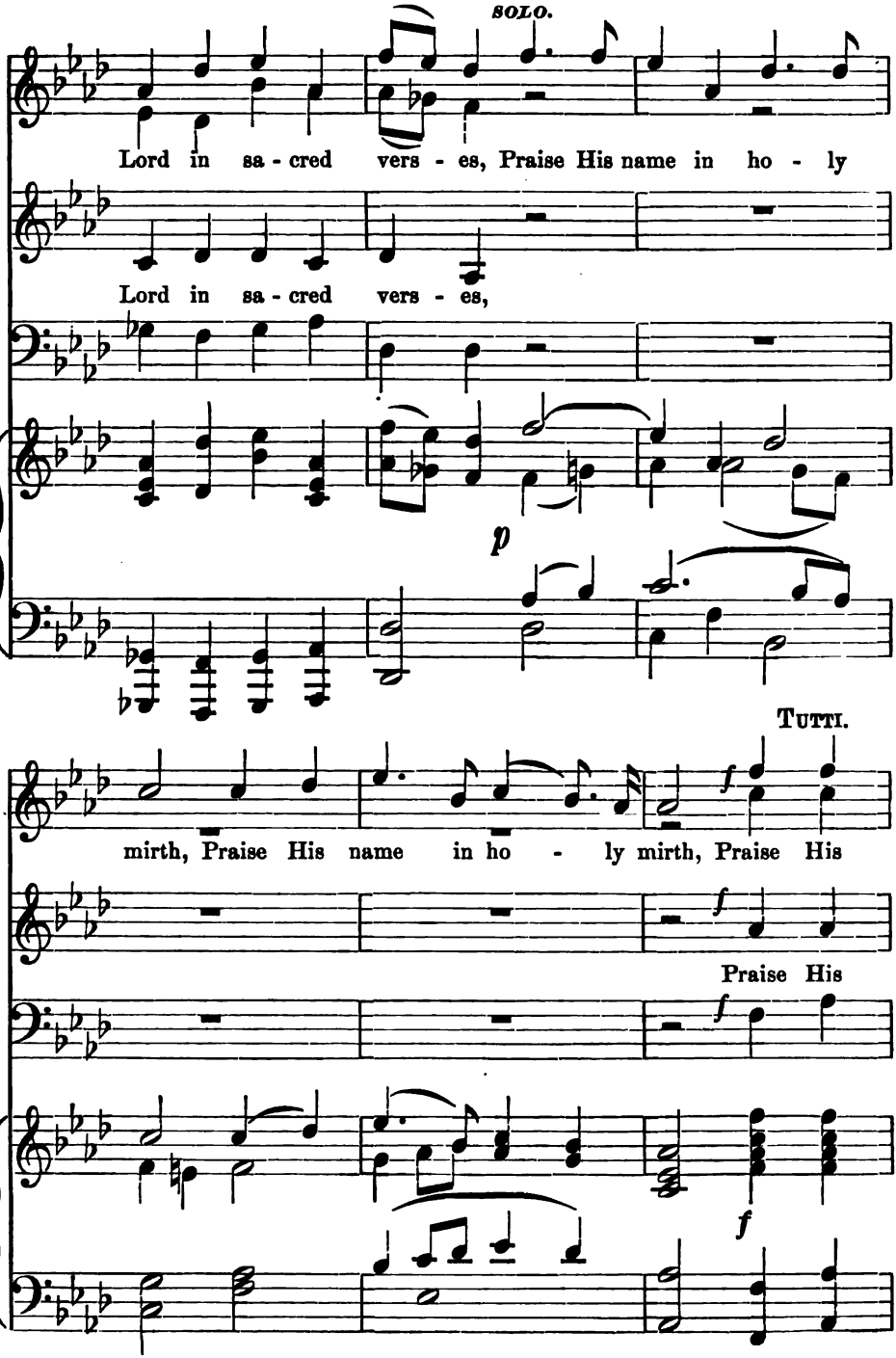
SOLO.

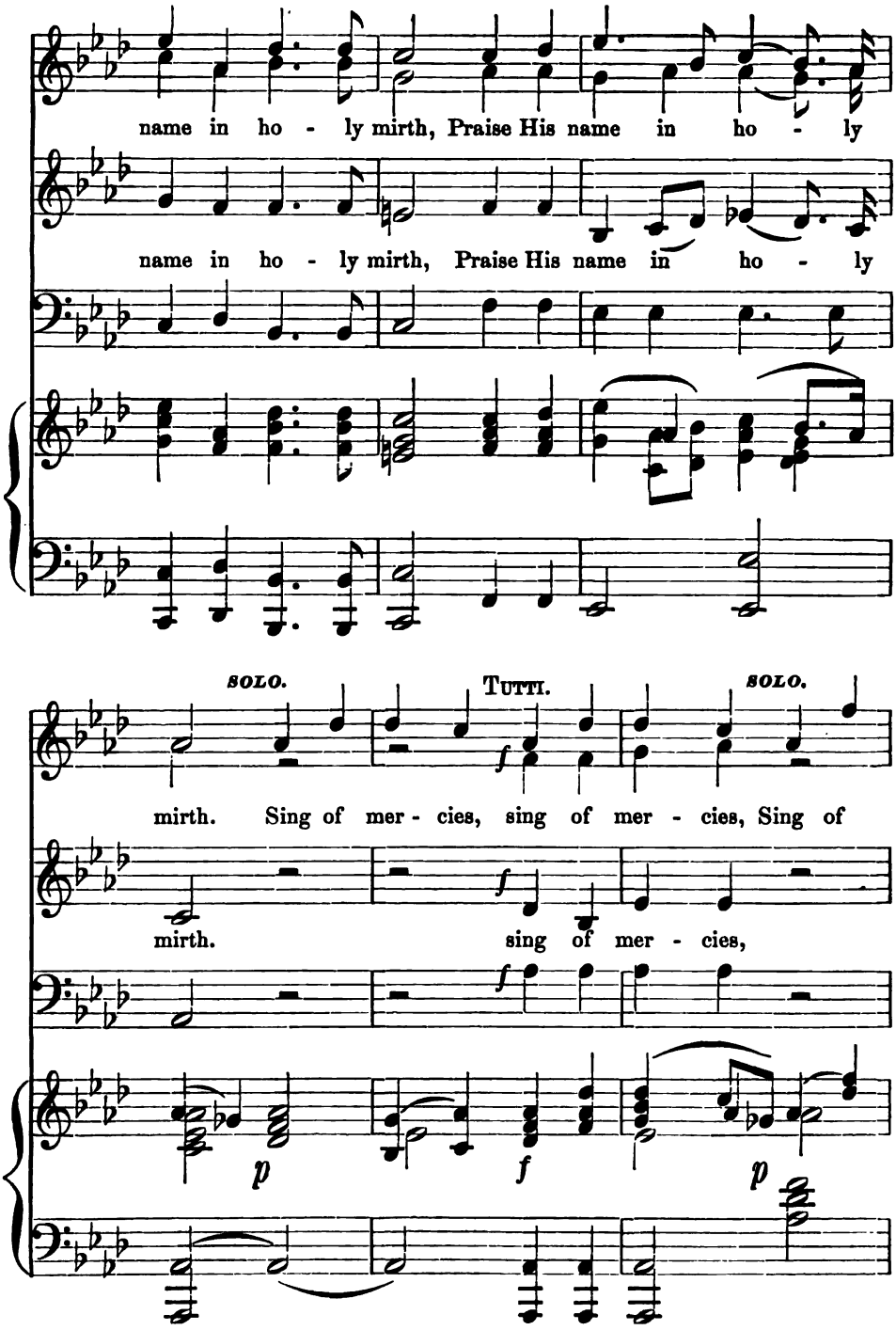
vers - es, Praise His name in ho - ly mirth, Sing of

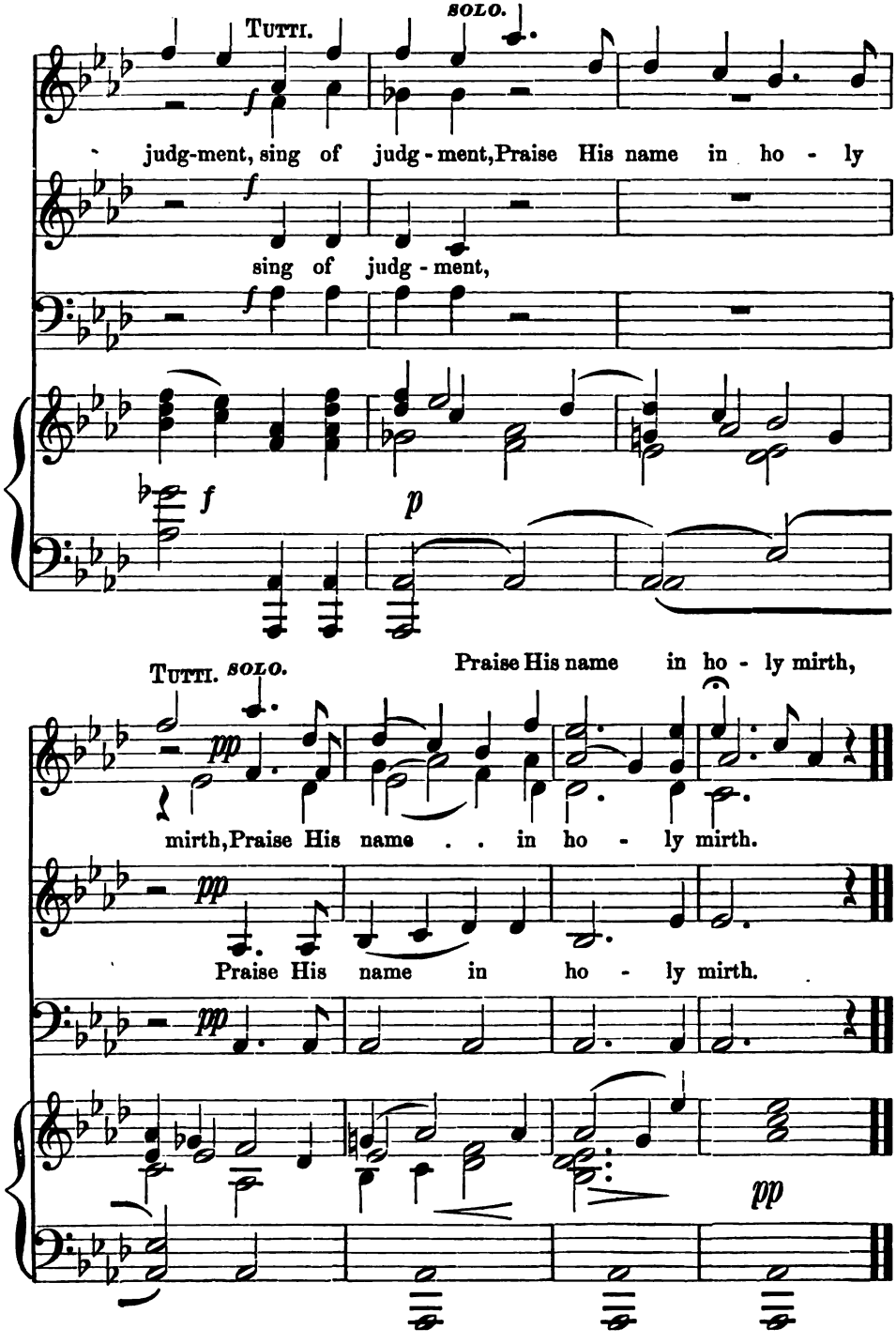
vers - es, Praise His name in ho - ly mirth,

p


TUTTI.
judg-ment, sing of mer - cies, Sing of judg-ment, sing of
Sing of judg-ment, sing of
SOLO.
TUTTI.
mer - cies, Bless the Lord in sa - cred vers - es, Bless the
mer - cies,
Bless the


SOLO.
Lord in sa - cred vers - es, Praise His name in ho - ly
Lord in sa - cred vers - es,
p
TUTTI.
f
mirth, Praise His name in ho - ly mirth, Praise His
f
Praise His
f
f


name in ho - ly mirth, Praise His name in ho - ly
name in ho - ly mirth, Praise His name in ho - ly
SOLO.
TUTTI.
SOLO.
mirth. Sing of mer - cies, sing of mer - cies, Sing of
mirth. sing of mer - cies,
p
f
p


TUTTI.
SOLO.
judg-ment, sing of judg-ment, Praise His name in ho - ly
sing of judg-ment,
f
p
TUTTI. SOLO.
Praise His name in ho - ly mirth,
pp
mirth, Praise His name . . in ho - ly mirth.
Praise His name in ho - ly mirth.

UNFOLD, YE PORTALS.

CH. GOUNOD.
Arr. for this work.

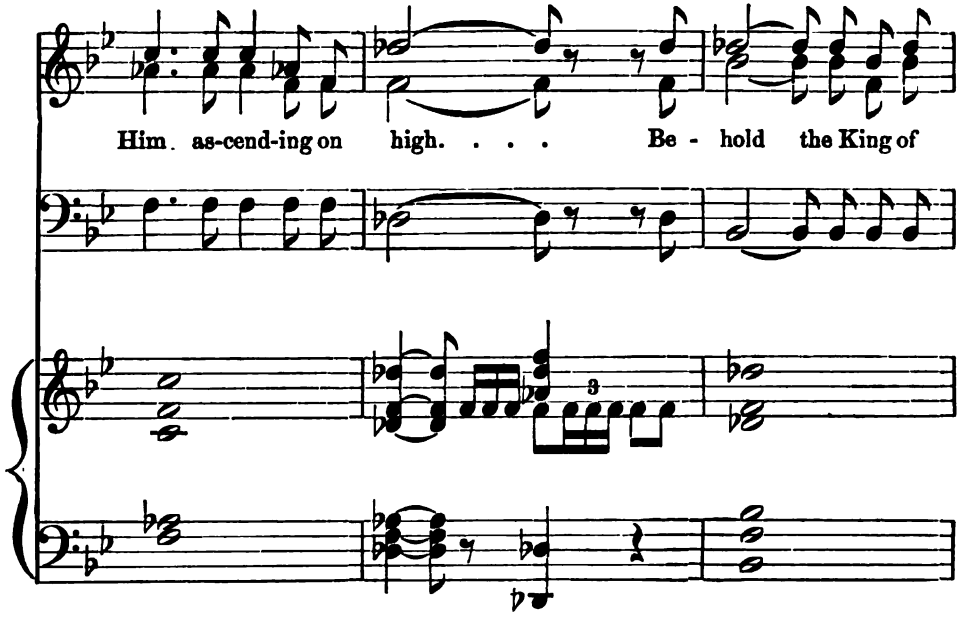
Molto moderato.

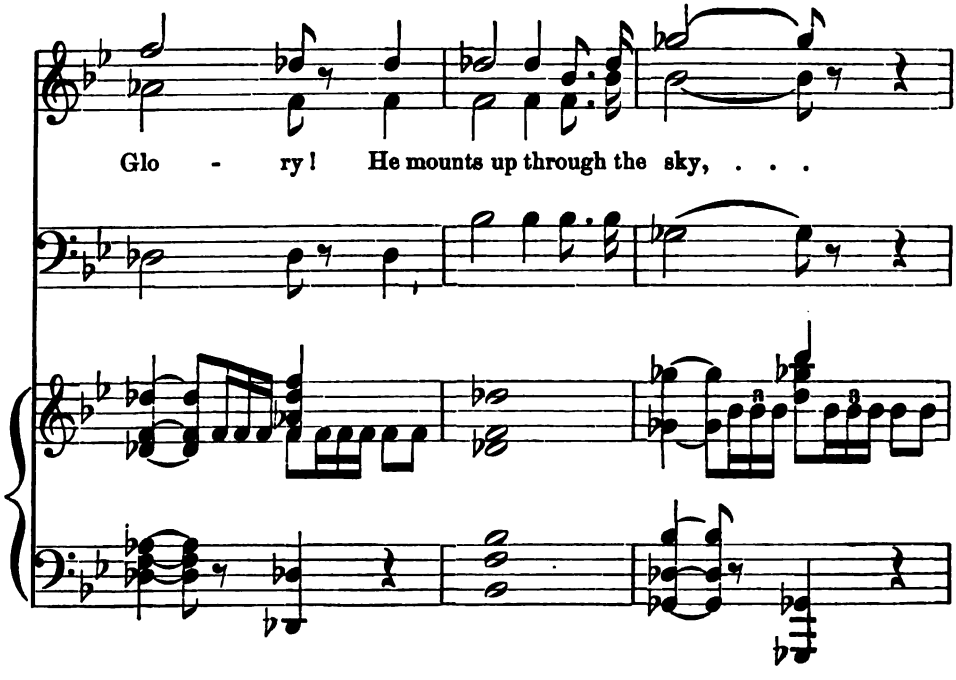
f *ff*

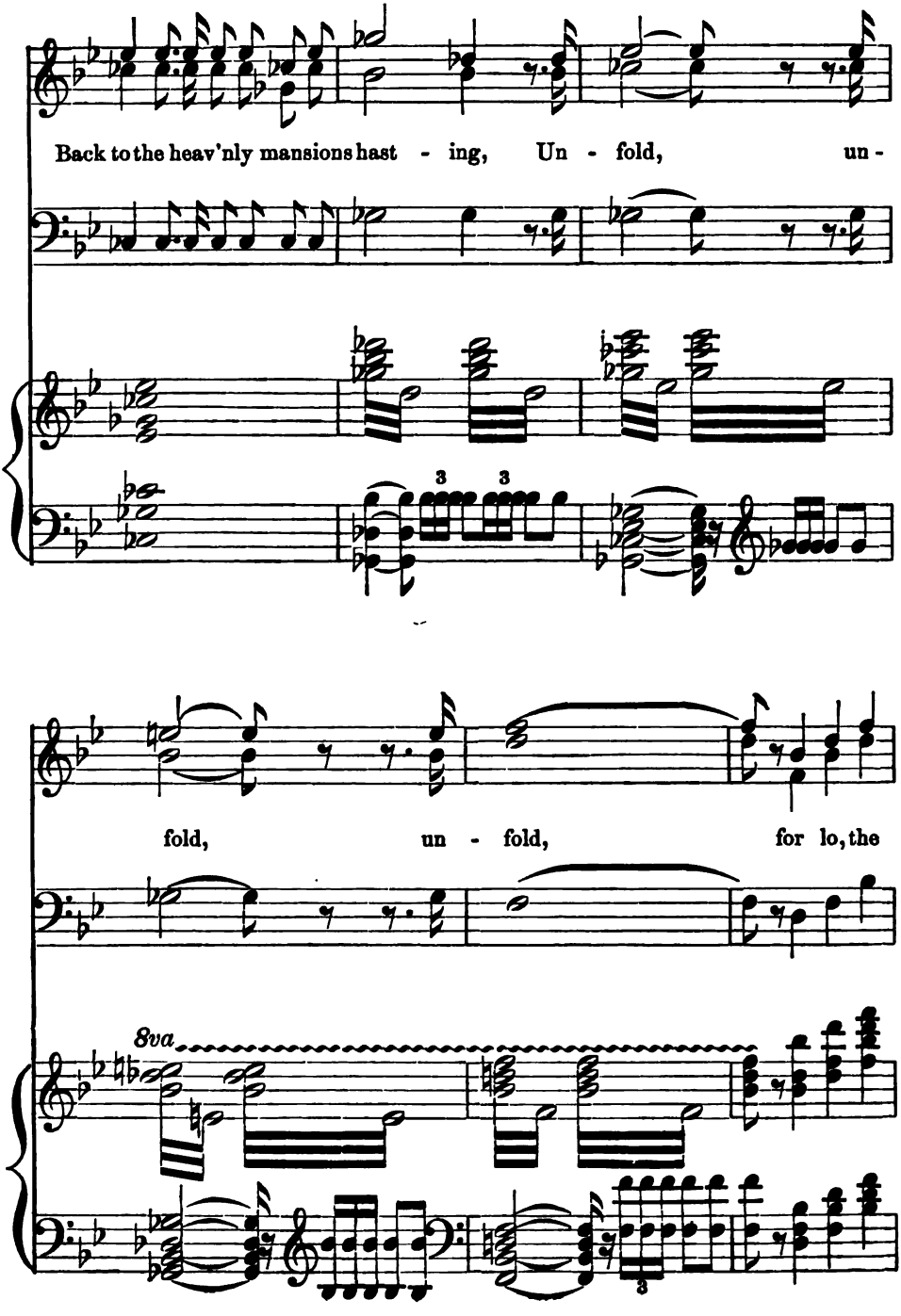
Un - fold, . . . un - fold, . . Un - fold, ye portals ev-er - last - ing, un -

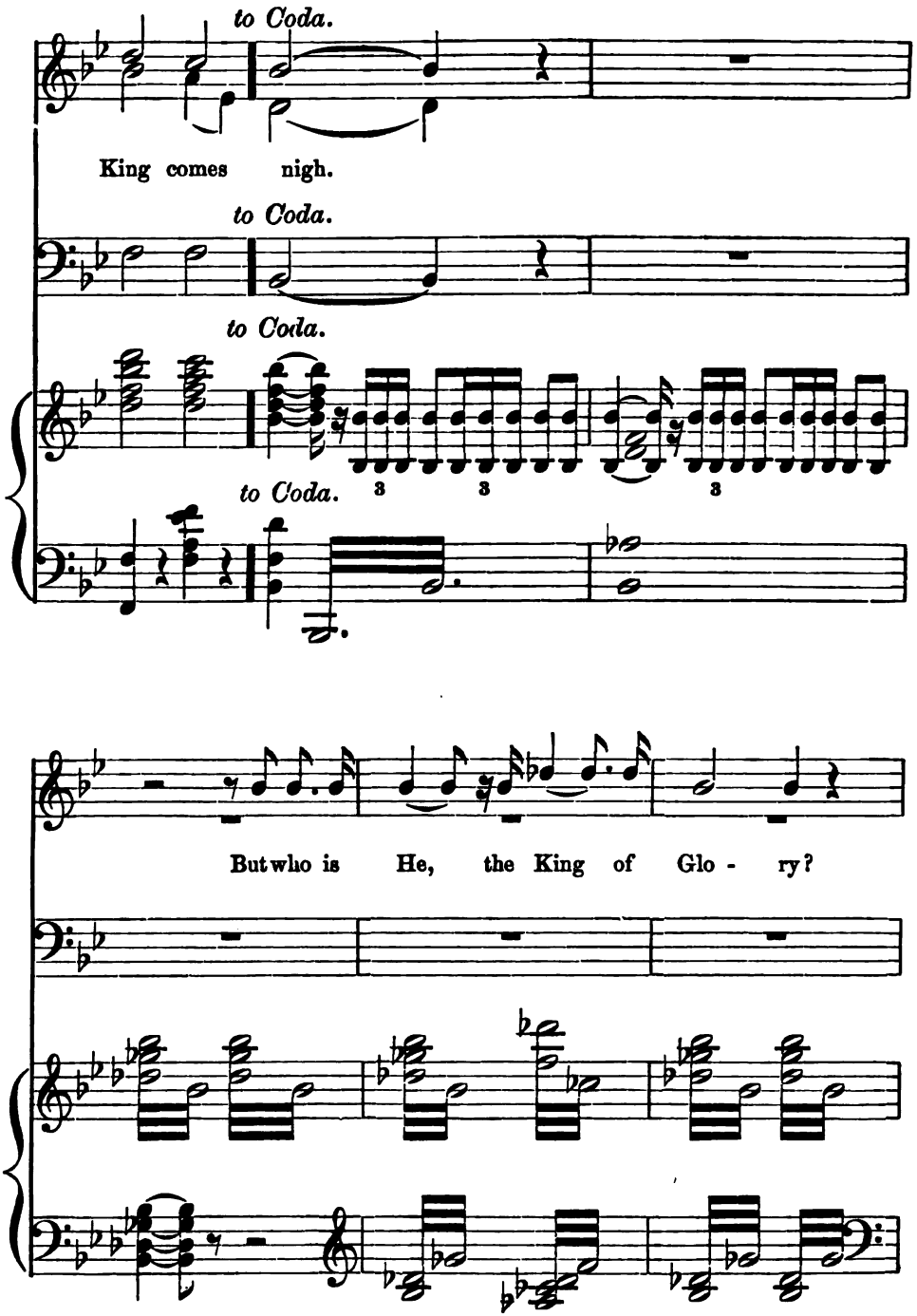
fold, un - fold, un-fold, ye portals ev-er -

last - ing, With welcome to re - ceive . .


Him as-cend-ing on high. . . . Be - hold the King of


Glo - ry! He mounts up through the sky, . . .


Back to the heav'nly mansions hast - ing, Un - fold, un -
fold, un - fold, for lo, the
8va


to Coda.
King comes nigh.
to Coda.
to Coda.
3
3
3
to Coda.
But who is He, the King of Glo - ry?

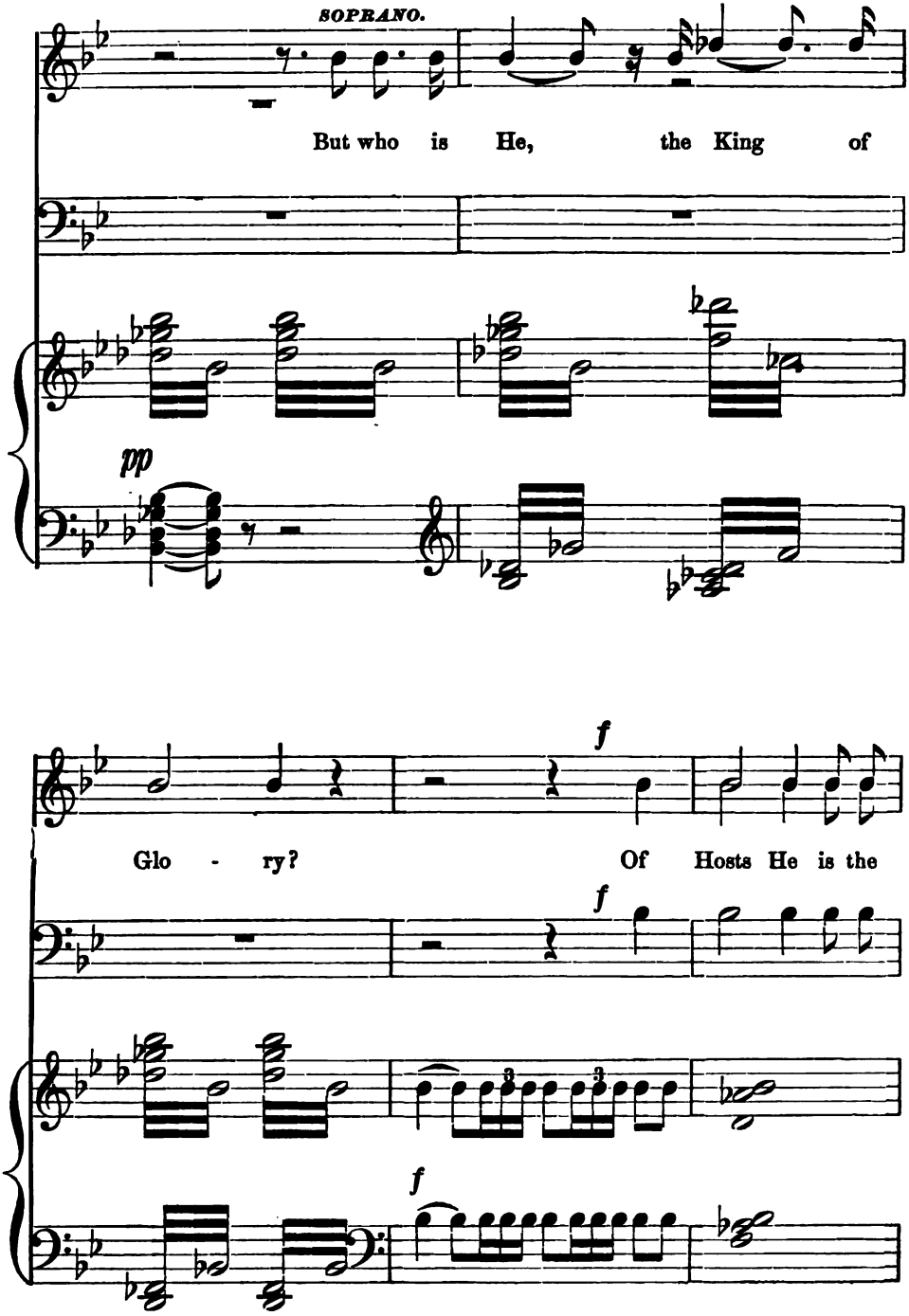
f

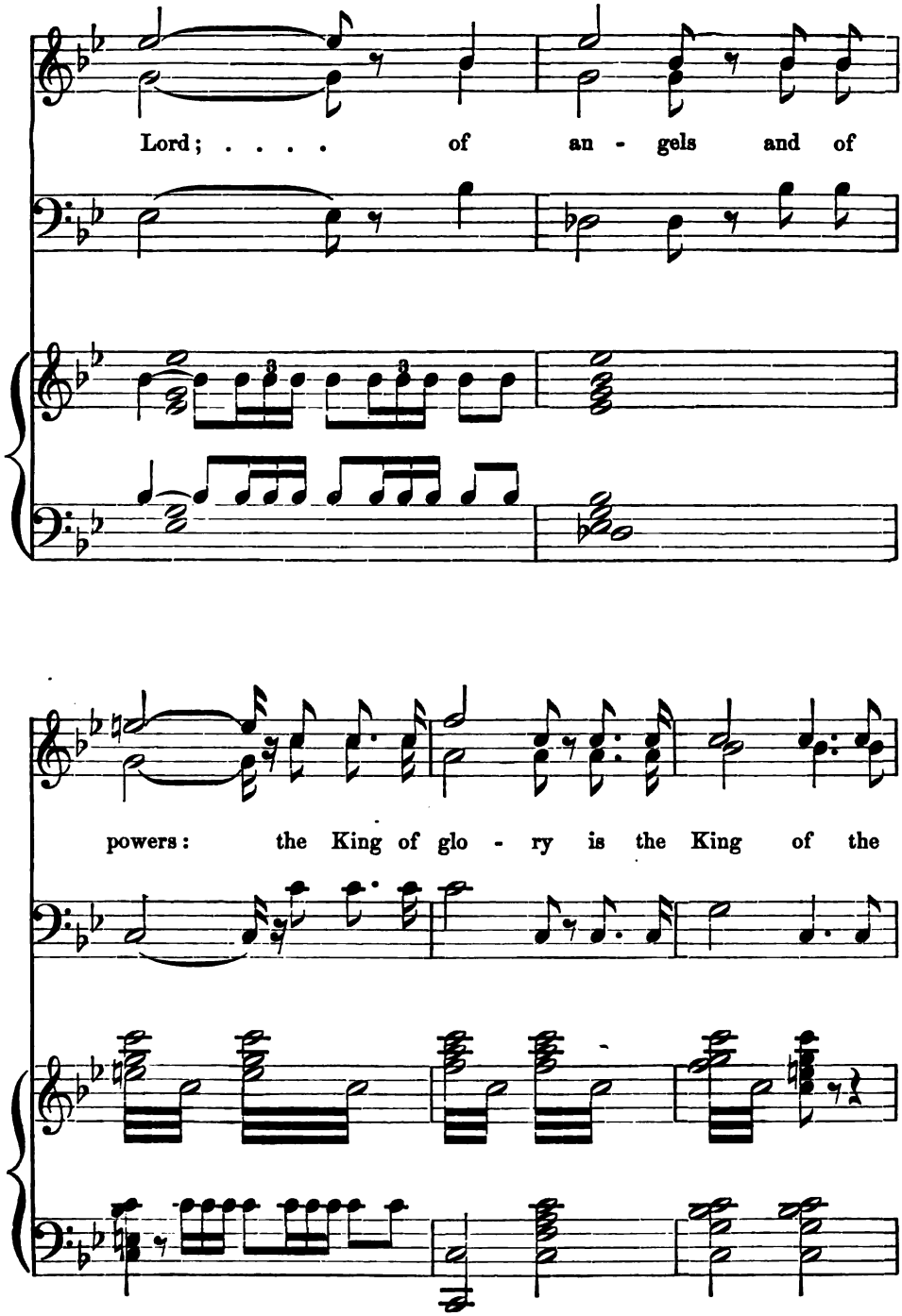
He who death over - came, . . The

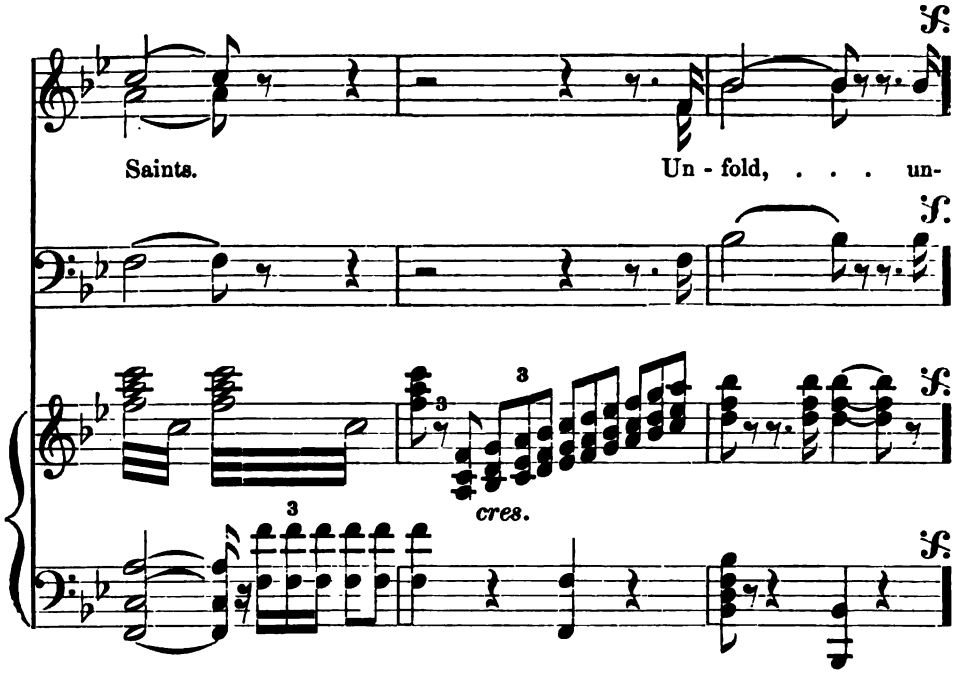
f

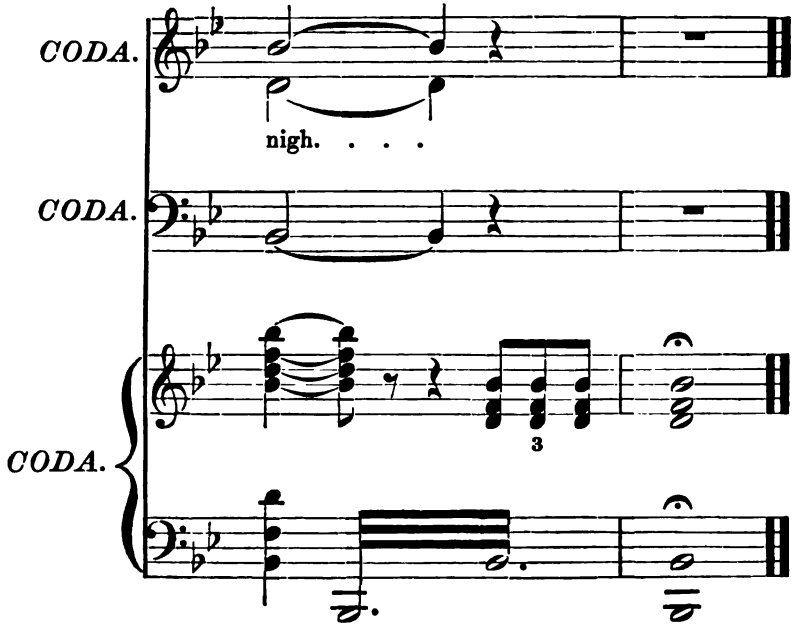
Lord in battle migh - ty.

dim.

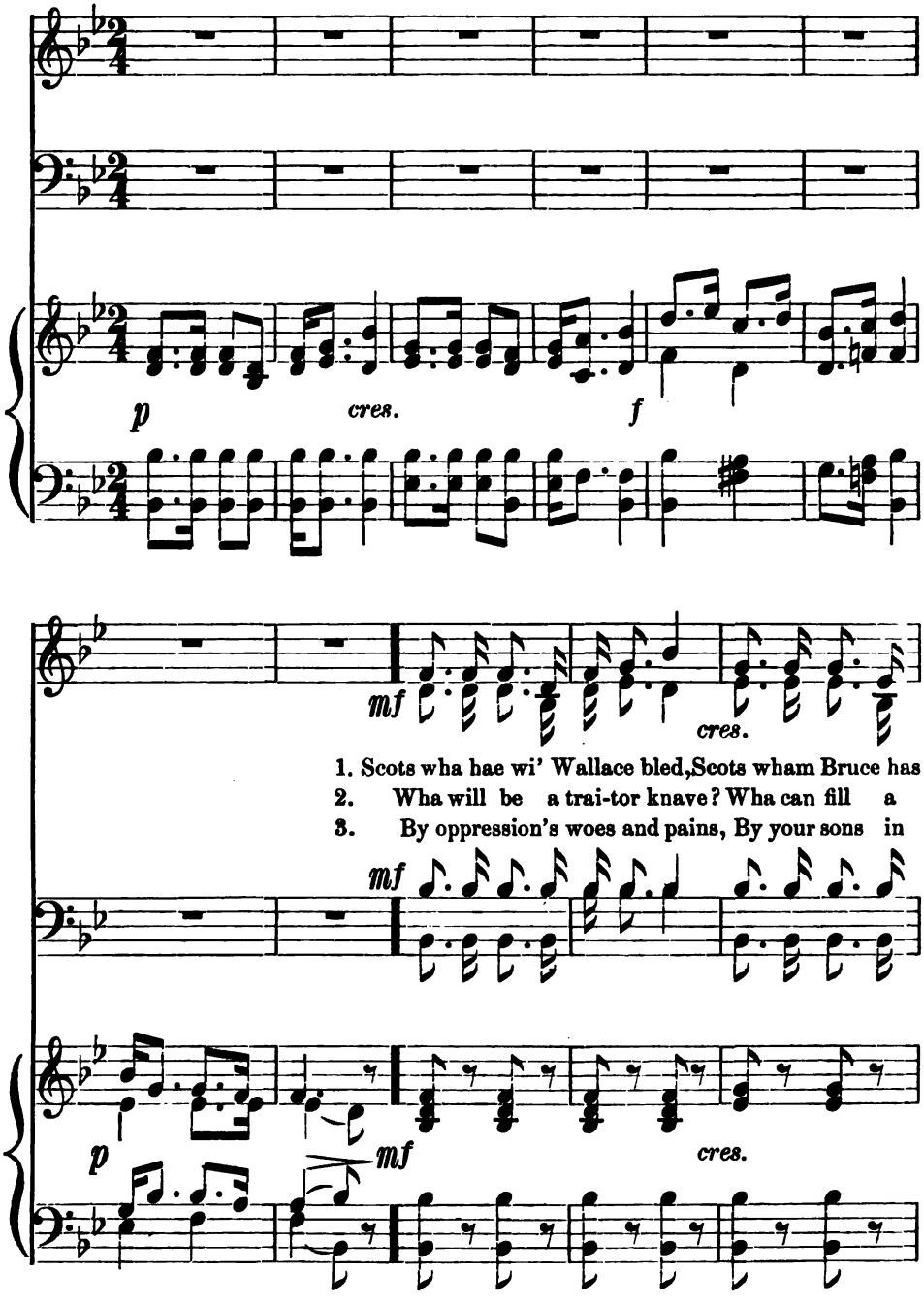

SOPRANO.
But who is He, the King of
pp
Glo - ry? Of Hosts He is the
f
f
f

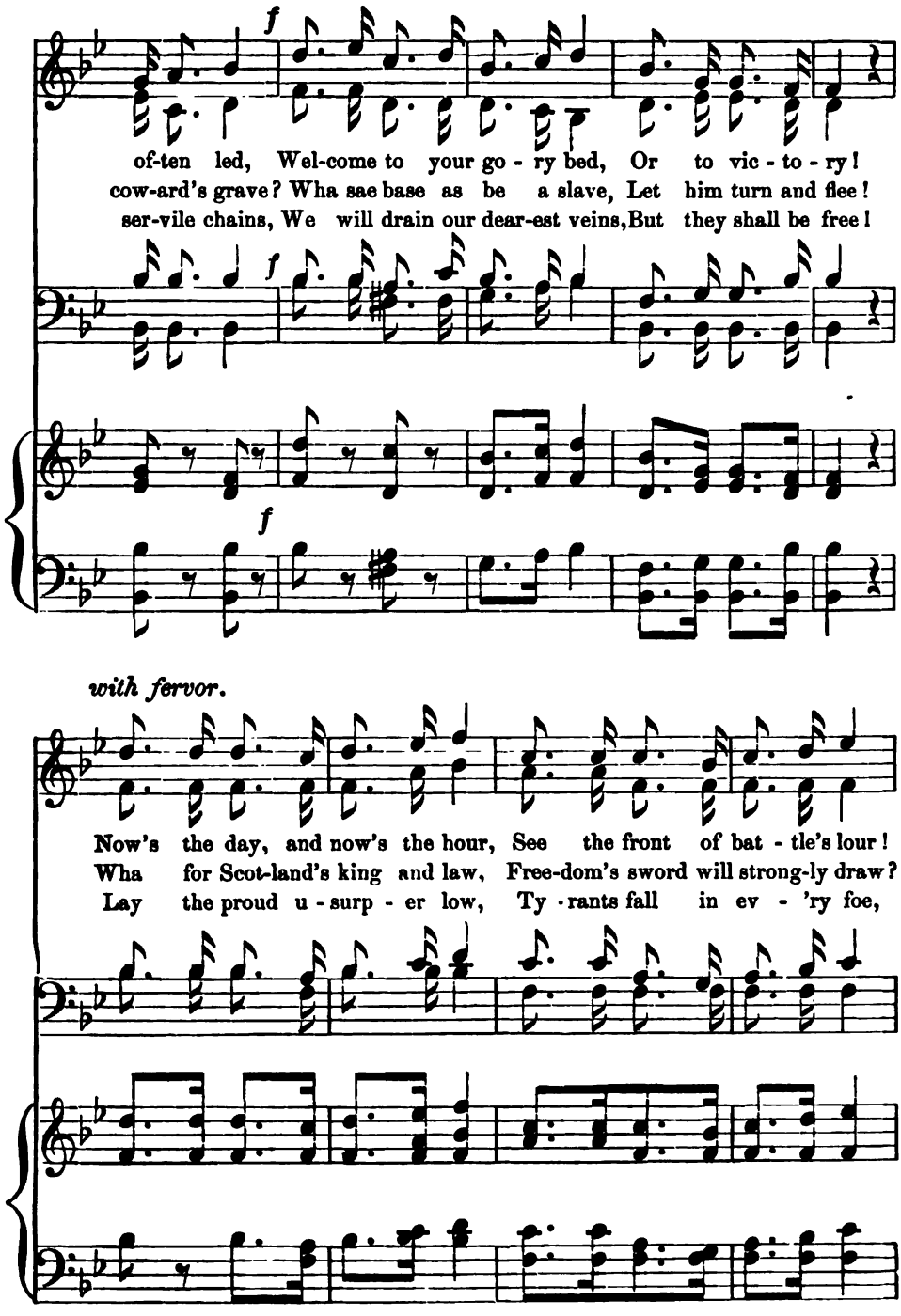

Lord; . . . . of an - gels and of
powers: the King of glo - ry is the King of the


Saints.
Un - fold, . . . un-
cres.


CODA.
nigh. . . .
CODA.
CODA.

SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED.




f
of-ten led, Wel-come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry!
cow-ard's grave? Wha sae base as be a slave, Let him turn and flee!
ser-vile chains, We will drain our dear-est veins, But they shall be free!
f
f
with fervor.
Now's the day, and now's the hour, See the front of bat - tle's lour!
Wha for Scot-land's king and law, Free-dom's sword will strong-ly draw?
Lay the proud u - surp - er low, Ty - rants fall in ev - 'ry foe,

calando.

See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and slavery!
Freemen stand or free-men fa', Let him fol-low me!
Lib - er-ty 's in ev - 'ry blow, Let us do or die.

calando.

calando colla voce. a tempo.

MAY BREEZES.

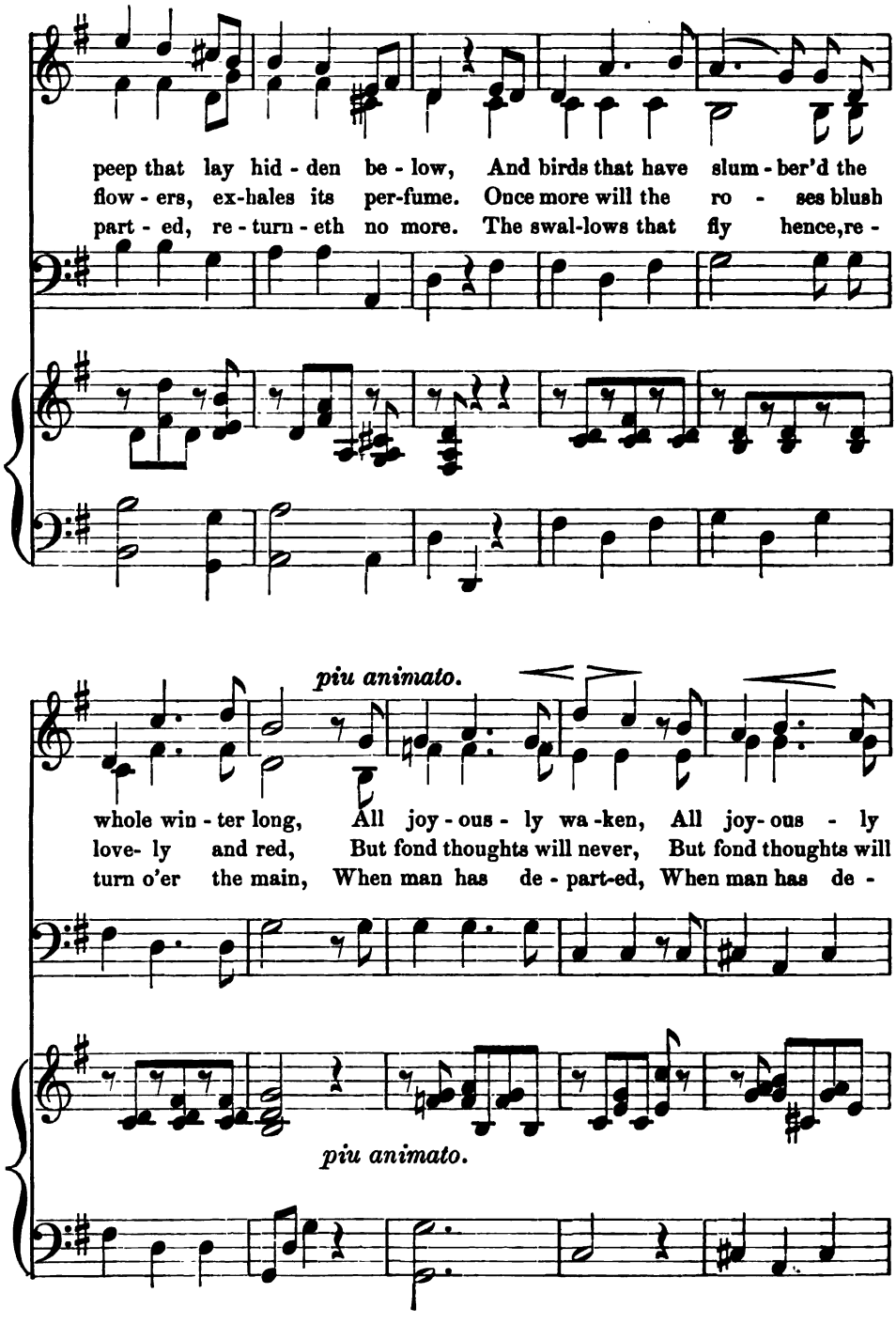
J. KREIPL.
Arr. for this work.

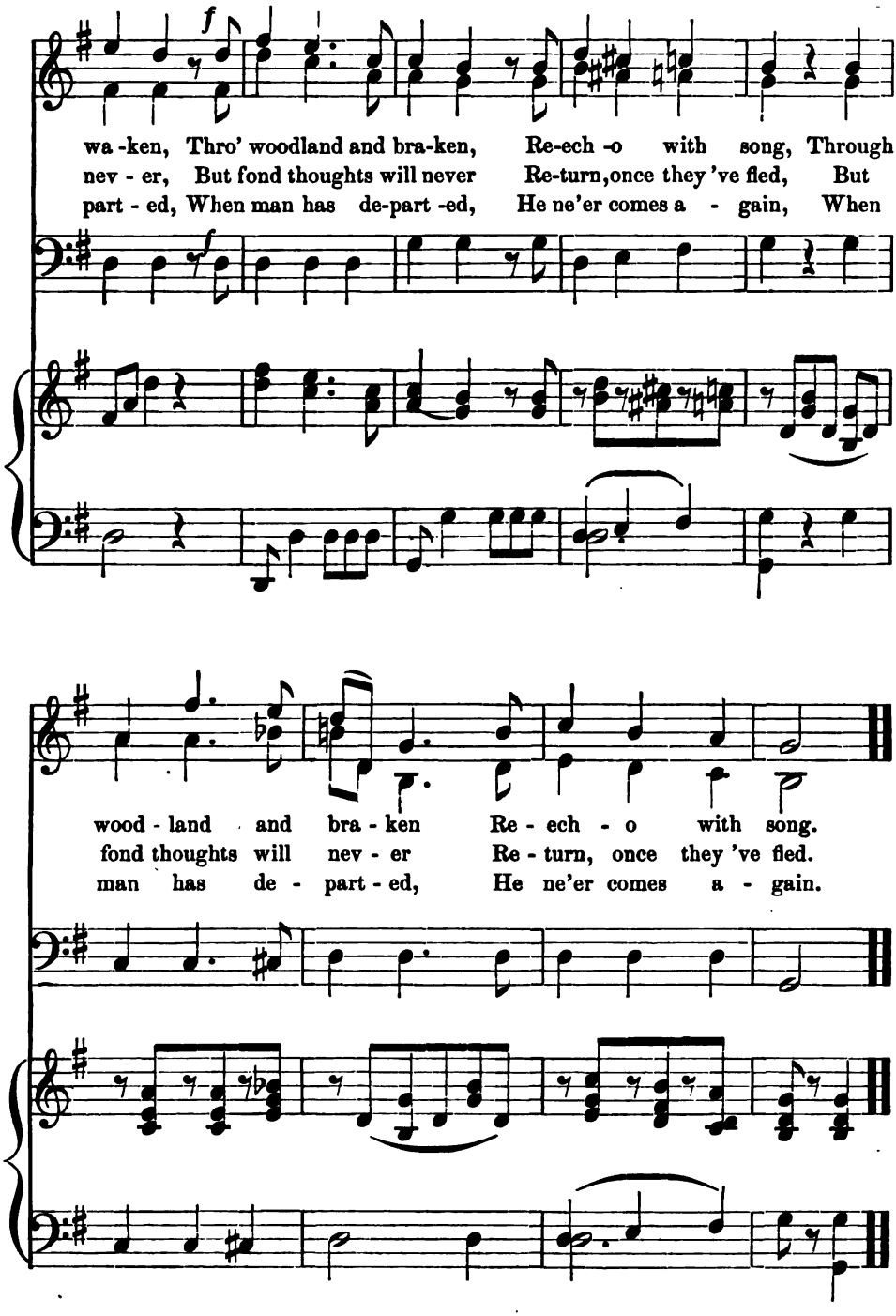
p

1. When May breez -es blow, In the wood melts the snow, And blue vio - lets
2. When sweet ros - es bloom, Hearts forget all their gloom, And joy, like the
3. Each year bringeth Spring-time, But when once 'tis o'er, Man's springtime, de -

p

p


peep that lay hid - den be - low, And birds that have slum - ber'd the
flow - ers, ex-hales its per-fume. Once more will the ro - ses blush
part - ed, re - turn - eth no more. The swal-lows that fly hence, re -
piu animato.
whole win - ter long, All joy - ous - ly wa - ken, All joy - ous - ly
love- ly and red, But fond thoughts will never, But fond thoughts will
turn o'er the main, When man has de - part-ed, When man has de -
piu animato.


f
wa -ken, Thro' woodland and bra-ken, Re-ech -o with song, Through
nev - er, But fond thoughts will never Re-turn, once they 've fled, But
part - ed, When man has de-part -ed, He ne'er comes a - gain, When
wood - land and bra - ken Re - ech - o with song.
fond thoughts will nev - er Re - turn, once they 've fled.
man has de - part - ed, He ne'er comes a - gain.

SEE, THE CONQU'RING HERO COMES.

*CHORUS OF YOUTHS.** JOSHUA.

1st SOPRANO.

See the conqu'ring he - ro comes, Sound . . the trumpets,

2nd SOPRANO.

See the conqu'ring he - ro comes, Sound . . the trumpets,

ALTO.

See the conqu'ring he - ro comes, Sound . . the trumpets,

mp

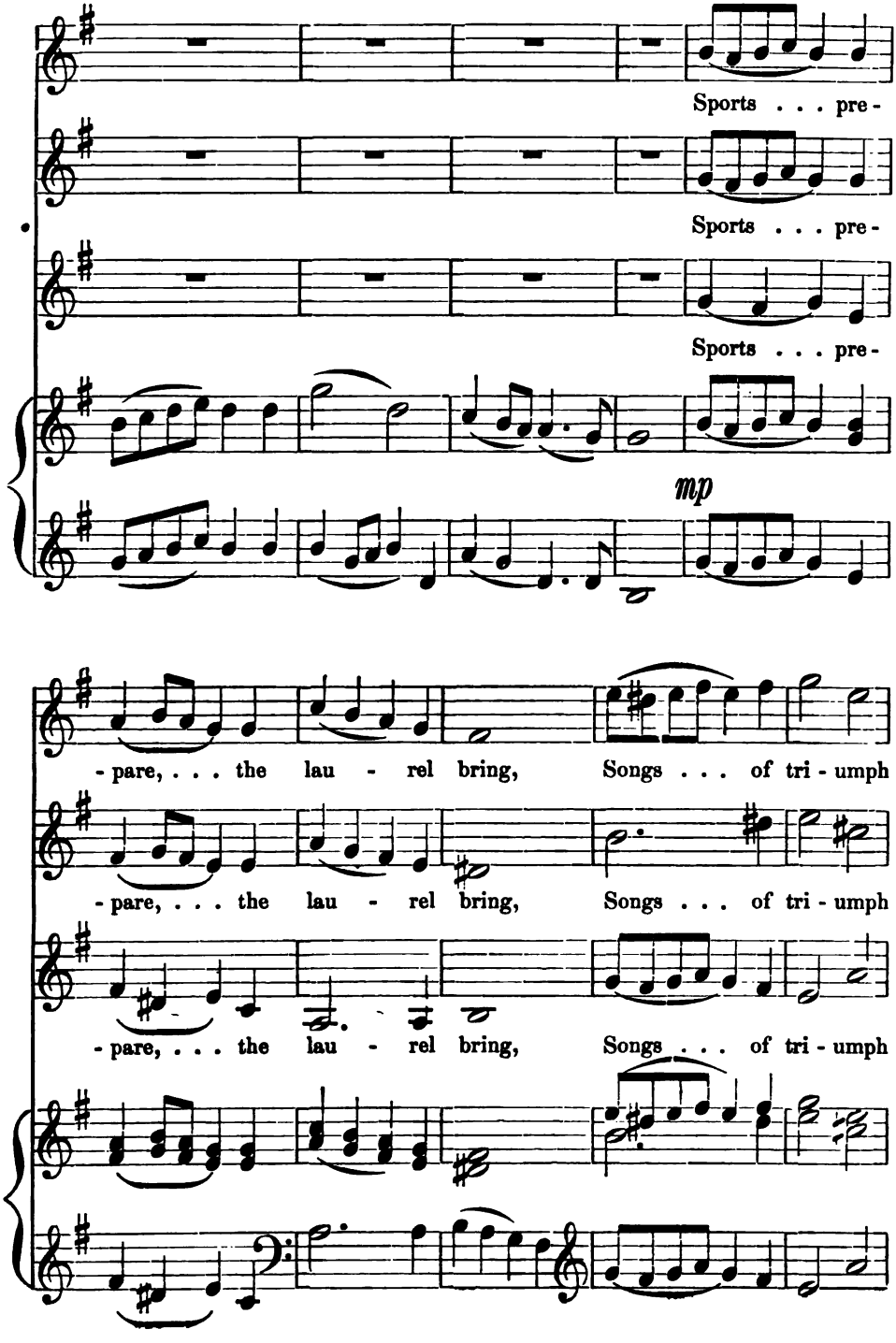
beat . . . . . the drums;

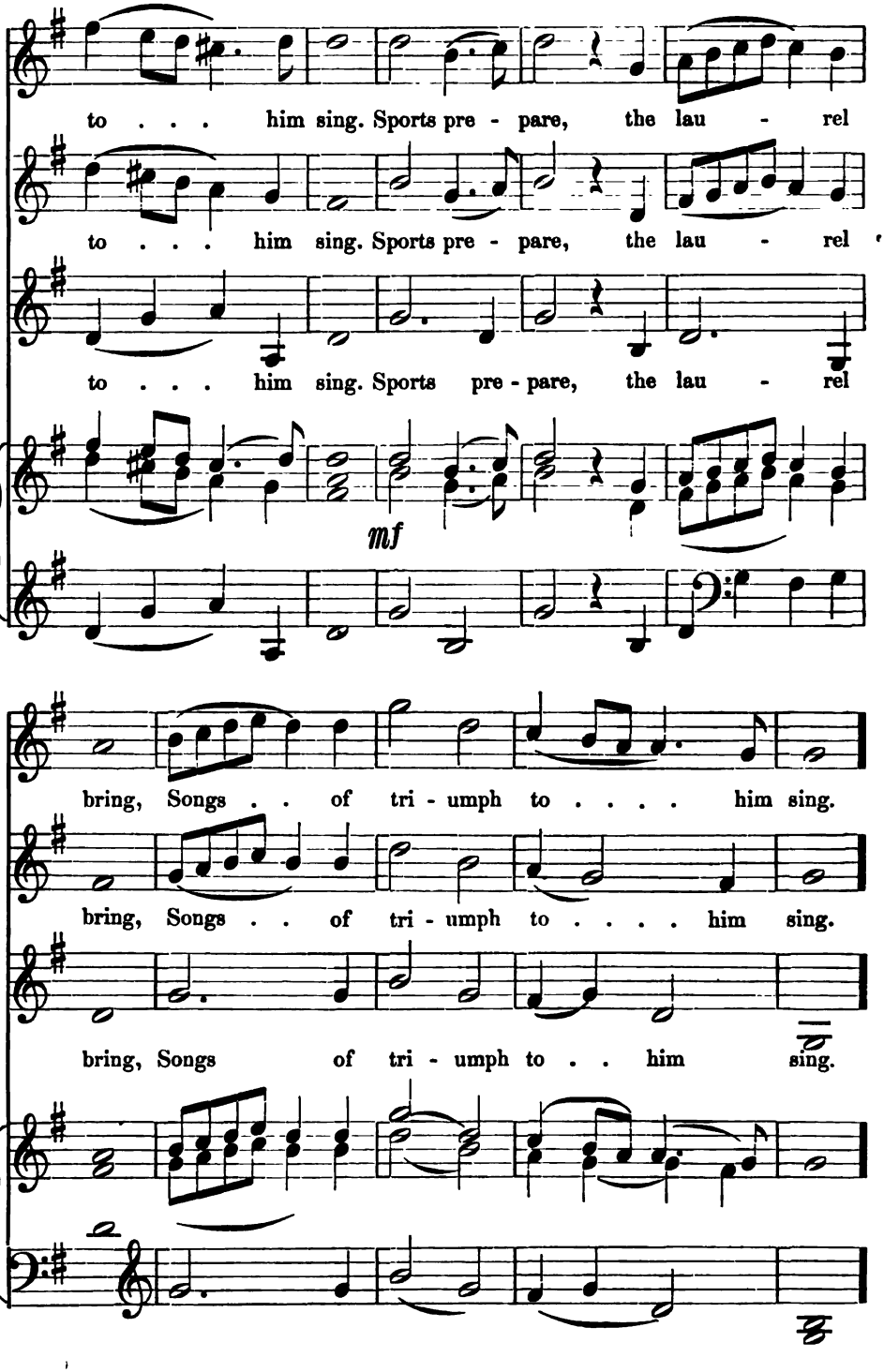
beat . . . . the drums;

beat . . . . the drums;

mf

* Generally sung as a Trio.


Sports . . . pre-
Sports . . . pre-
Sports . . . pre-
mp
-pare, . . . the lau - rel bring, Songs . . . of tri - umph
-pare, . . . the lau - rel bring, Songs . . . of tri - umph
-pare, . . . the lau - rel bring, Songs . . . of tri - umph


to . . . him sing. Sports pre - pare, the lau - rel
to . . . him sing. Sports pre - pare, the lau - rel
to . . . him sing. Sports pre - pare, the lau - rel
mf
bring, Songs . . of tri - umph to . . . . him sing.
bring, Songs . . of tri - umph to . . . . him sing.
bring, Songs of tri - umph to . . him sing.

DUET, OR CHORUS OF WOMEN.

1st SOPRANO.

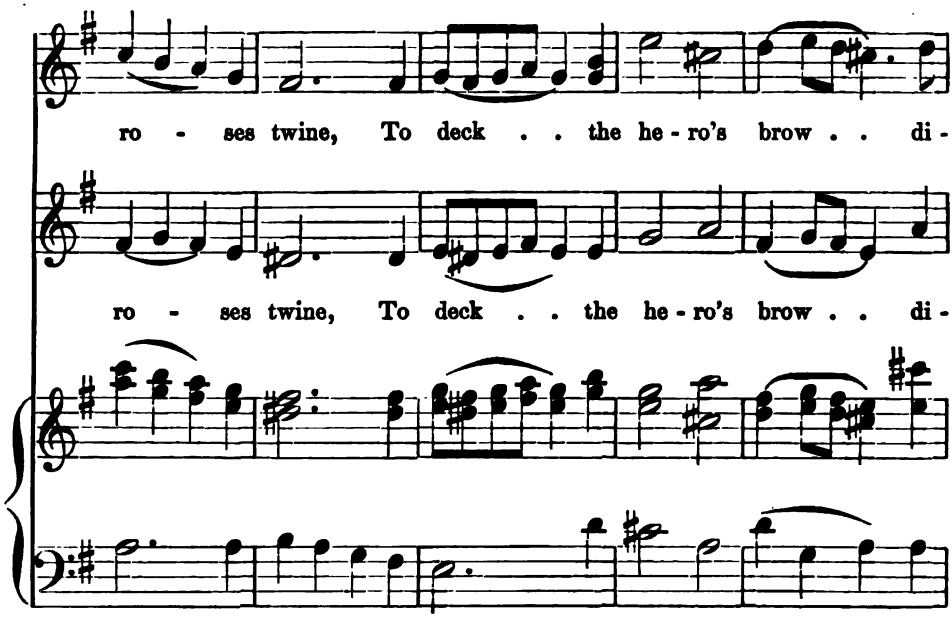
2nd SOPRANO.

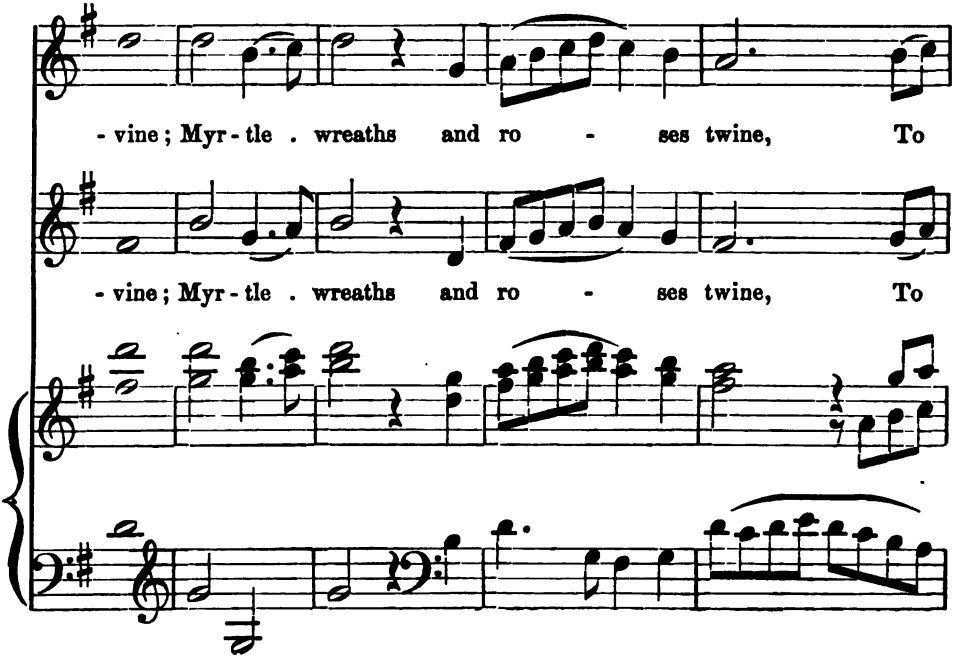
See the God-like youth . ad-vance, breathe . the

p

mp

flutes, and lead . . . . the dance; Myr - tle wreaths and


ro - ses twine, To deck . . the he - ro's brow . . di -
ro - ses twine, To deck . . the he - ro's brow . . di -


- vine; Myr - tle . wreaths and ro - ses twine, To
- vine; Myr - tle . wreaths and ro - ses twine, To

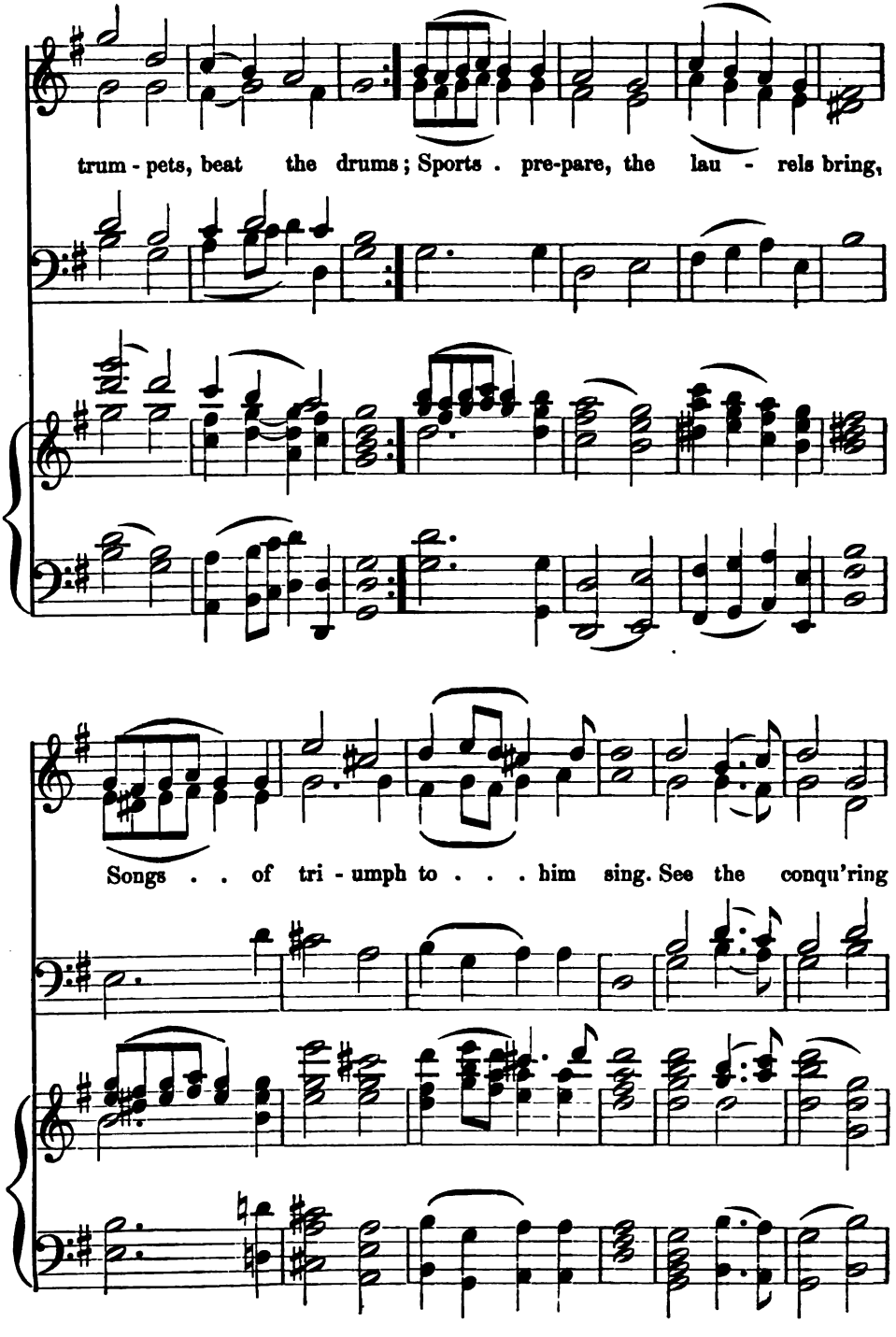
deck . . . . the he - ro's brow . . . di - vine.

deck . . . . the he - ro's brow . . di - vine.

FULL CHORUS.

See the conqu'ring he - ro comes, Sound . . the

f


trum - pets, beat the drums; Sports . pre-pare, the lau - rels bring,
Songs . . of tri - umph to . . . him sing. See the conqu'ring

he - ro comes, Sound . . . the trum-pets, beat the drums.

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Moderato.

SOPRANO AND ALTO IN UNISON.

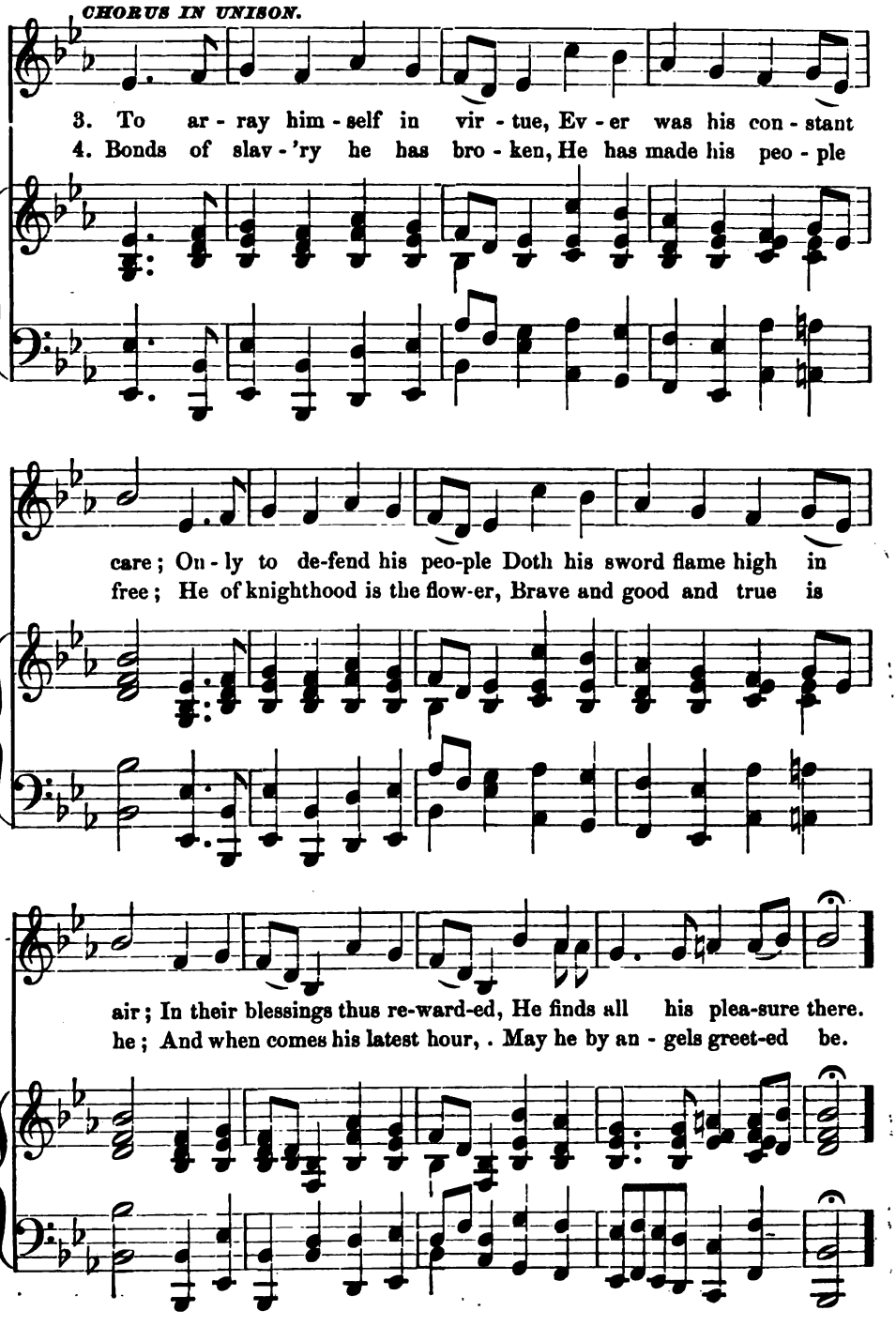
J. HAYDN.
Partially arranged for this book.

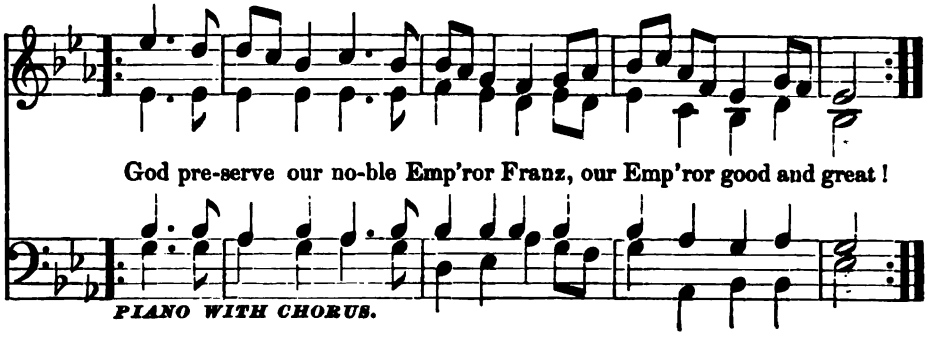
1. God pre-serve our no - ble Emp-'ror, Franz our Emp'ror good and
2. O - ver bloom-ing lands his scep - tre Doth ex - tend both wide and

great, Migh-ty Ru - ler, high in wis - dom, We his glo - ry cel - e -
far; Of his throne the no-blest pil-lars, Righteous-ness and Mer - cy

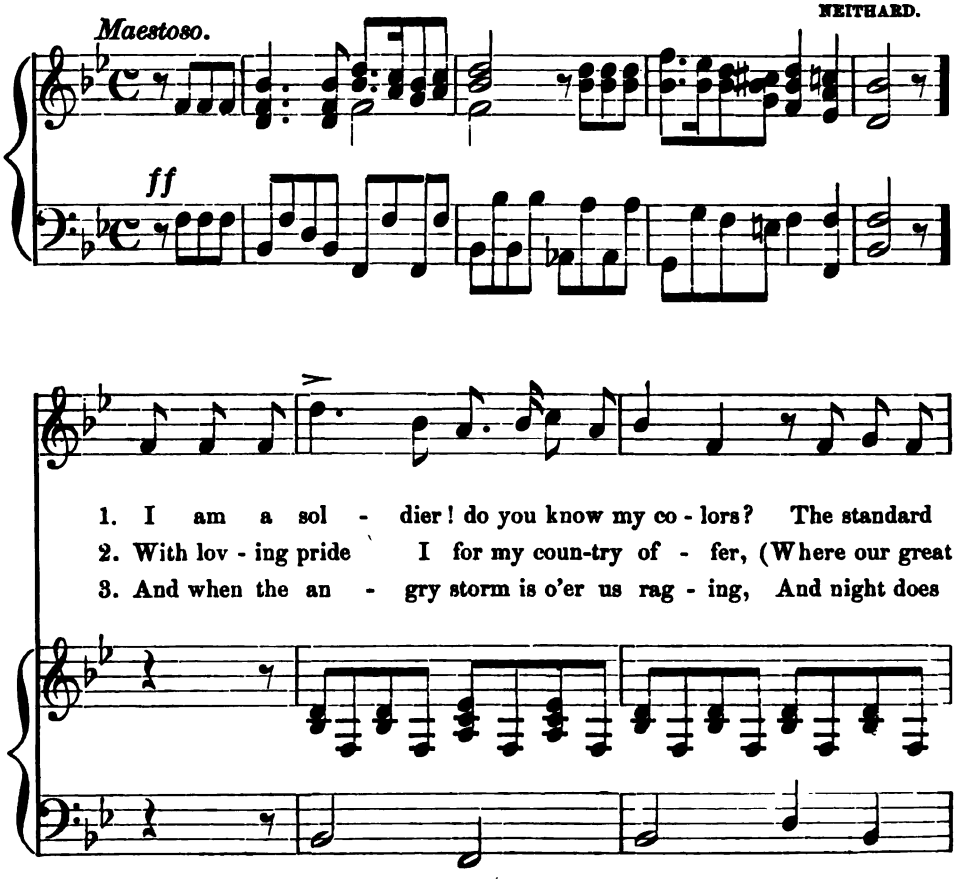
- brate! Love shall twine him laurel garlands, They become his re - gal state!
are. His shield o - ver all ex-tend-ed Beams ef - ful - gent as a star.

God pre-serve our no-ble Emp'ror Franz, our Emp'ror good and great!


CHORUS IN UNISON.
3. To ar - ray him - self in vir - tue, Ev - er was his con - stant
4. Bonds of slav - 'ry he has bro - ken, He has made his peo - ple
care; On - ly to de-fend his peo-ple Doth his sword flame high in
free; He of knighthood is the flow-er, Brave and good and true is
air; In their blessings thus re-ward-ed, He finds all his plea-sure there.
he; And when comes his latest hour, . May he by an - gels greet-ed be.



I AM A SOLDIER.



floats be - fore me black and white; My fa-thers died their
Na - tion's fame doth ho-ver round,) Un - to my foe my
red - den in the lightning's glow; As if Heav'n's wrath were

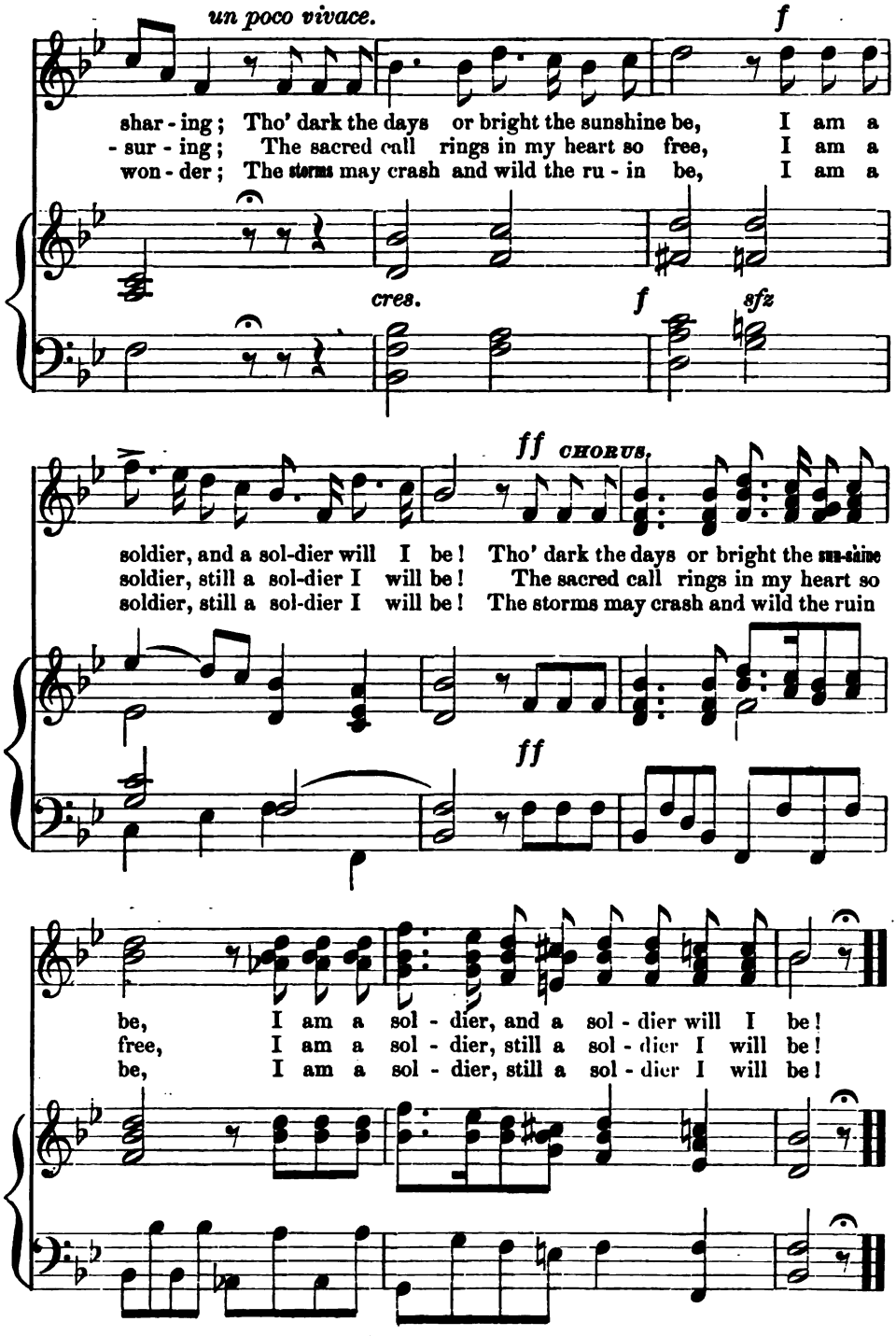
sfz

li - ber - ty de - fend - ing, Which doth pro-claim the co-lors mine by
life I'd free-ly prof - fer, Tho' on the mar - gin of th'a-byss pro-
on the earth out - pour - ing, The sol - dier brave no sign of fear will

sf

right. I ne'er will shrink de - spair-ing, Like them all dan-ger
- found. The bonds are all - en - dur - ing, Our broth-er-hood en -
show. Tall oaks may rend a - sun - der, I'll show no dread or

p *colla parte.*


un poco vivace.
f
shar - ing; Tho' dark the days or bright the sunshine be, I am a
- sur - ing; The sacred call rings in my heart so free, I am a
won - der; The storms may crash and wild the ru - in be, I am a
cres.
f
sfz
ff CHORUS.
soldier, and a sol-dier will I be! Tho' dark the days or bright the sun-shine
soldier, still a sol-dier I will be! The sacred call rings in my heart so
soldier, still a sol-dier I will be! The storms may crash and wild the ruin
ff
be, I am a sol - dier, and a sol - dier will I be!
free, I am a sol - dier, still a sol - dier I will be!
be, I am a sol - dier, still a sol - dier I will be!

THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER.

Translated by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D. D. — The Music by Joseph Barnby.

mf

1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to
2. Lighten mine eyes, O Sav - iour, Or sleep in death shall
3. Be Thou my soul's pre - ser - ver, O God, for Thou dost

Thee! I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may
I, And he, my wake-ful temp - ter, Tri - umph-ant - ly shall
knew How man - y are the per - ils Through which I have to

Thee! I pray . . .
I, And he, ...
know How man - - -

rall. *slower.* *p* *pp*

be; O Je - su, keep me in Thy sight, And
cry, "He could not make their dark - ness light, Nor
go; Lov - er of men, oh, hear my call, And

be; O Je - su, keep me
cry, "He could not make their
go; Lover of men, oh,

save me through the com - ing night.
guard them through the hours of night."
guard and save me from them all. A - men.

CHERRY RIPE.

C. E. HORN.

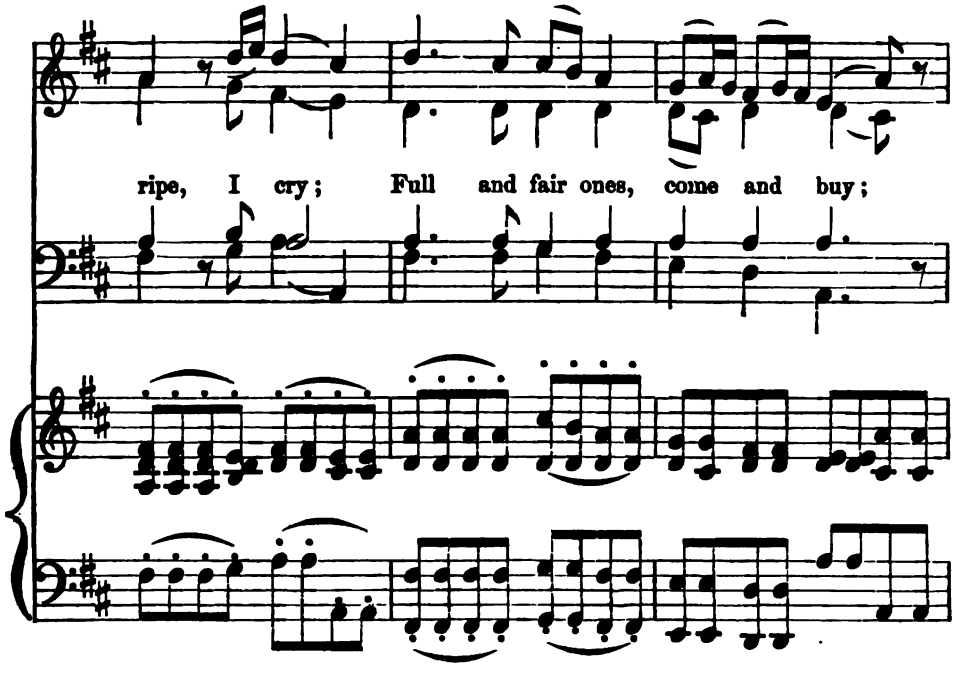
Andantino.

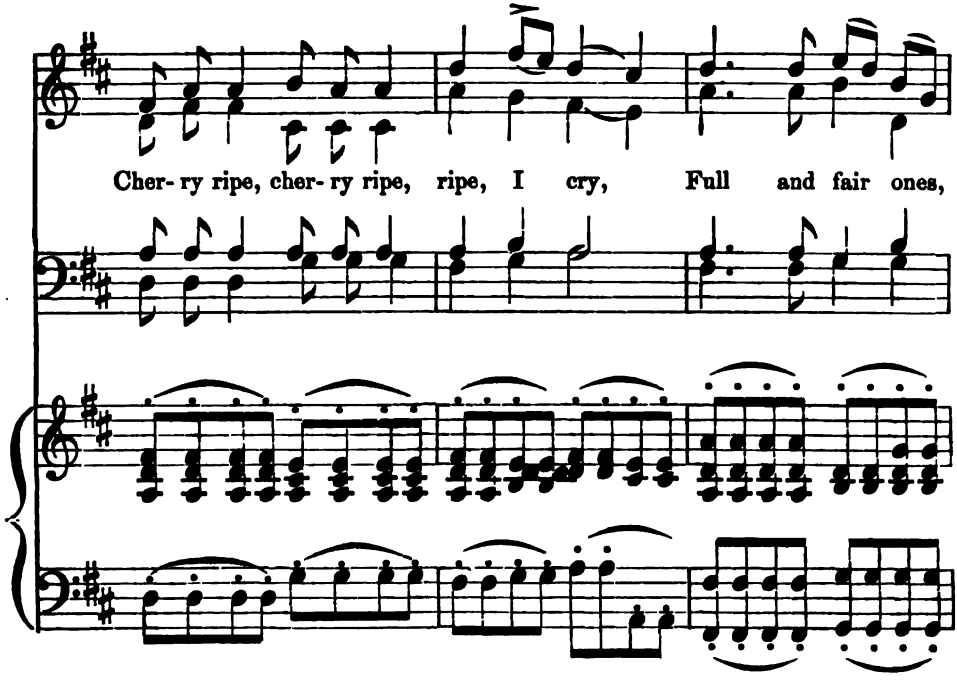
mf

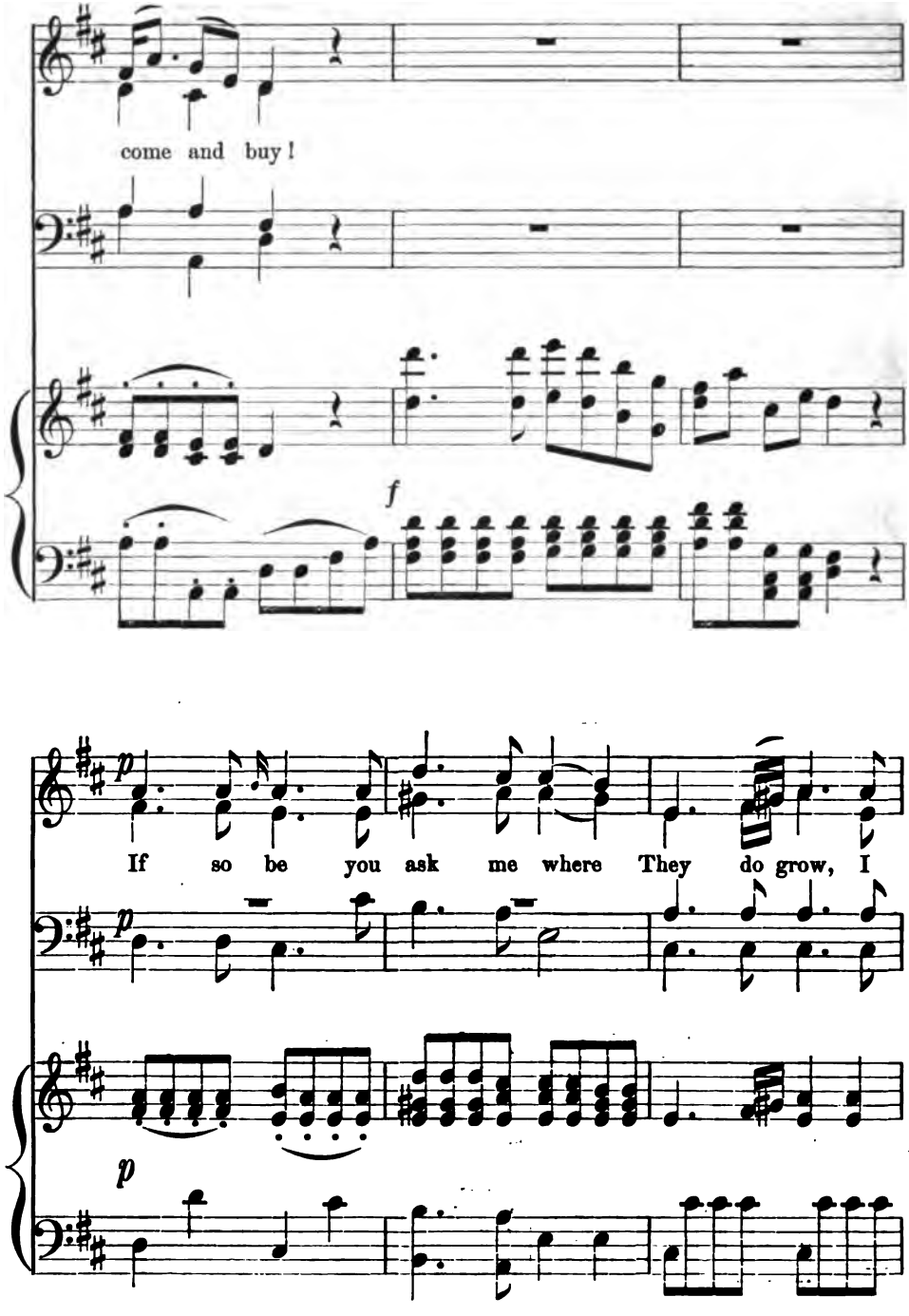
Cher- ry ripe, cher- ry ripe,

mf

f

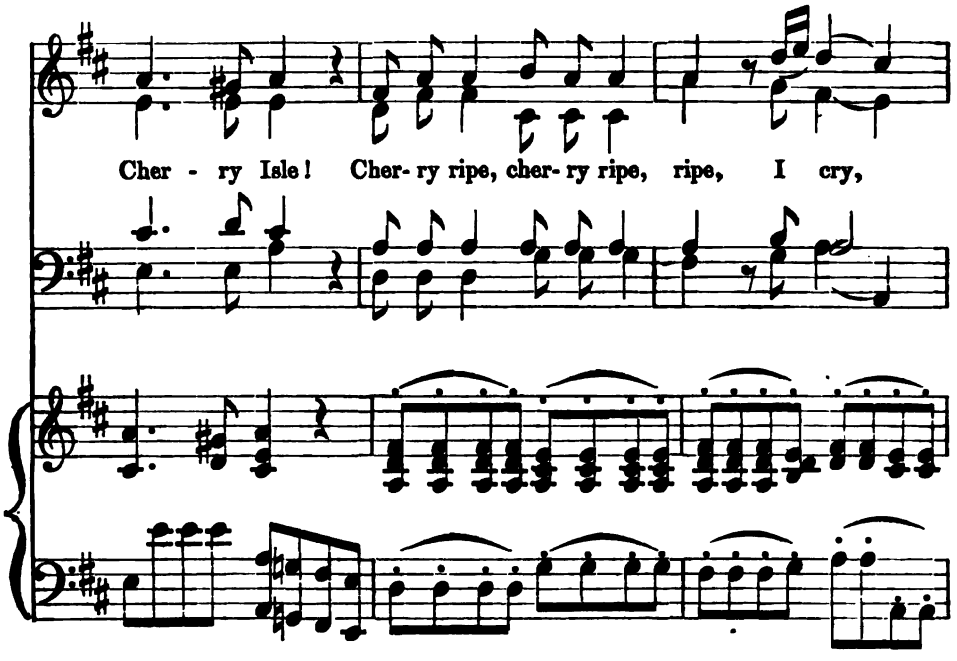

ripe, I cry; Full and fair ones, come and buy;

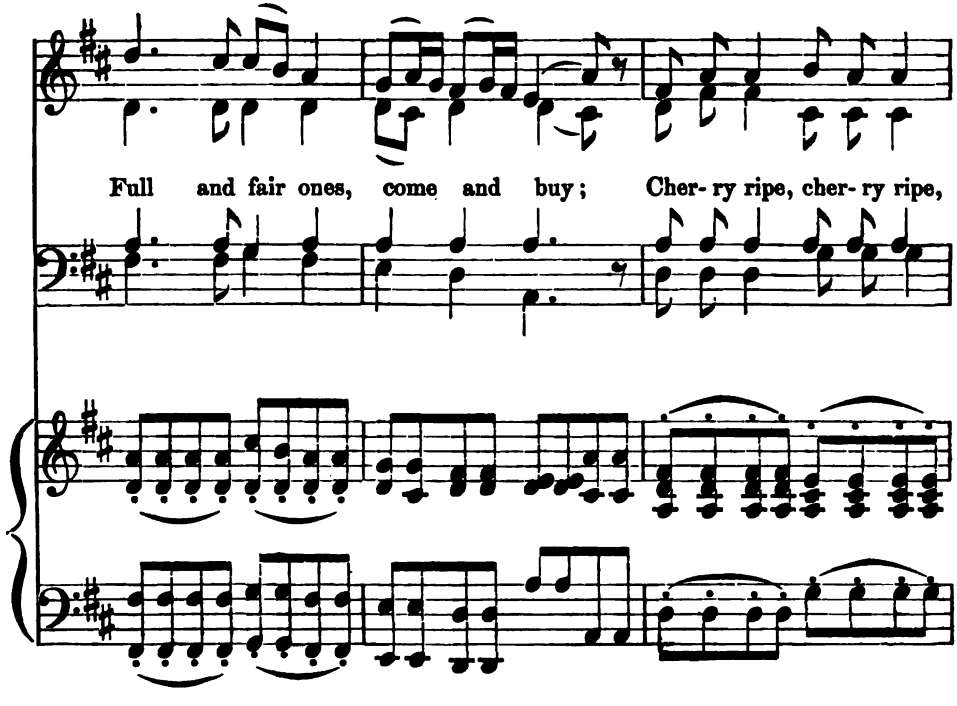

Cher- ry ripe, cher- ry ripe, ripe, I cry, Full and fair ones,


come and buy!
f
p
If so be you ask me where They do grow, I
p
p

an - swer there, Where the sun - beams sweet - ly smile,

There's the land of Cher - ry Isle, There's the land of


Cher - ry Isle! Cher- ry ripe, cher- ry ripe, ripe, I cry,


Full and fair ones, come and buy; Cher- ry ripe, cher- ry ripe,

ripe, I cry, Full and fair ones, come and buy!

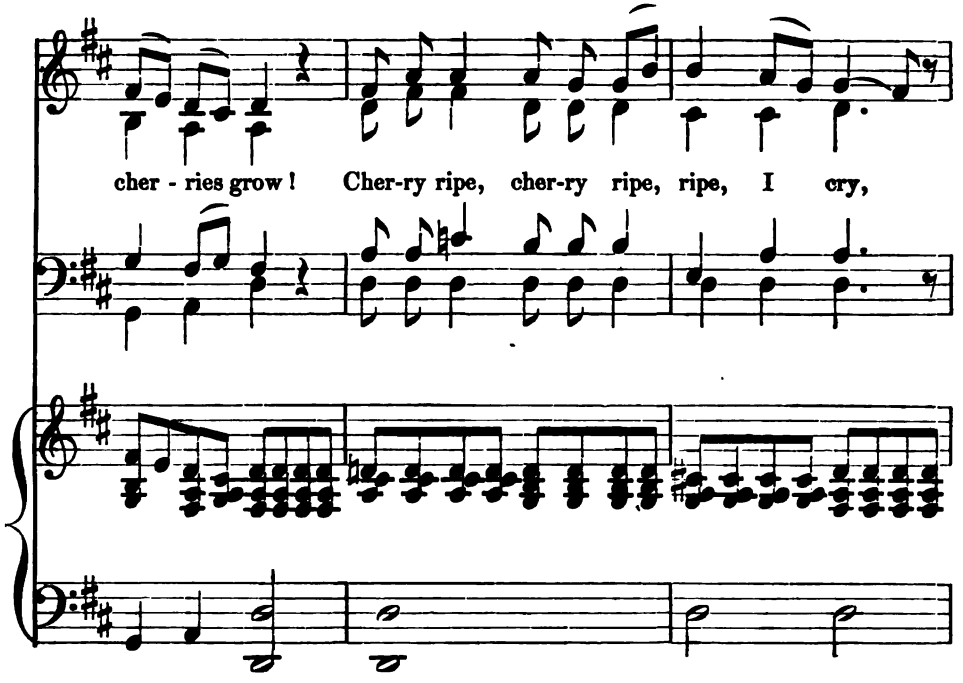
dolce espress.

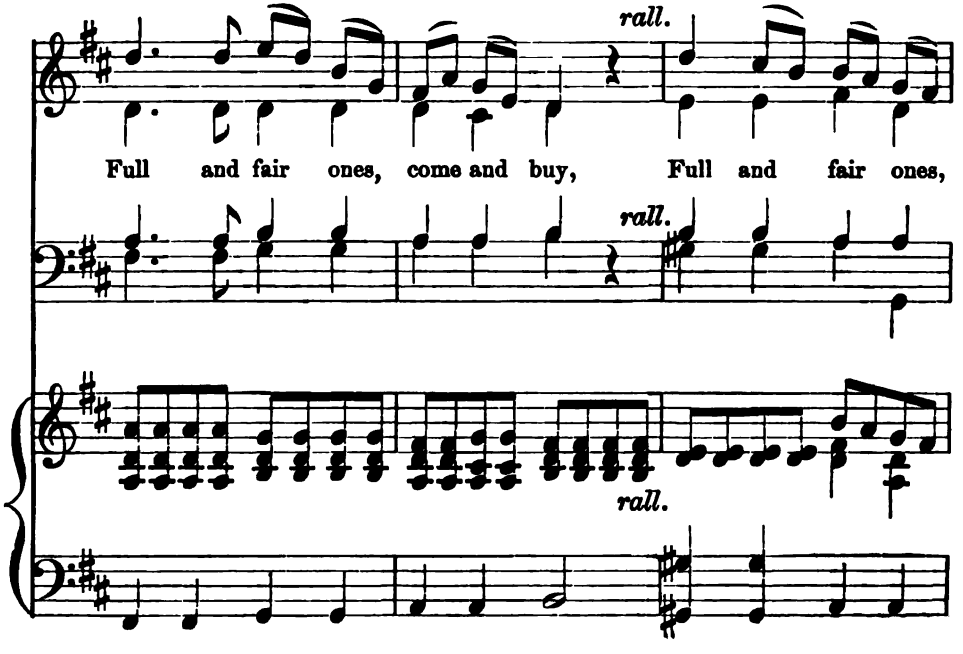
Where the sun - beams sweet - ly smile, There's the land of

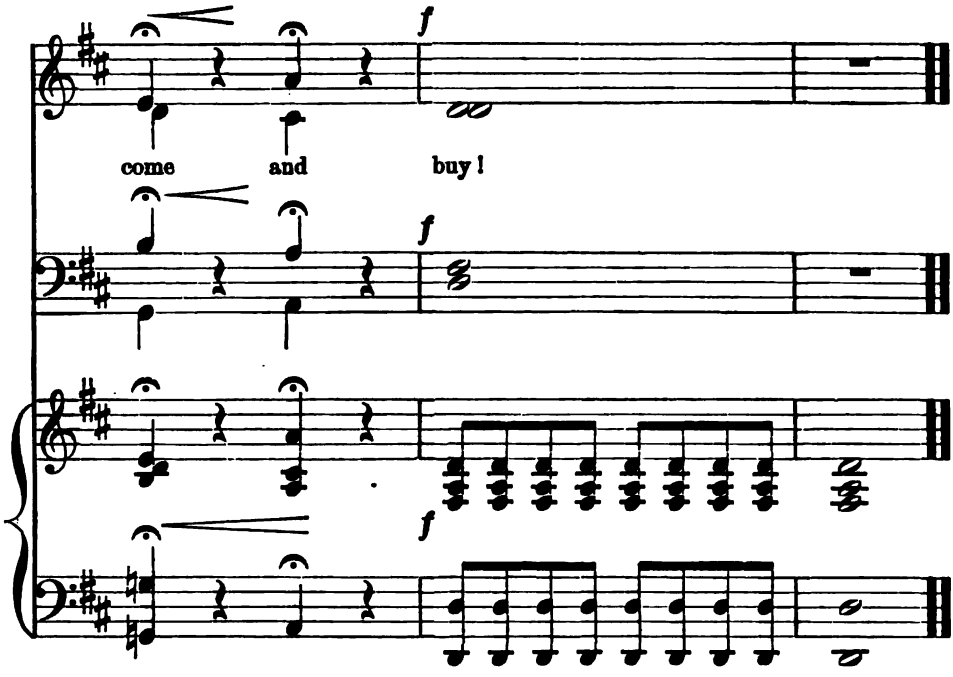
dolce espress.

Cher - ry Isle; These plan- ta - tions ful - ly show,

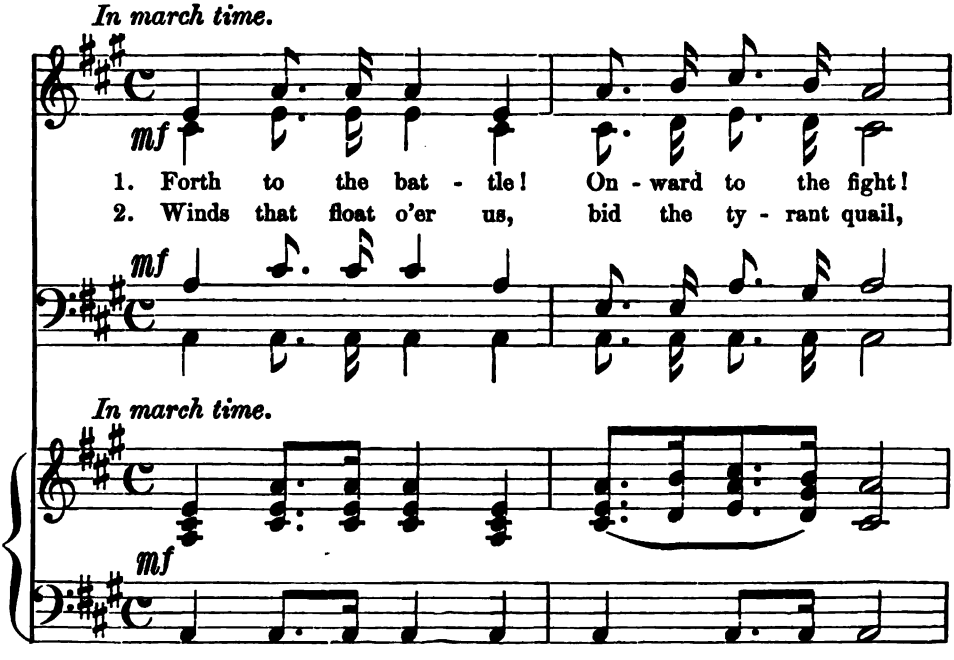
All the year where cher - ries grow, All the year where


cher - ries grow! Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe, ripe, I cry,


rall.
Full and fair ones, come and buy, Full and fair ones,
rall.
rall.

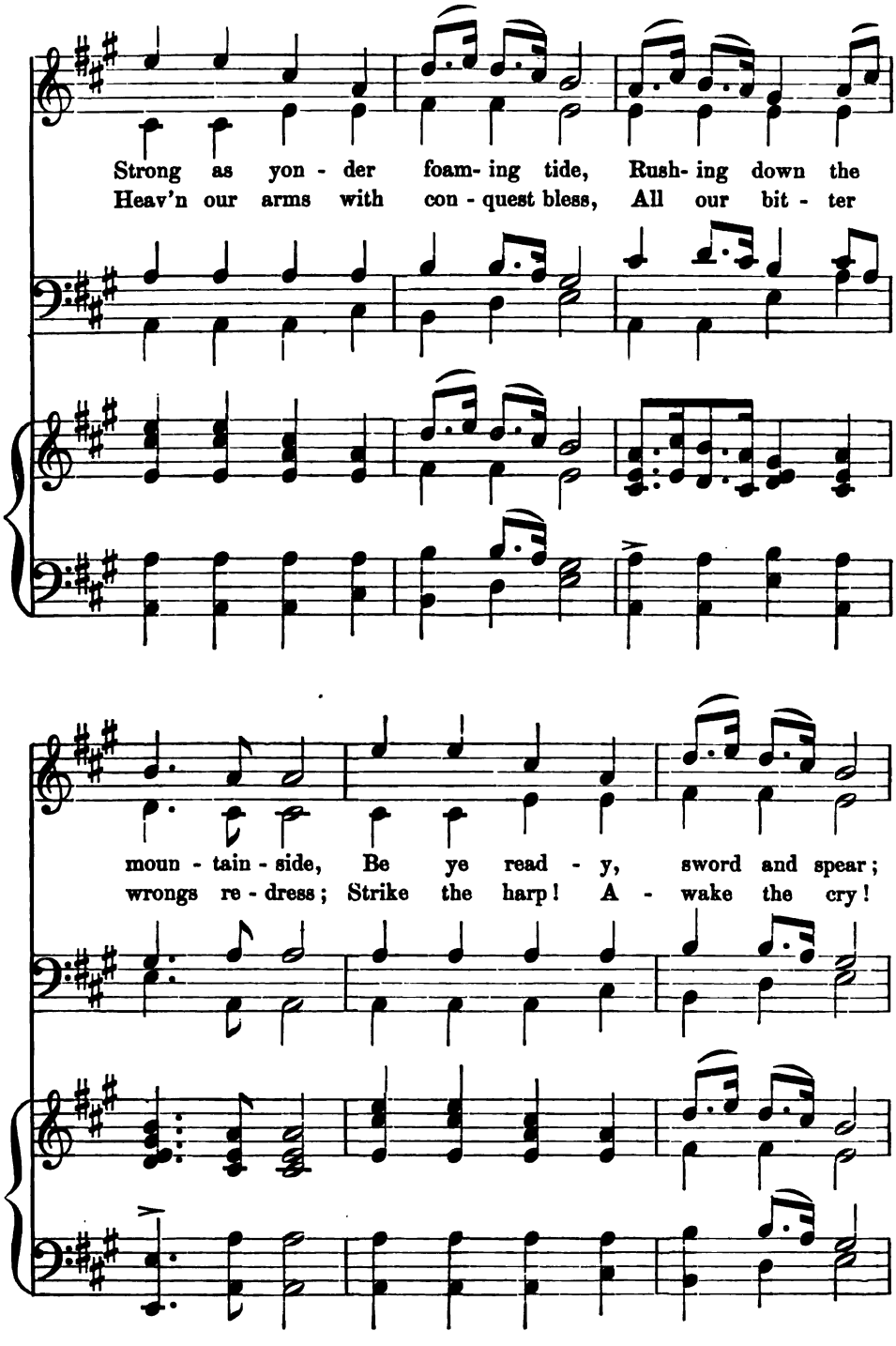


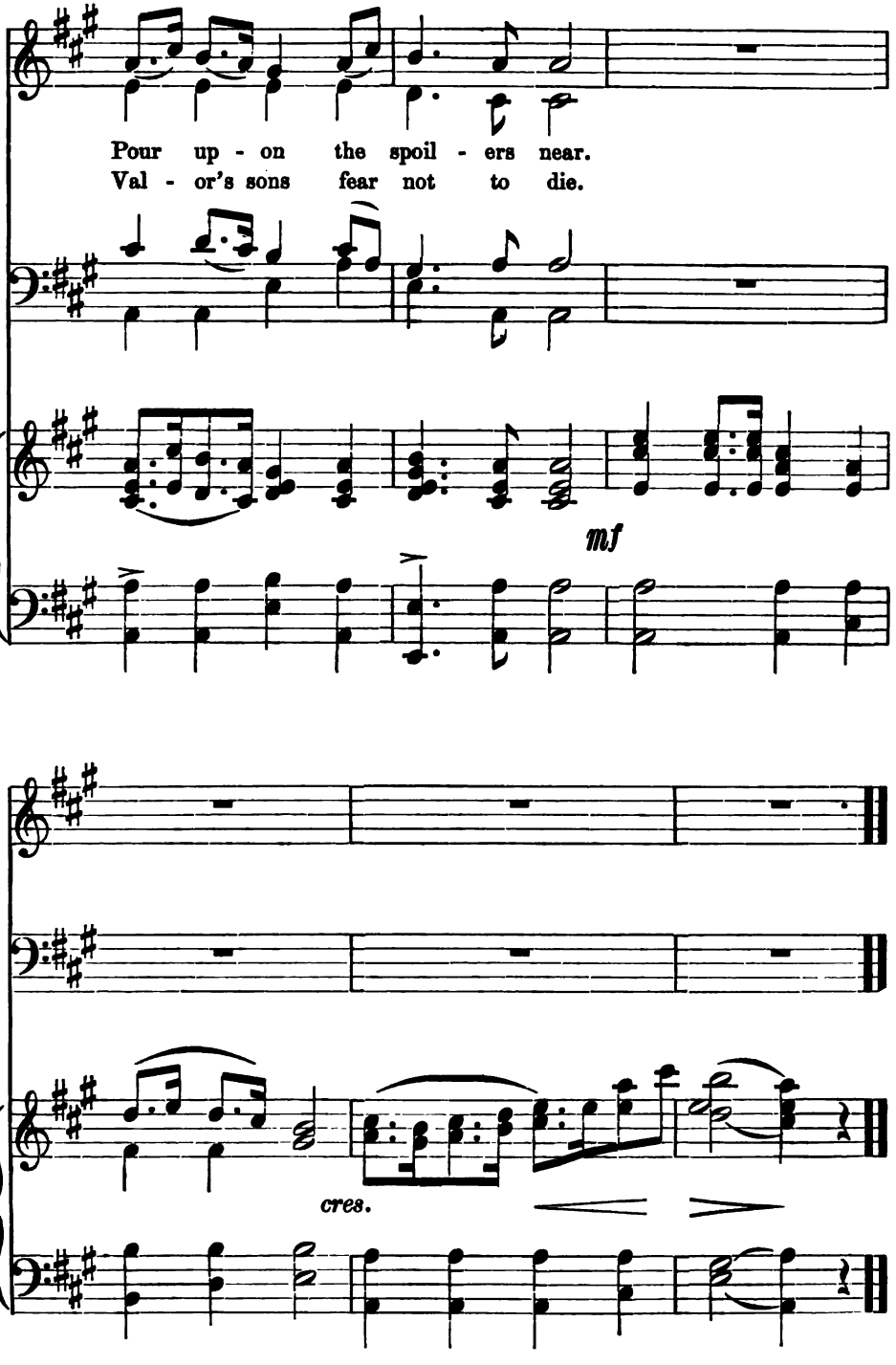
FORTH TO THE BATTLE.



Swift as an ea - gle in his flight; Let not the sun - light
Ne'er shall his ruf - fian bands pre - vail, Morn - ing shall view us

o'er our path-way close, Till we o'erthrow our Sax - on foes.
fet - ter-less and free, Slaves ne'er shall Cym-ry's chil - dren be.


Strong as yon - der foam- ing tide, Rush- ing down the
Heav'n our arms with con - quest bless, All our bit - ter
moun - tain - side, Be ye read - y, sword and spear;
wrongs re - dress; Strike the harp! A - wake the cry!


Pour up - on the spoil - ers near.
Val - or's sons fear not to die.
mf
cres.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

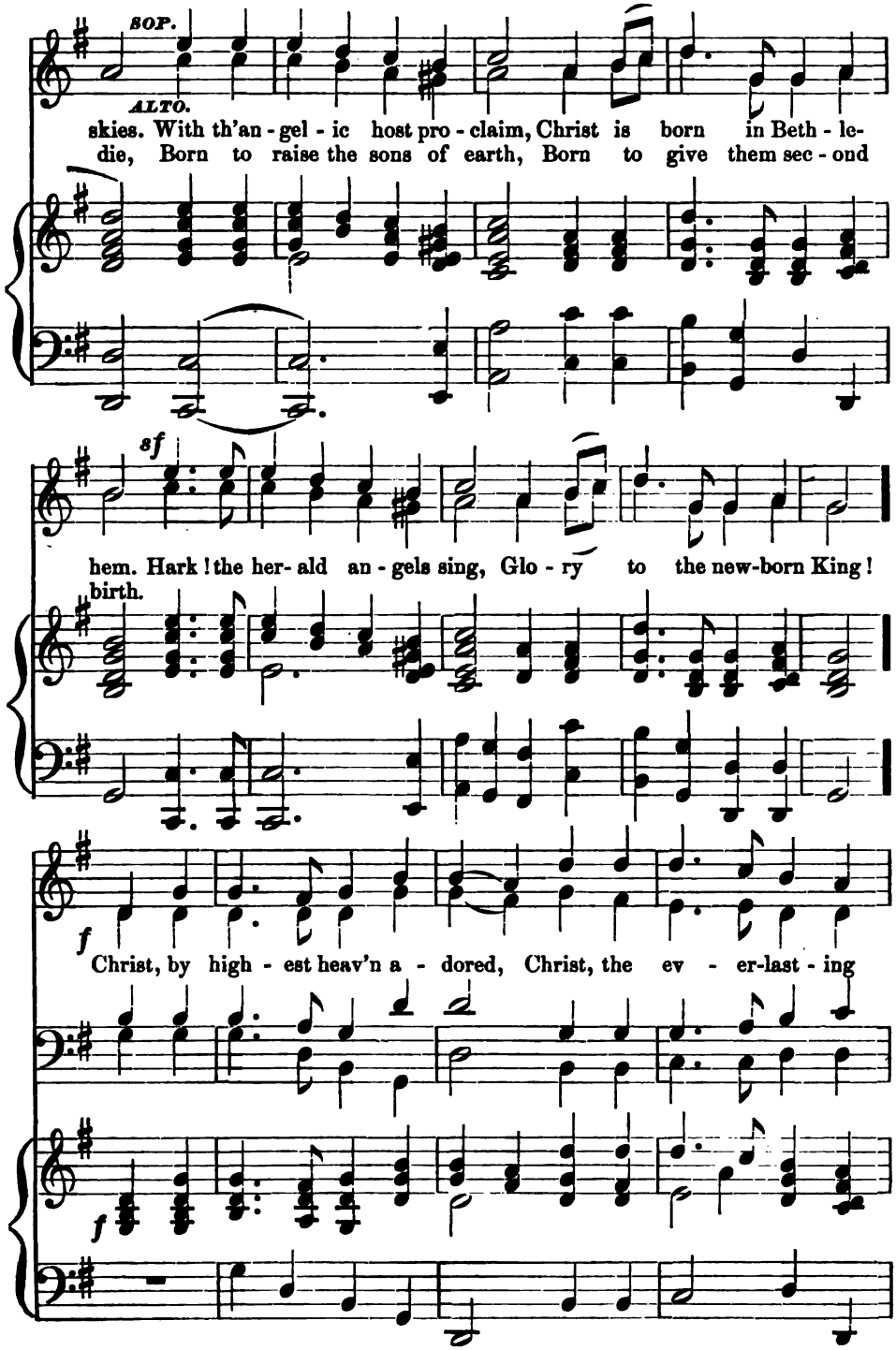
Allegro moderato. MENDELSSOHN.

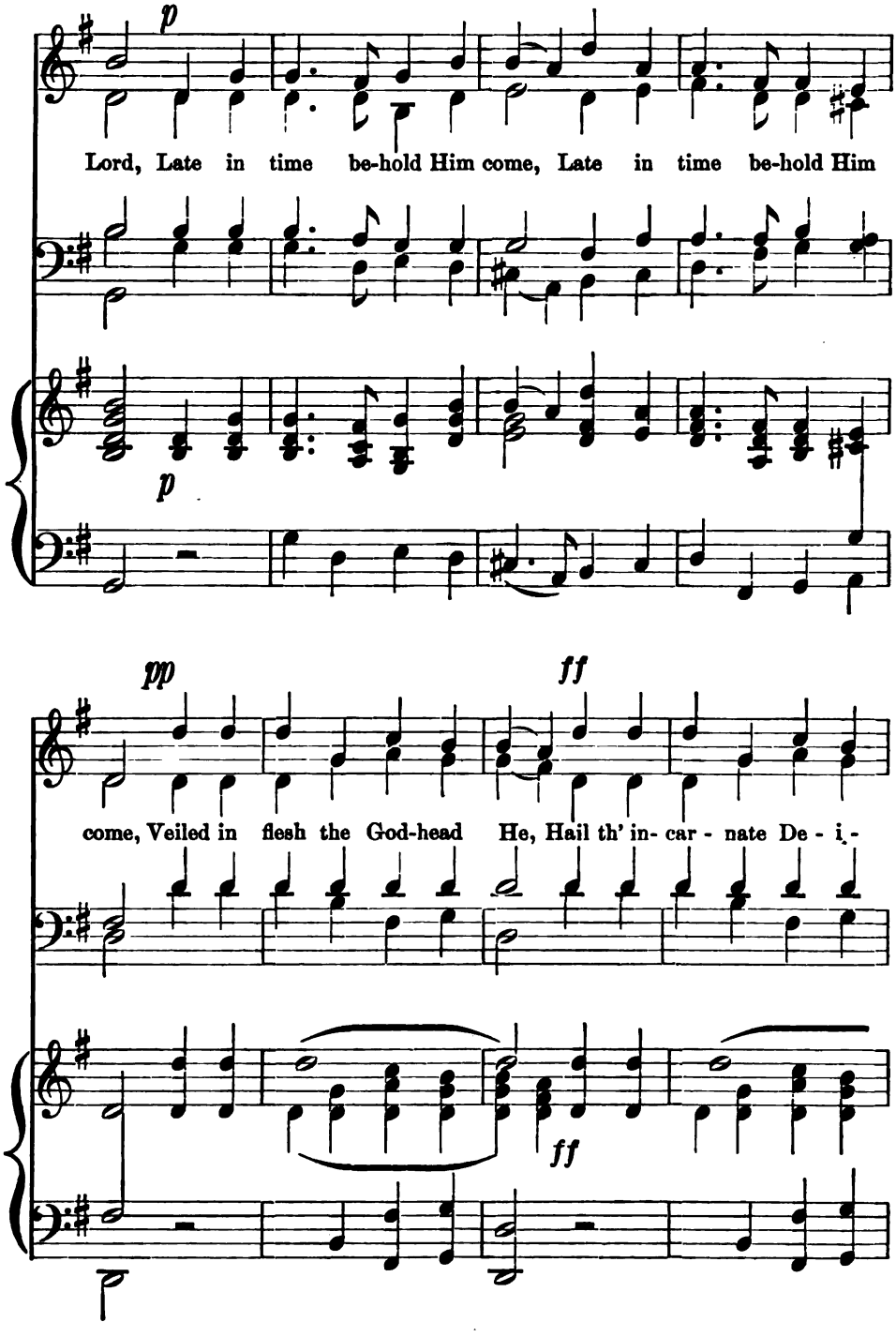
SOPRANO.

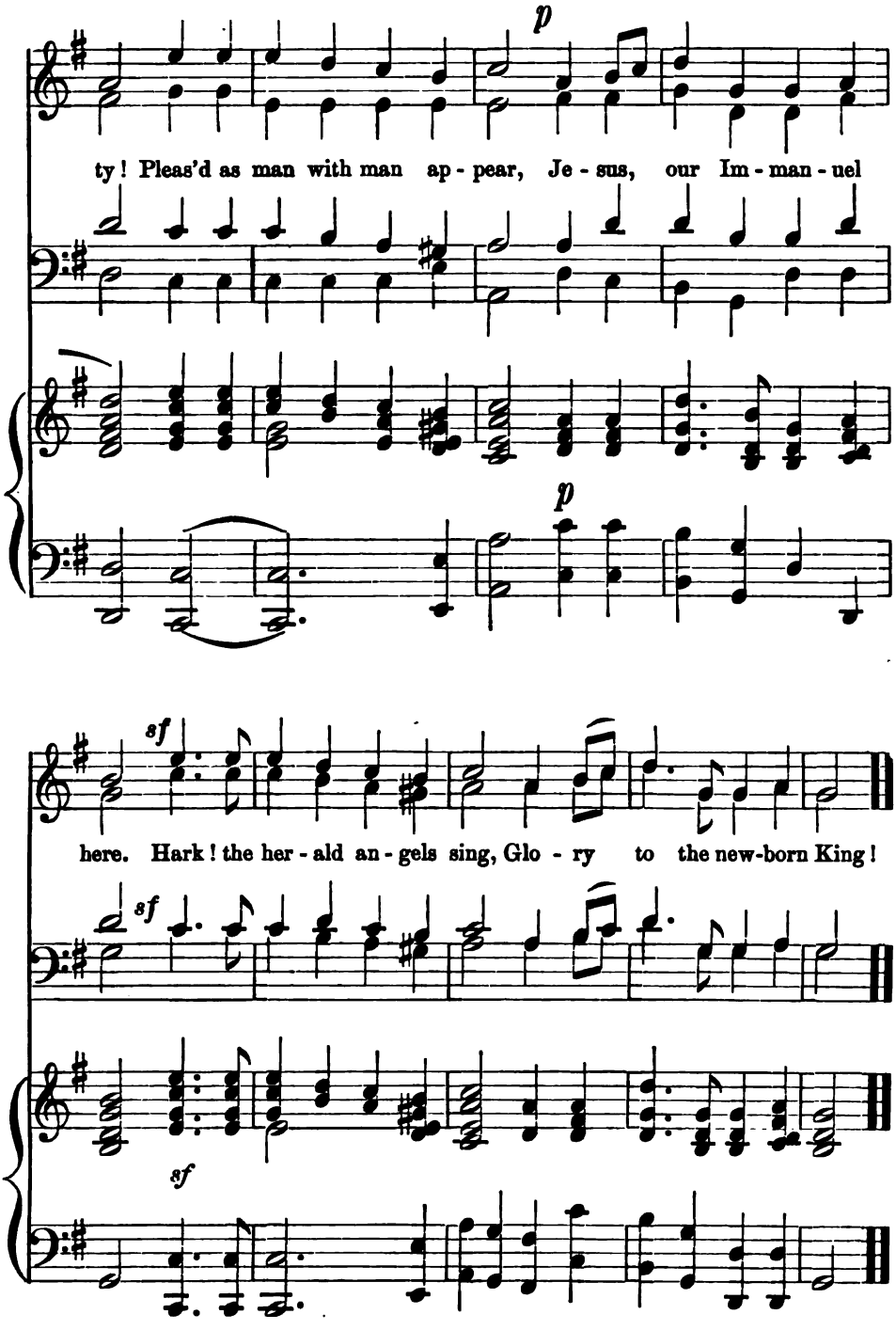
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace, Hail, the sun of Righteous-

King. Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and mor - tals rec - on-
ness! Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His

ciled. Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri-umph of the
wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may


SOP.
ALTO.
skies. With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le-
die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond
sf
hem. Hark! the her- ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King!
birth.
f
Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er-last - ing
f


p
Lord, Late in time be-hold Him come, Late in time be-hold Him
p
pp
ff
come, Veiled in flesh the God-head He, Hail th' in- car - nate De - i -
ff


p
ty! Pleas'd as man with man ap - pear, Je - sus, our Im - man - uel
p
sf
here. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King!
sf
sf

THE VESPER BELLS.

J. EICHBERG.
Written for this work.

Andantino.

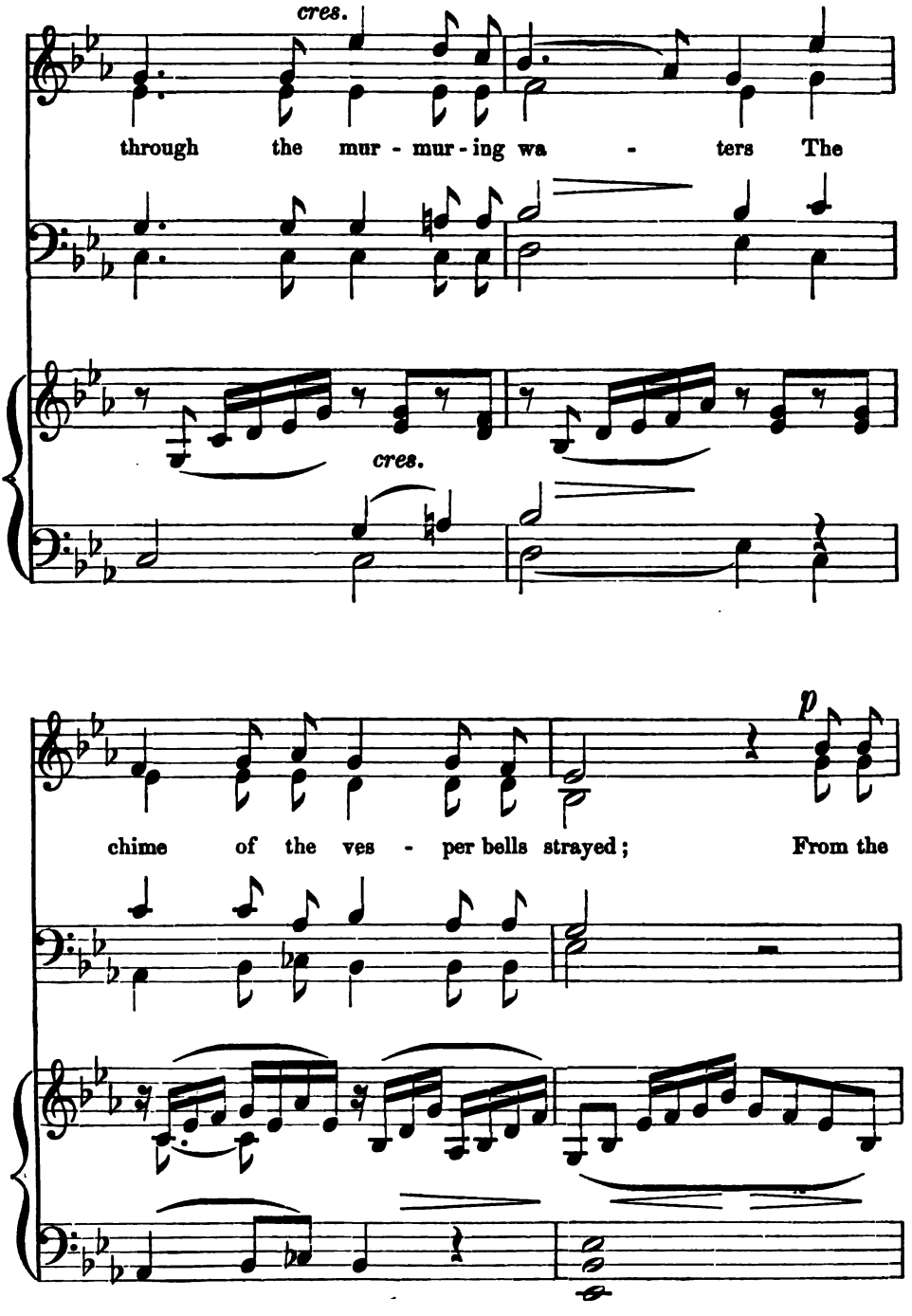
p

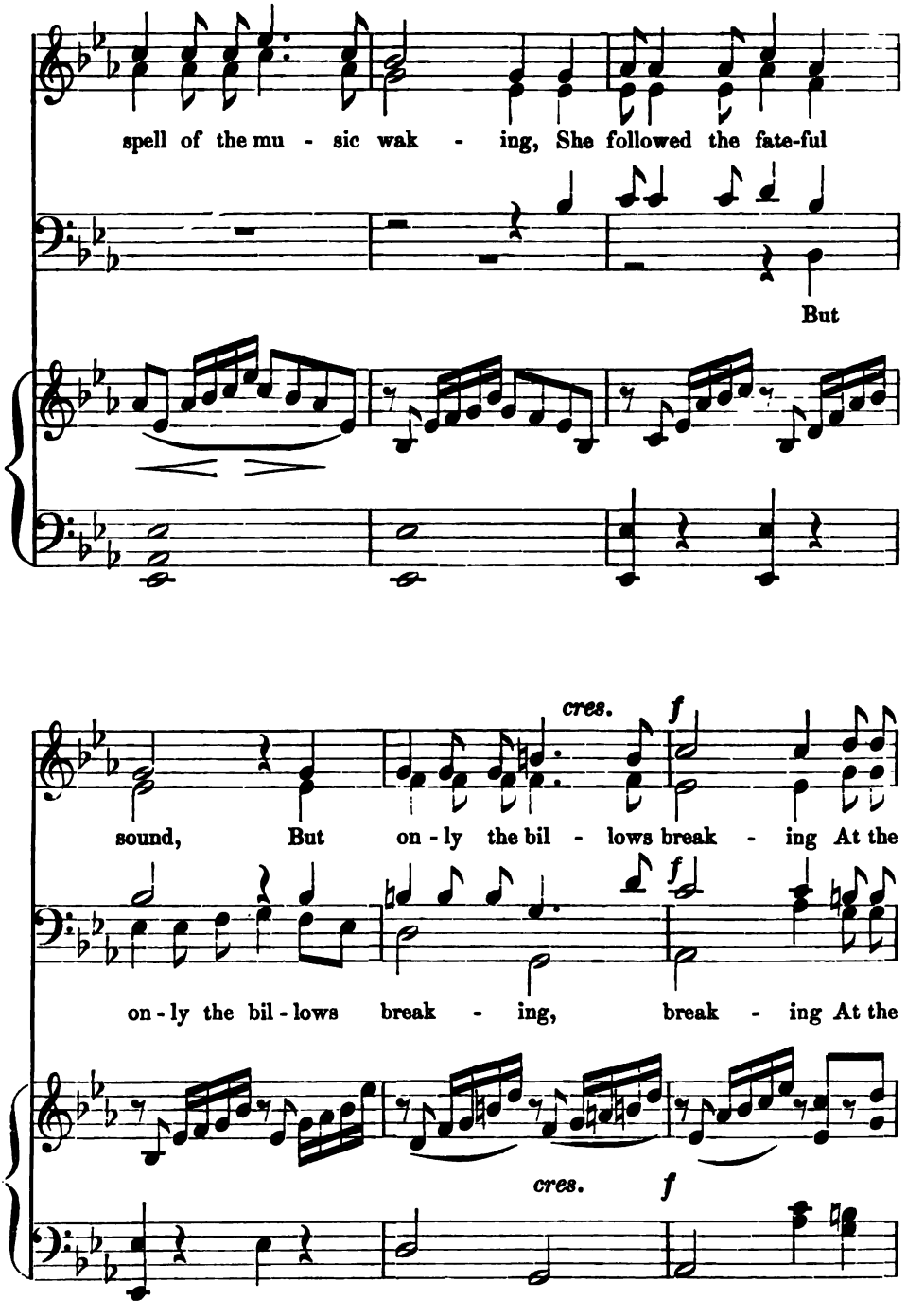
A mermaid, the o - cean's

pp

Ped.

daugh - ter, She sang while a mer - man played, When


cres.
through the mur - mur - ing wa - ters The
cres.
p
chime of the ves - per bells strayed; From the


spell of the mu - sic wak - ing, She followed the fate-ful
But
cres.
f
sound, But on - ly the bil - lows break - ing At the
f
on - ly the bil - lows break - ing, break - ing At the
cres.
f

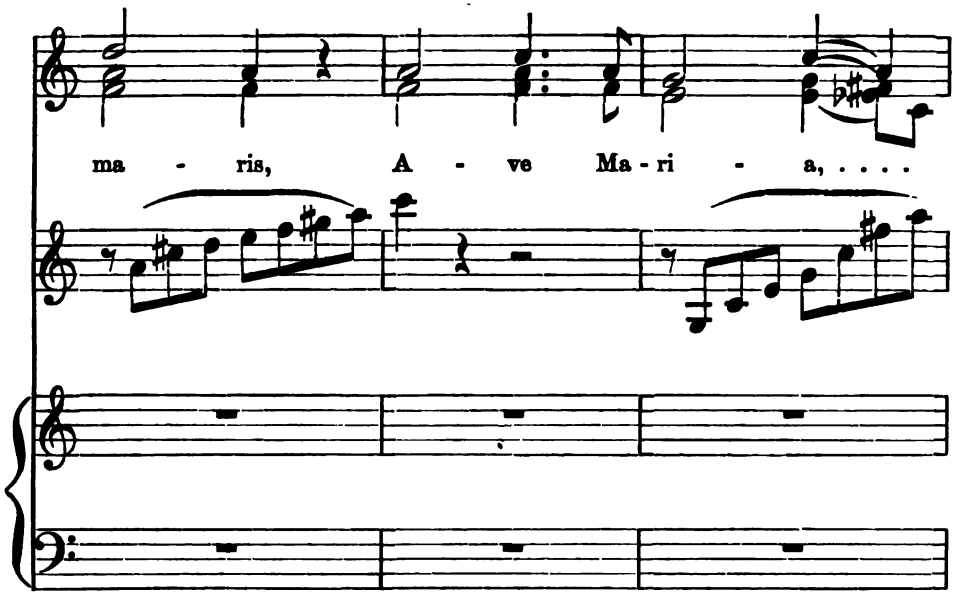
gate of the sea she found.

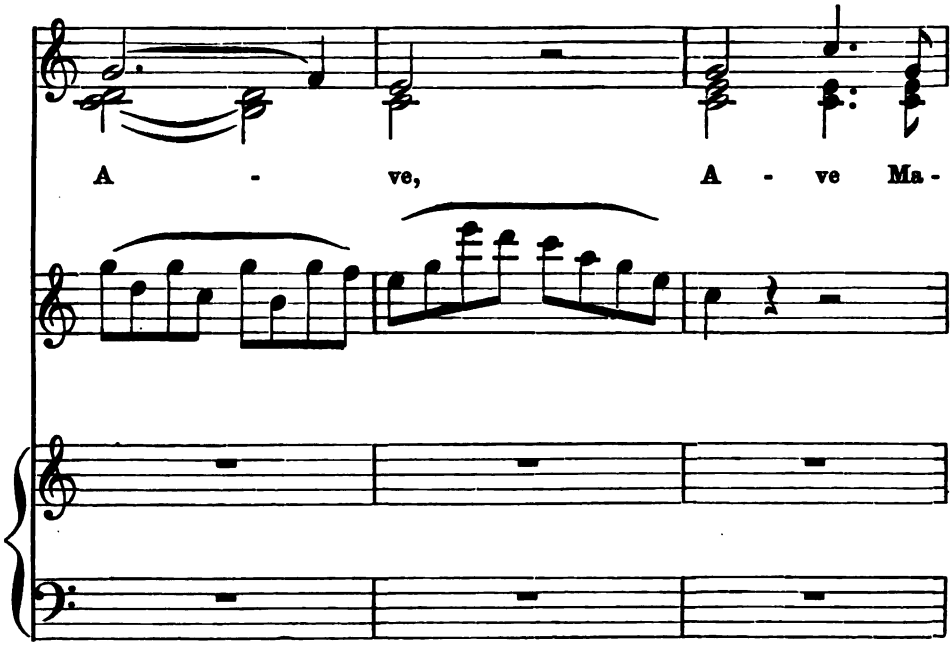
dim.

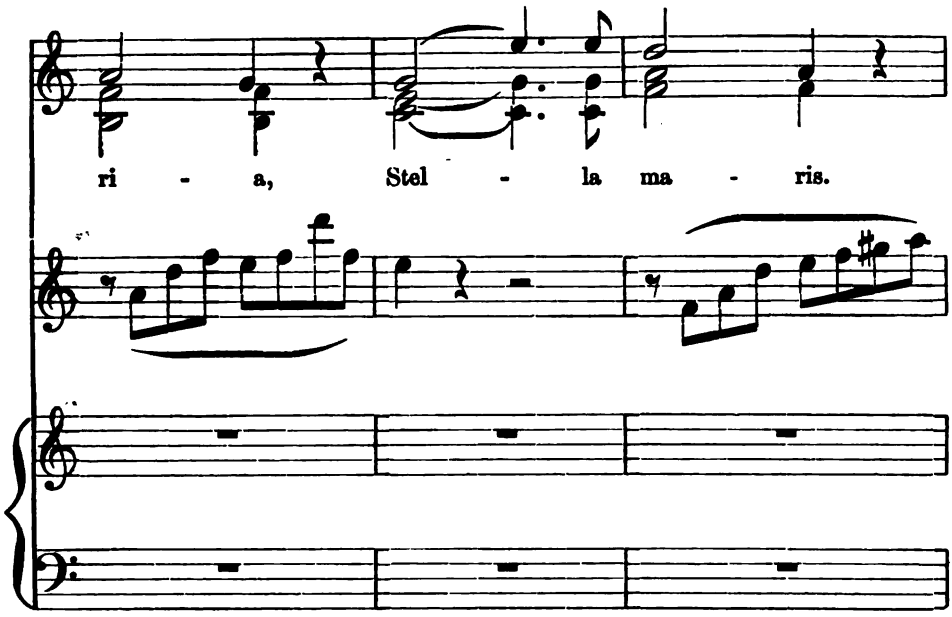
A - ve Ma - ri - a, Stel - la

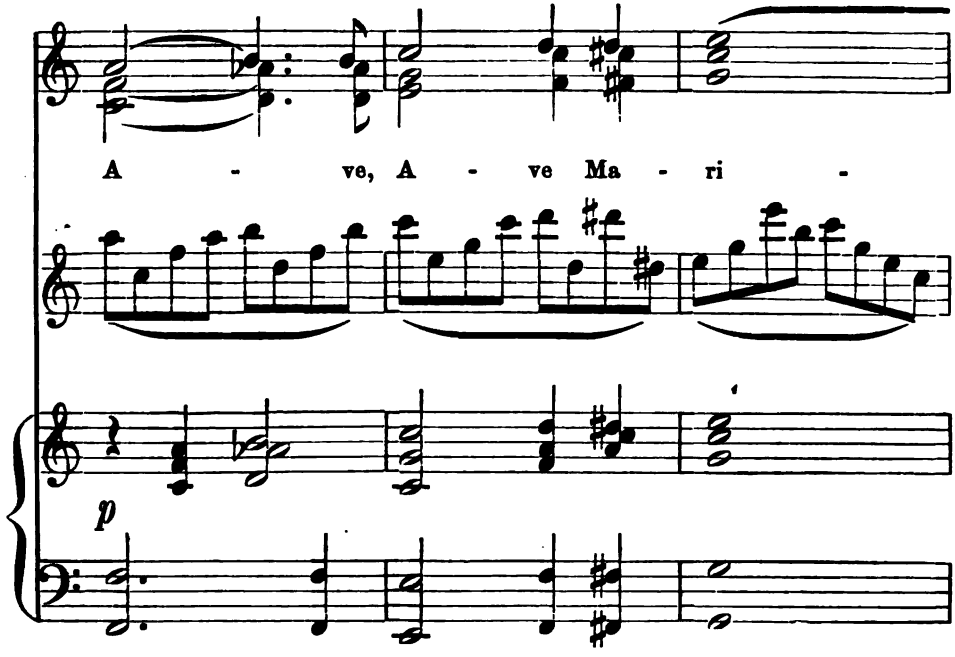
VIOLIN SOLO, or PIANO.

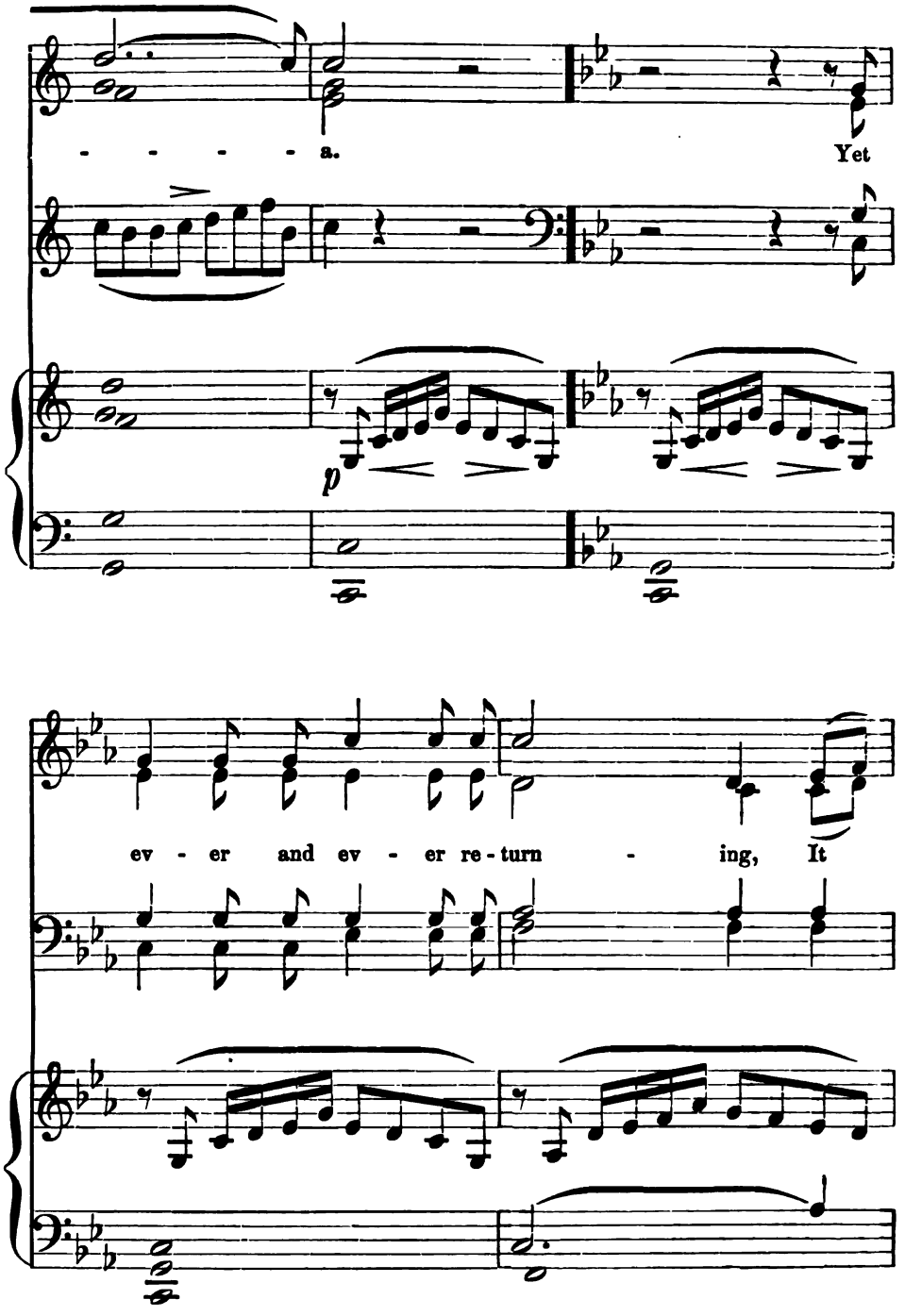
p

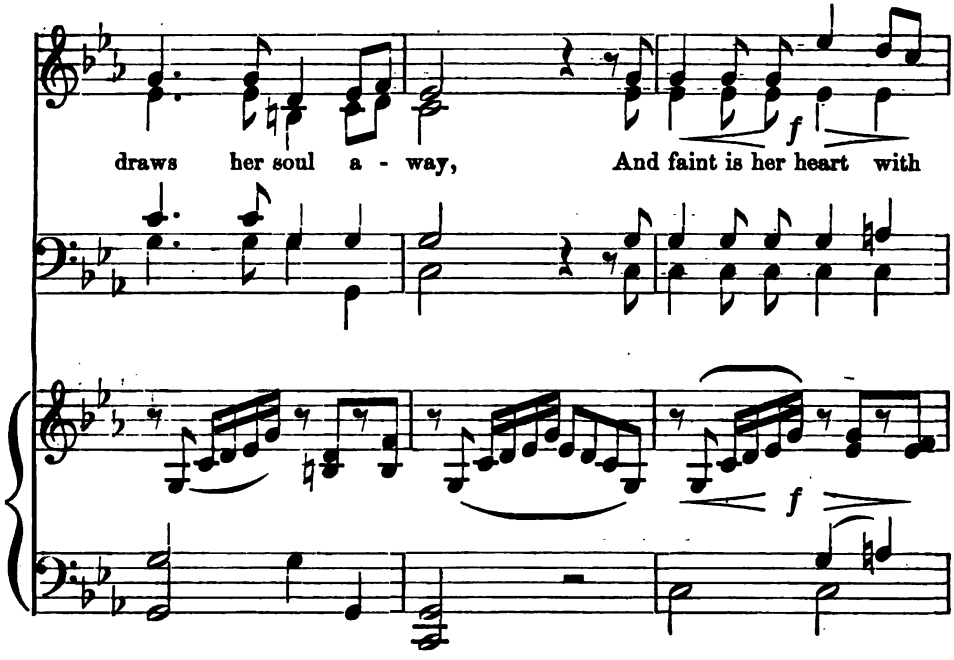

ma - ris, A - ve Ma - ri - a, ...

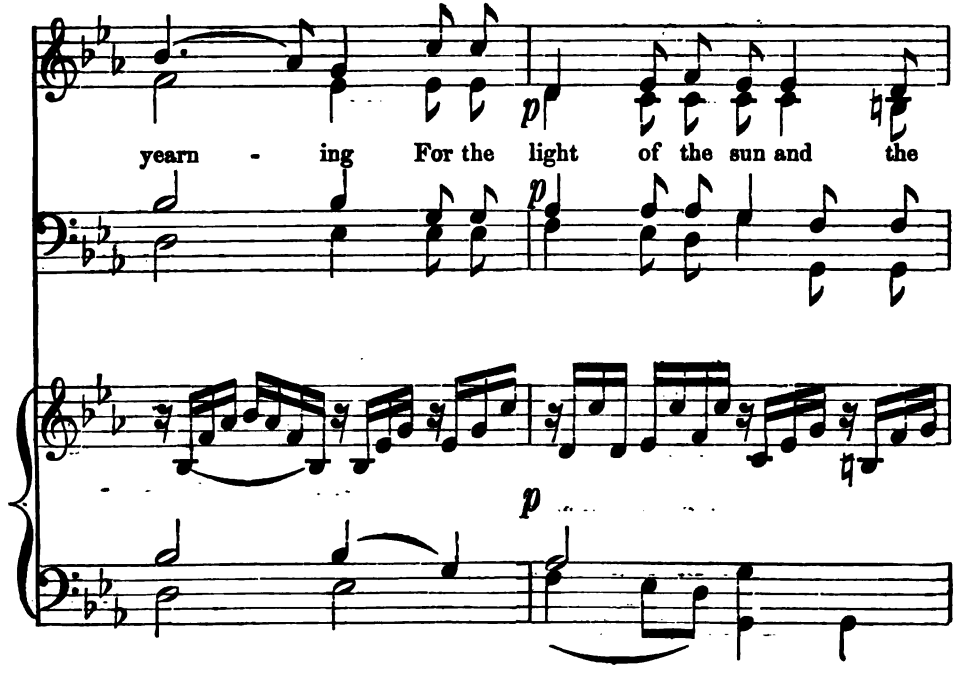

A - ve, A - ve Ma -

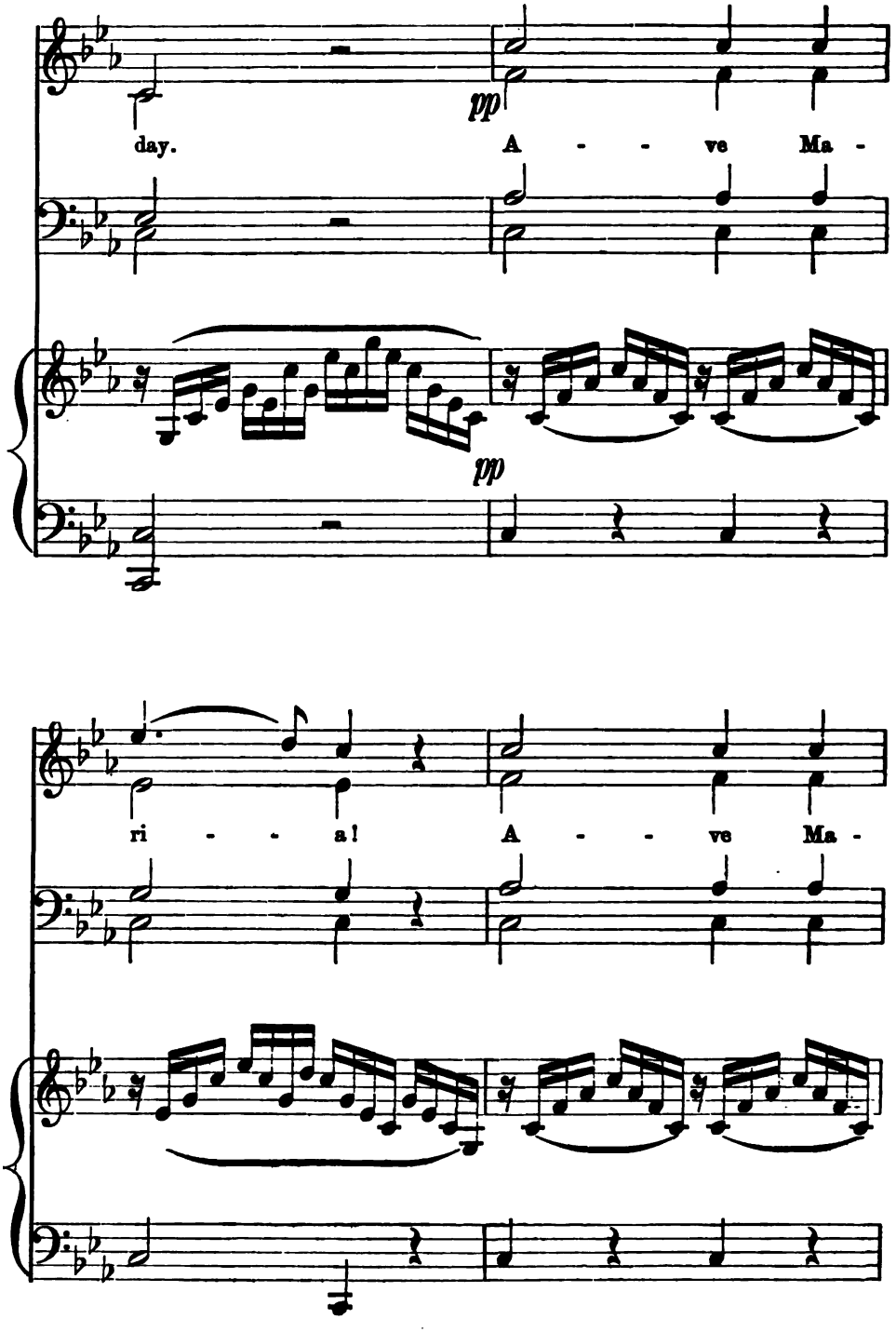

ri - a, Stel - la ma - ris.


A - ve, A - ve Ma - ri -
p


- - - - a.
Yet
p
ev - er and ev - er re - turn - ing, It


draws her soul a - way, And faint is her heart with
f
f


yearn - ing For the light of the sun and the
p
p
p


pp
day. A - - ve Ma -
pp
ri - - a! A - - ve Ma -

ri - - al

cres. *dim.* *p*

THE CITY OF THE SEA.

Moderato.

J. EICHBERG.
Written for this book.

p

Vast and de-sert-ed, the o-cean A lone-ly vig-il keeps;

mf *p*

Vast and de-sert-ed, the o-cean A lone-ly vig-il keeps;

mf *p*

dim. 1

Un - der its bound- less fath - oms, A cit - y of si - lence sleeps.

Un - der its bound- less fath - oms, A cit - y of si - lence sleeps.

dim.

2 *mp*

sleeps. When midnight comes, at her sum - mons The might-y floods di -

mp

sleeps. When midnight comes, at her sum - mons The might-y floods di -

mp

When midnight comes, at her sum - mons The

cres.

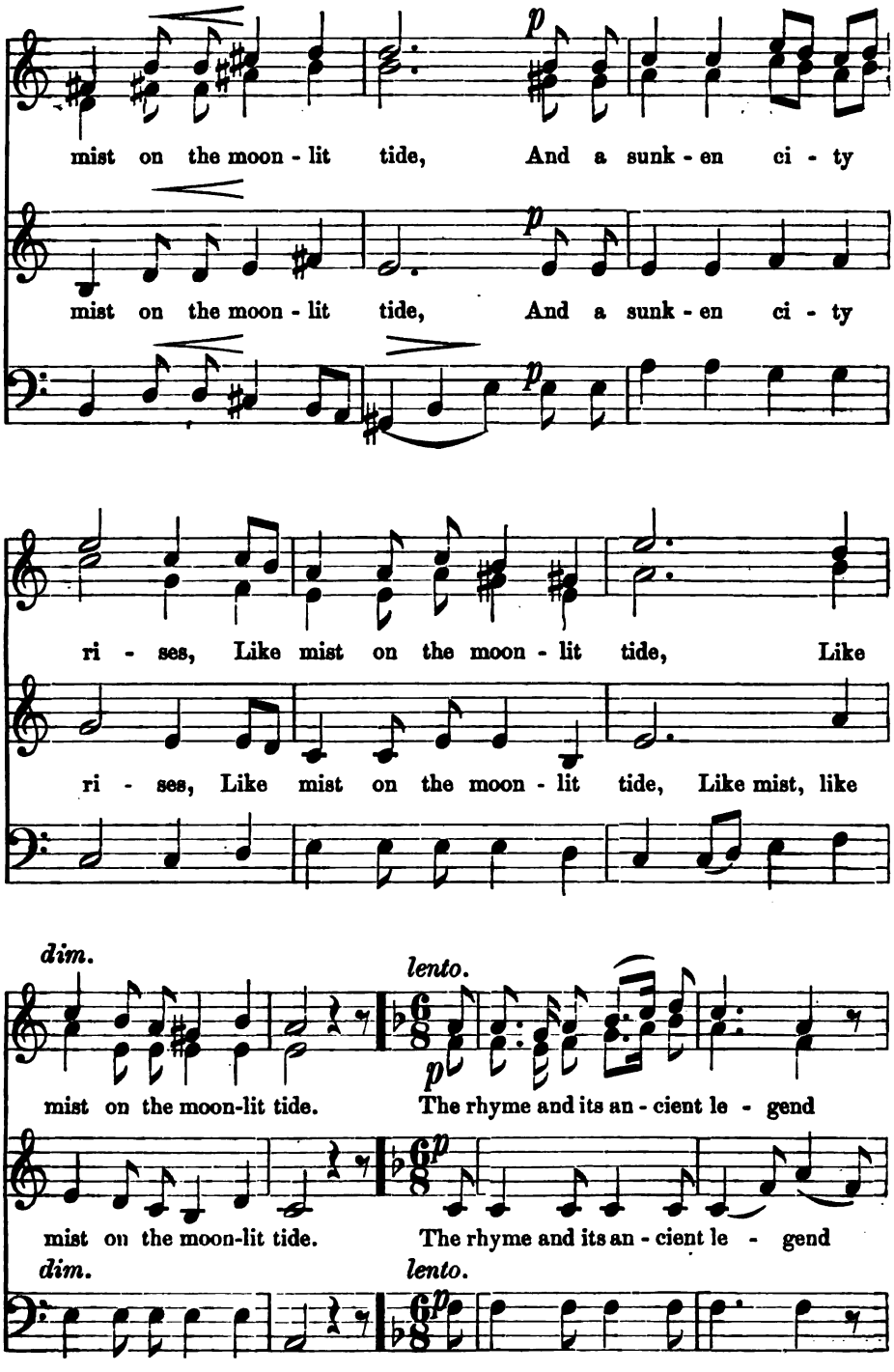
vide, And a sunk - en cit - y ris - es Like

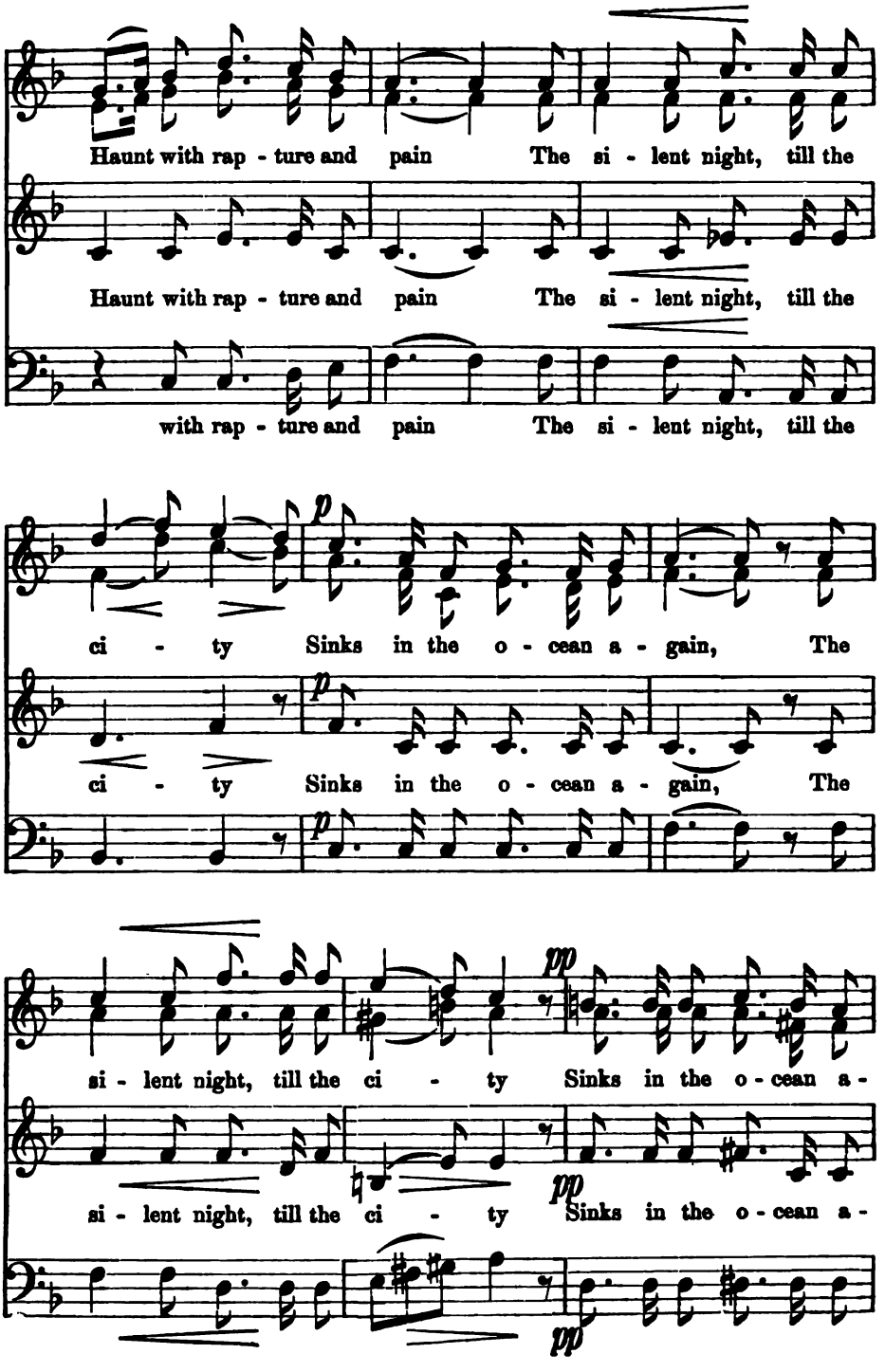
cres.

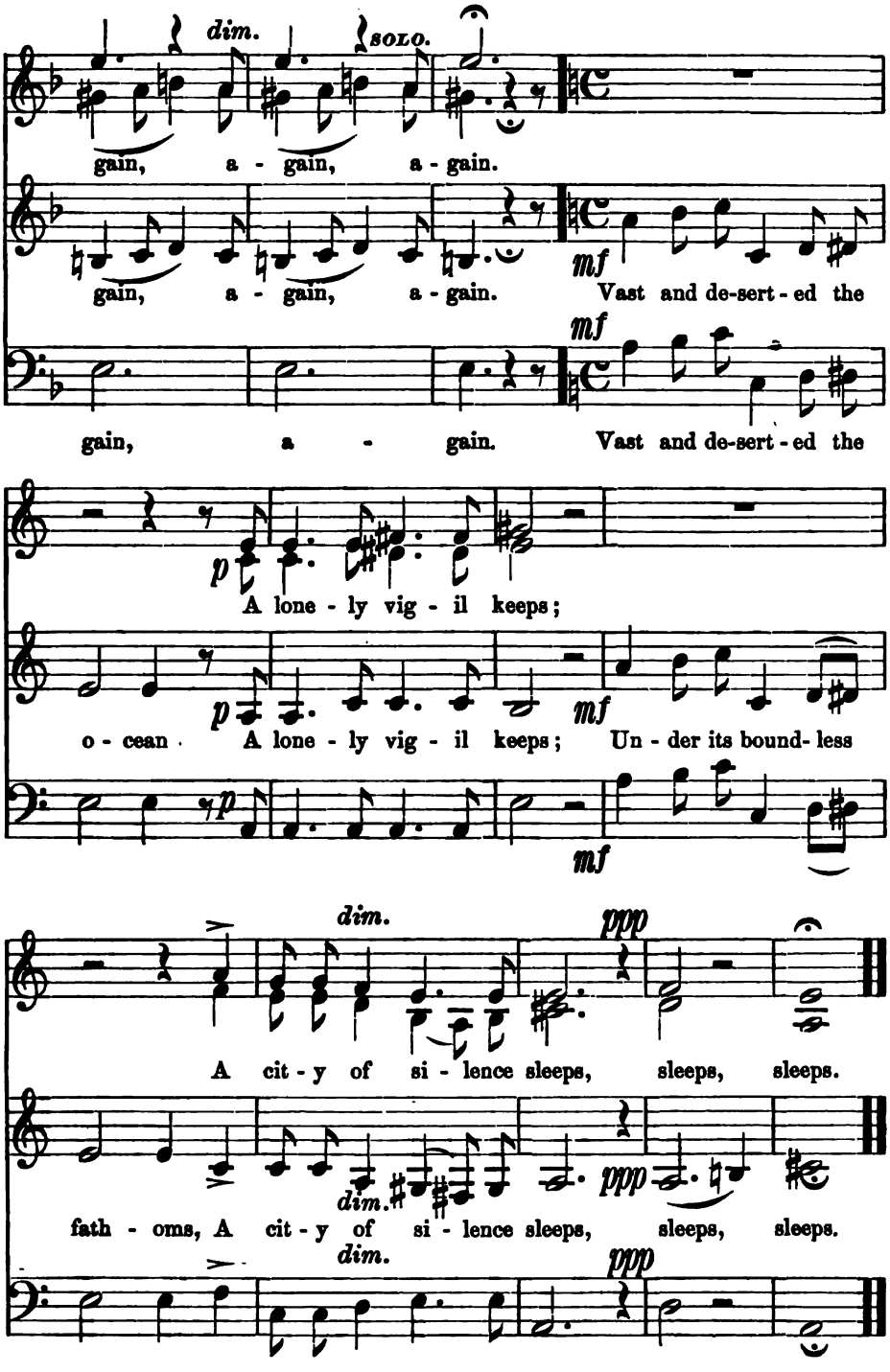
vide, And a sunk - en cit - y ris - es Like

cres.

might - y floods di - vide, And a sunk - en cit - y ris - es Like


p
mist on the moon - lit tide, And a sunk - en ci - ty
p
mist on the moon - lit tide, And a sunk - en ci - ty
p
ri - ses, Like mist on the moon - lit tide, Like
ri - ses, Like mist on the moon - lit tide, Like mist, like
dim.
lento.
p
mist on the moon-lit tide. The rhyme and its an - cient le - gend
p
mist on the moon-lit tide. The rhyme and its an - cient le - gend
dim.
lento.
p


Haunt with rap - ture and pain The si - lent night, till the
Haunt with rap - ture and pain The si - lent night, till the
with rap - ture and pain The si - lent night, till the
ci - ty Sinks in the o - cean a - gain, The
ci - ty Sinks in the o - cean a - gain, The
si - lent night, till the ci - ty Sinks in the o - cean a -
si - lent night, till the ci - ty Sinks in the o - cean a -


dim.
SOLO.
gain, a - gain, a - gain.
gain, a - gain, a - gain. Vast and de-sert - ed the
mf
gain, a - gain. Vast and de-sert - ed the
p
A lone - ly vig - il keeps;
o - cean A lone - ly vig - il keeps; Un - der its bound- less
mf
dim.
ppp
A cit - y of si - lence sleeps, sleeps, sleeps.
fath - oms, A cit - y of si - lence sleeps, sleeps, sleeps.

GALLANT HEARTS.

Allegretto energico.

f

1. Gallant hearts, all with pure love you're
2. Patriot souls, mount your steeds, all are

f

f

bound - ing, Onward press ye bravely forward to the fight; . . For
neigh - ing, Forward rush ye bravely onward to the field; . . Your

hearts and homes, for hon - or bright. Now the glo- rious sun breaks
coun - try calls, the foe must yield. Now the glo- rious cause high

through the shades of night, On to bat - tle, the clar-ion loud is
Heav'n it-self will shield, Giv-ing bles - sing to all hearts therein

sound - ing, Wait ye not, but fol - low on when dan - ger
stay - ing, Doubt ye not, but press ye on while Heav - en

ri - ses! Com- rades, come where the shot and shell sur -
steer - eth! Com- rades, press on, the brave soul nev - er

pri - ses, Sor-row reign-eth not when hon - or calls us there. Hon - or
fear - eth, Sword of God, him-self in - vin - ci - ble, ye wield. Hon - or

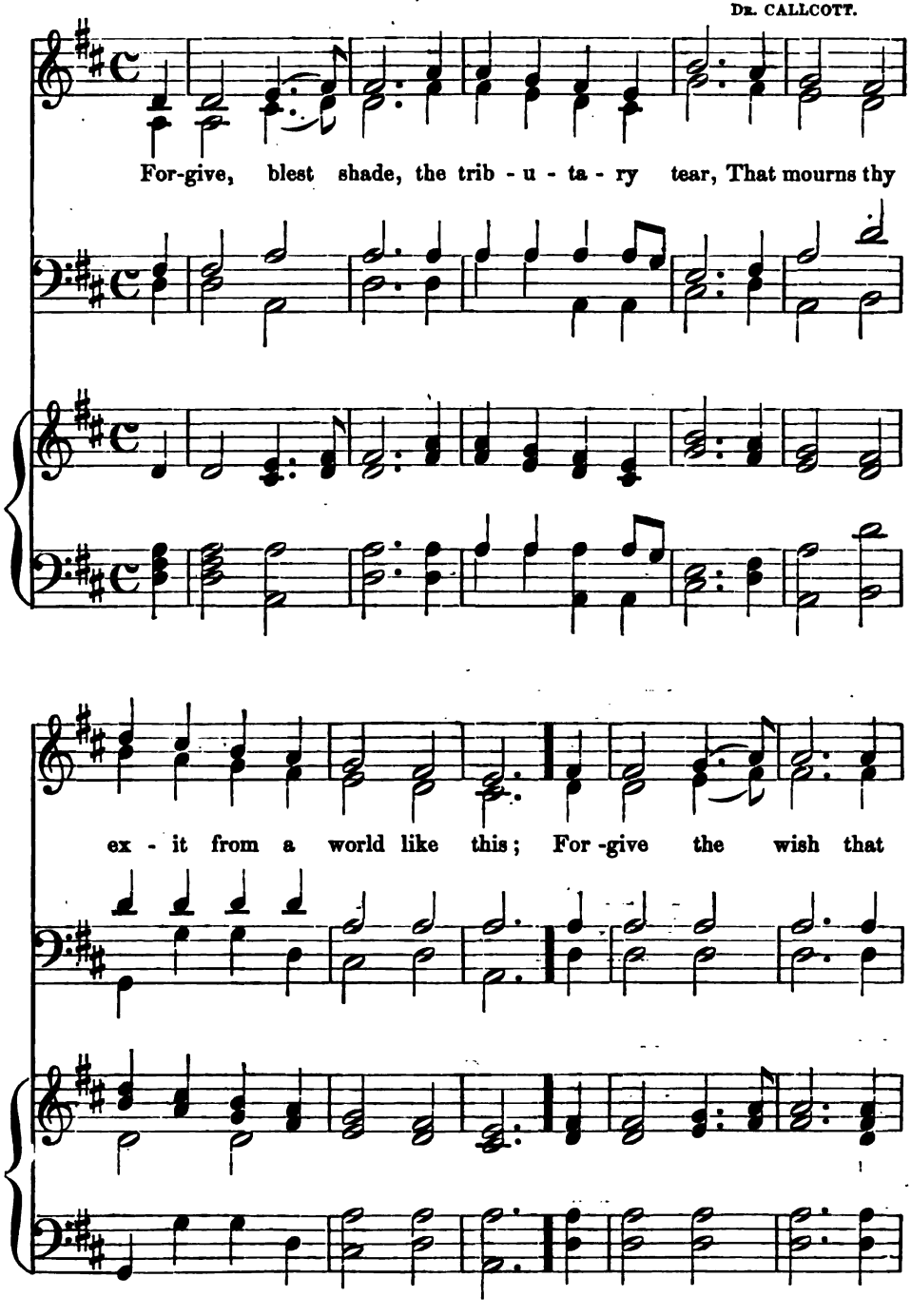
calls, calls us there, Hon-or calls, comrades, honor calls us

there, Hon - or calls, calls us there, Hon - or

calls, comrades, hon-or calls us there. . . . . .

FORGIVE, BLEST SHADE.

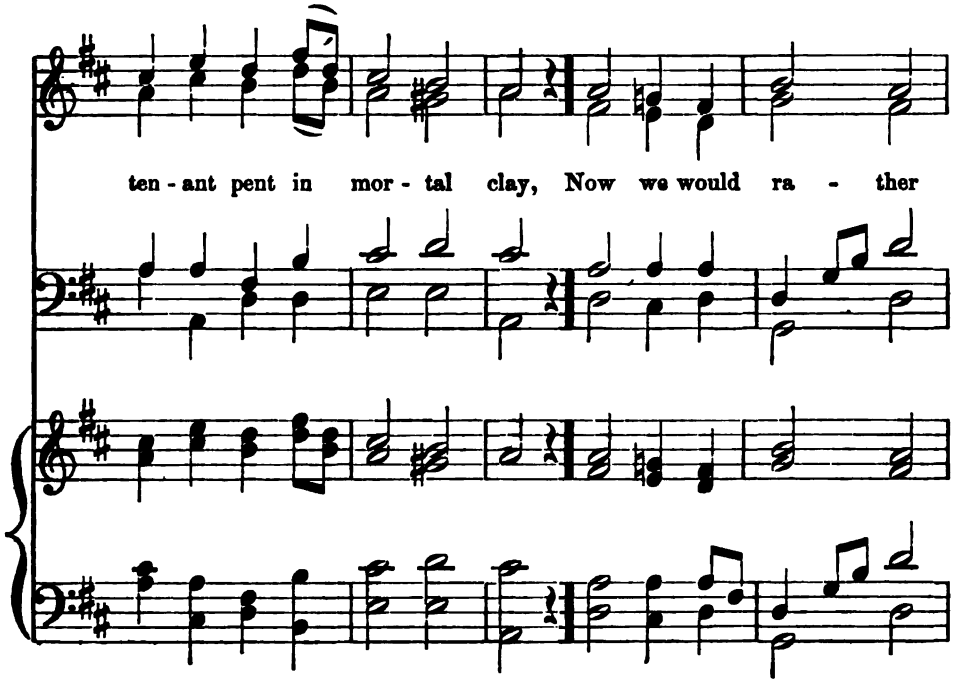
DR. CALLCOTT.

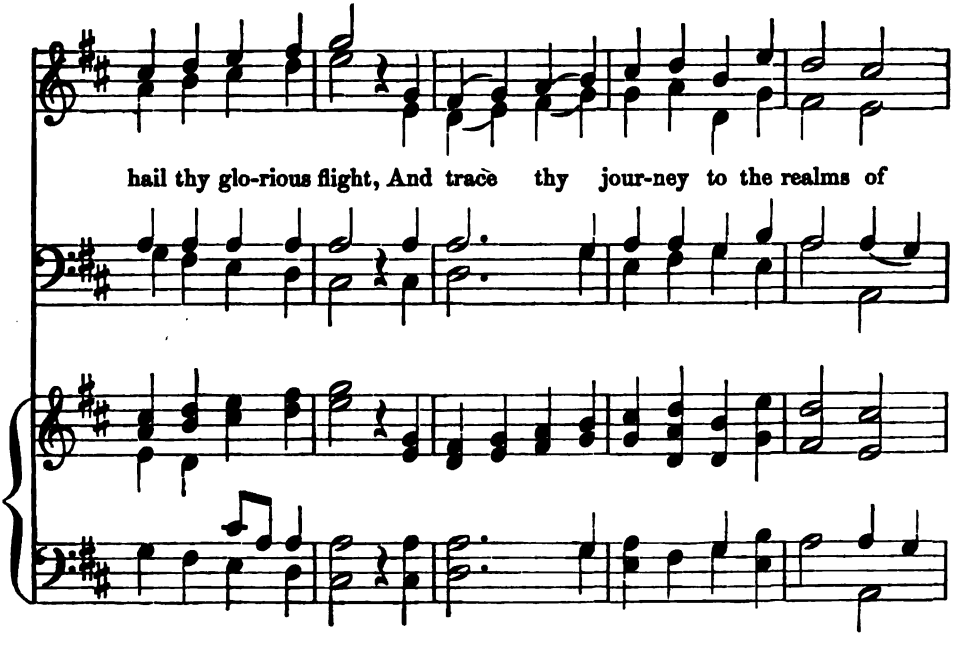


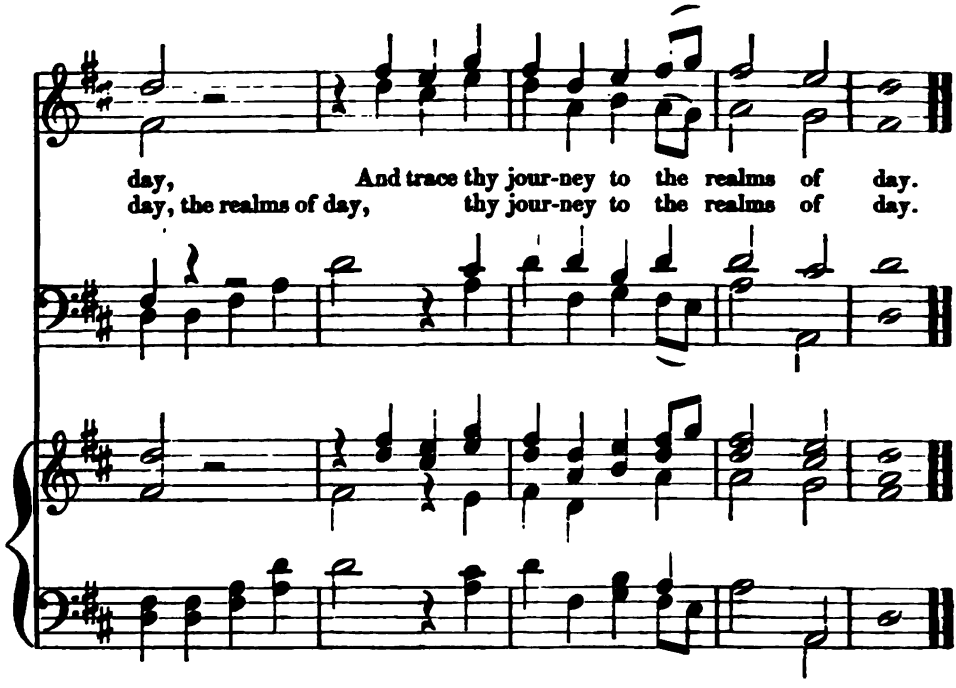
would have kept thee here, And stay'd thy progress to the seat of bliss.

No more con - fined to grov'-ling scenes of night, No more a

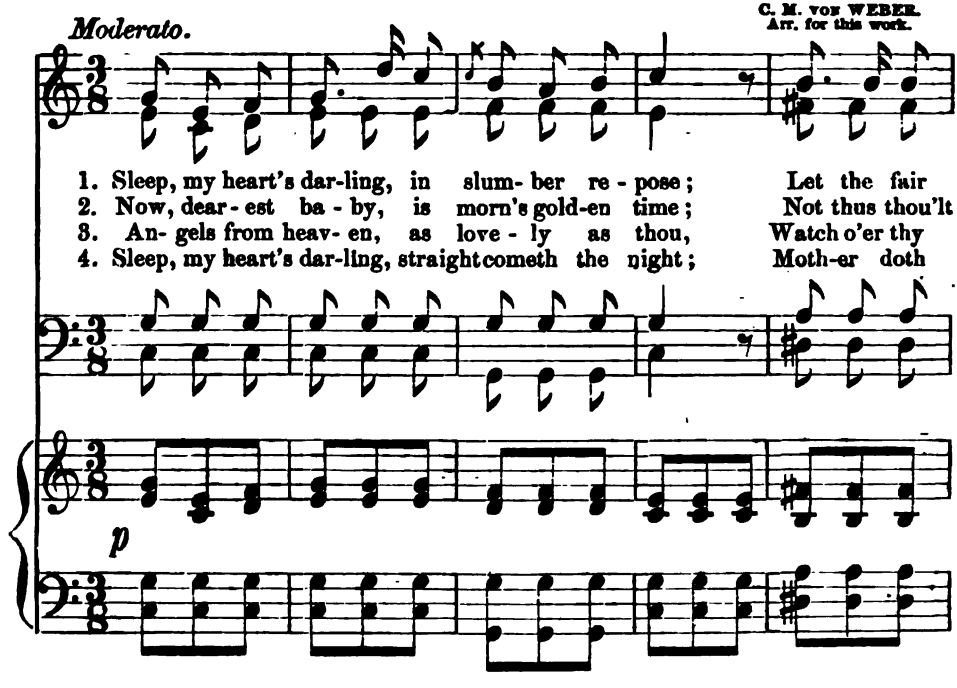
No more a

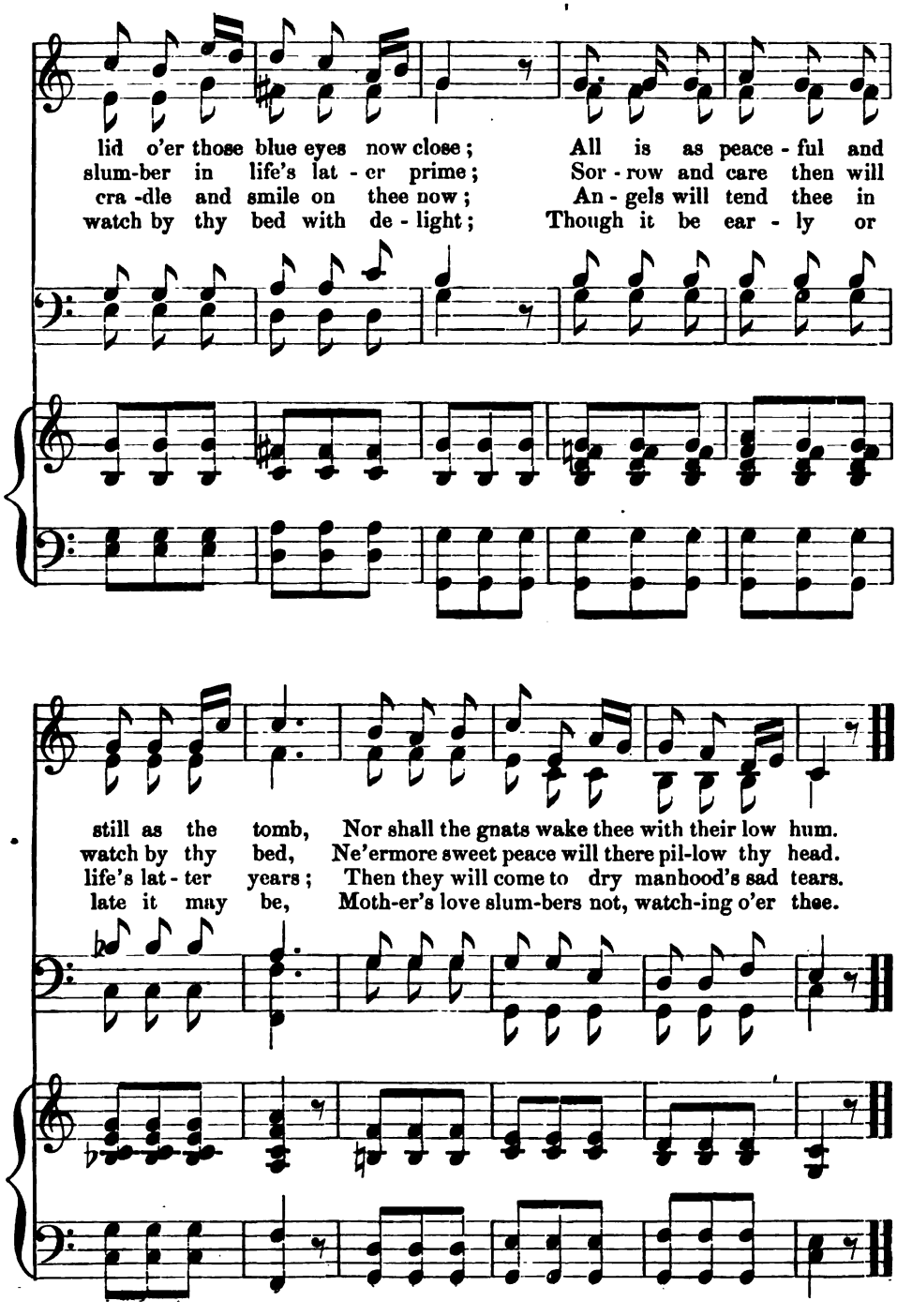

ten - ant pent in mor - tal clay, Now we would ra - ther


hail thy glo-rious flight, And trace thy jour-ney to the realms of


day, And trace thy jour-ney to the realms of day.
day, the realms of day, thy jour-ney to the realms of day.

CRADLE SONG.


Moderato.
C. M. VON WEBER.
Arr. for this work.
1. Sleep, my heart's dar-ling, in slum- ber re - pose; Let the fair
2. Now, dear - est ba - by, is morn's gold-en time; Not thus thou'lt
3. An- gels from heav- en, as love - ly as thou, Watch o'er thy
4. Sleep, my heart's dar-ling, straight cometh the night; Moth-er doth
p


lid o'er those blue eyes now close; All is as peace - ful and
slum-ber in life's lat - er prime; Sor - row and care then will
cra -dle and smile on thee now; An - gels will tend thee in
watch by thy bed with de - light; Though it be ear - ly or
still as the tomb, Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.
watch by thy bed, Ne'ermore sweet peace will there pil-low thy head.
life's lat - ter years; Then they will come to dry manhood's sad tears.
late it may be, Moth-er's love slum-bers not, watch-ing o'er thee.

TO THEE, OUR GOD, WE CALL.

Andantino.

ROSSINI.

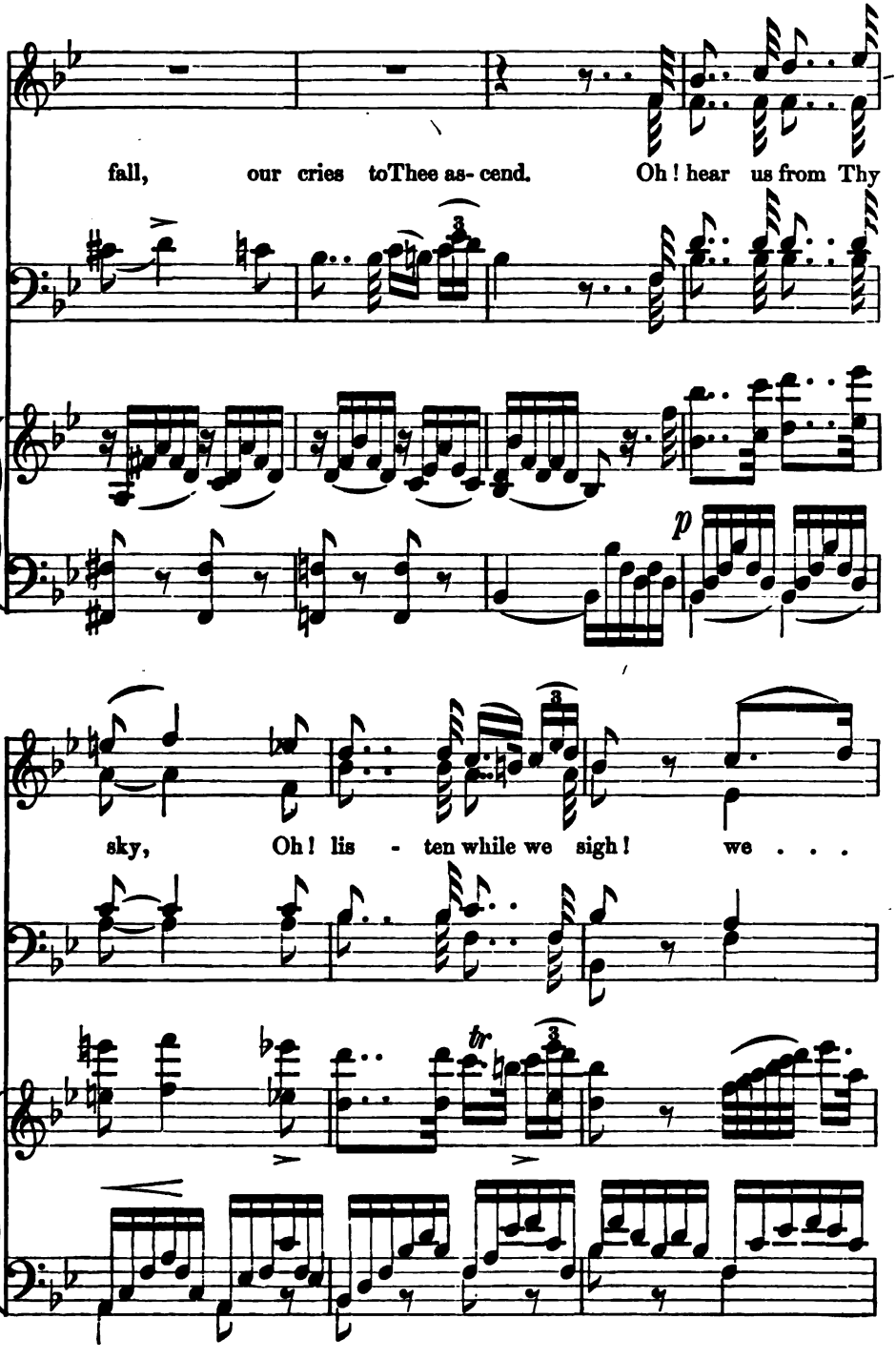
p *ff* *p*

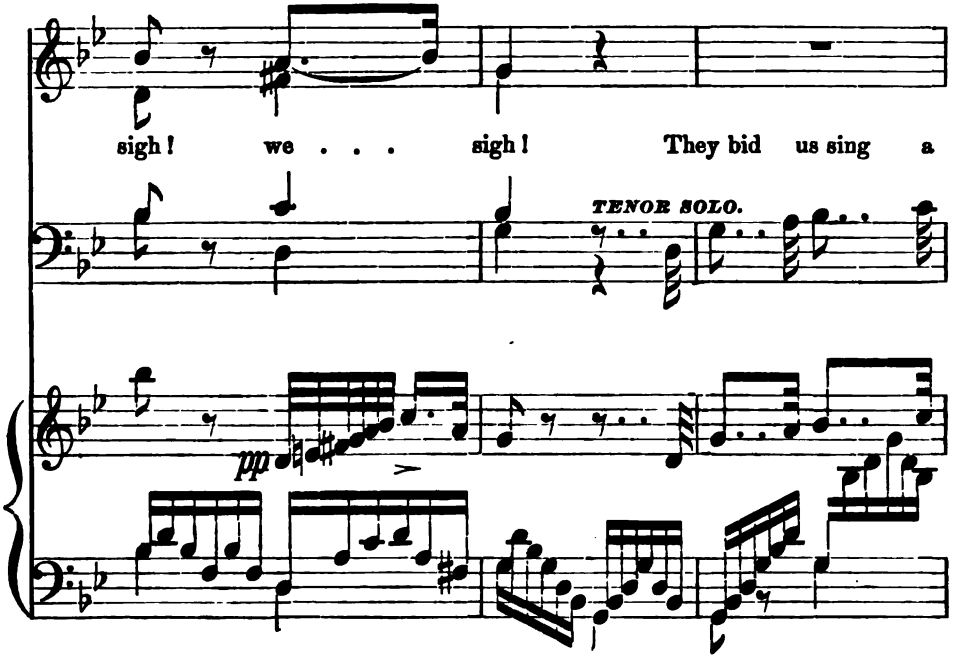
BASS SOLO.

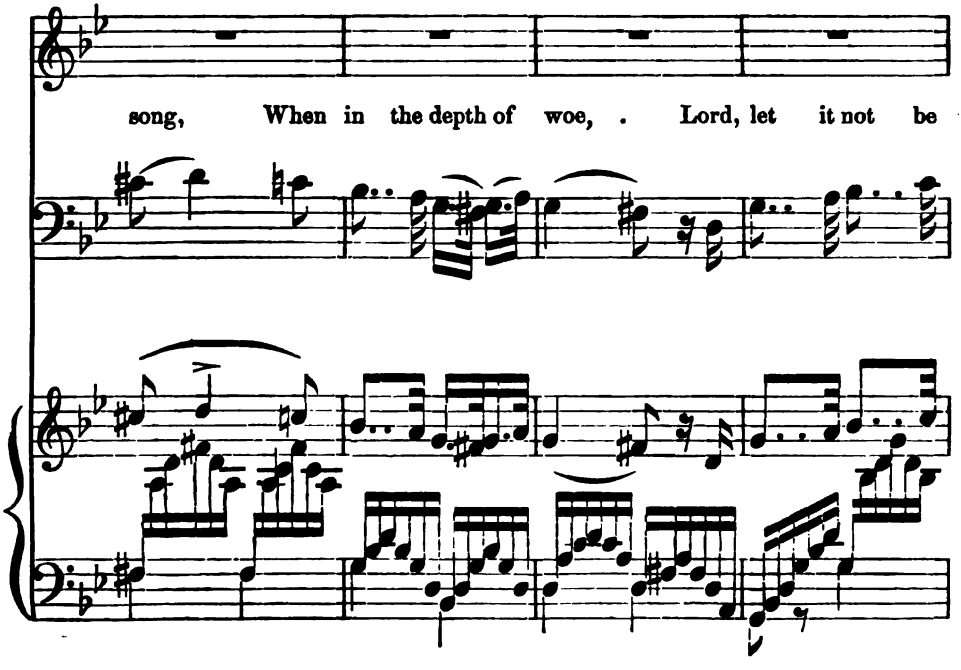
To Thee, our God, we

cres.

call, Who rules o er sea and land, . . Thy chil-dren pros-trate


fall, our cries toThee as- cend. Oh! hear us from Thy
p
sky, Oh! lis - ten while we sigh! we . . .
tr


sigh! we . . . sigh! They bid us sing a
TENOR SOLO.
pp


song, When in the depth of woe, . Lord, let it not be

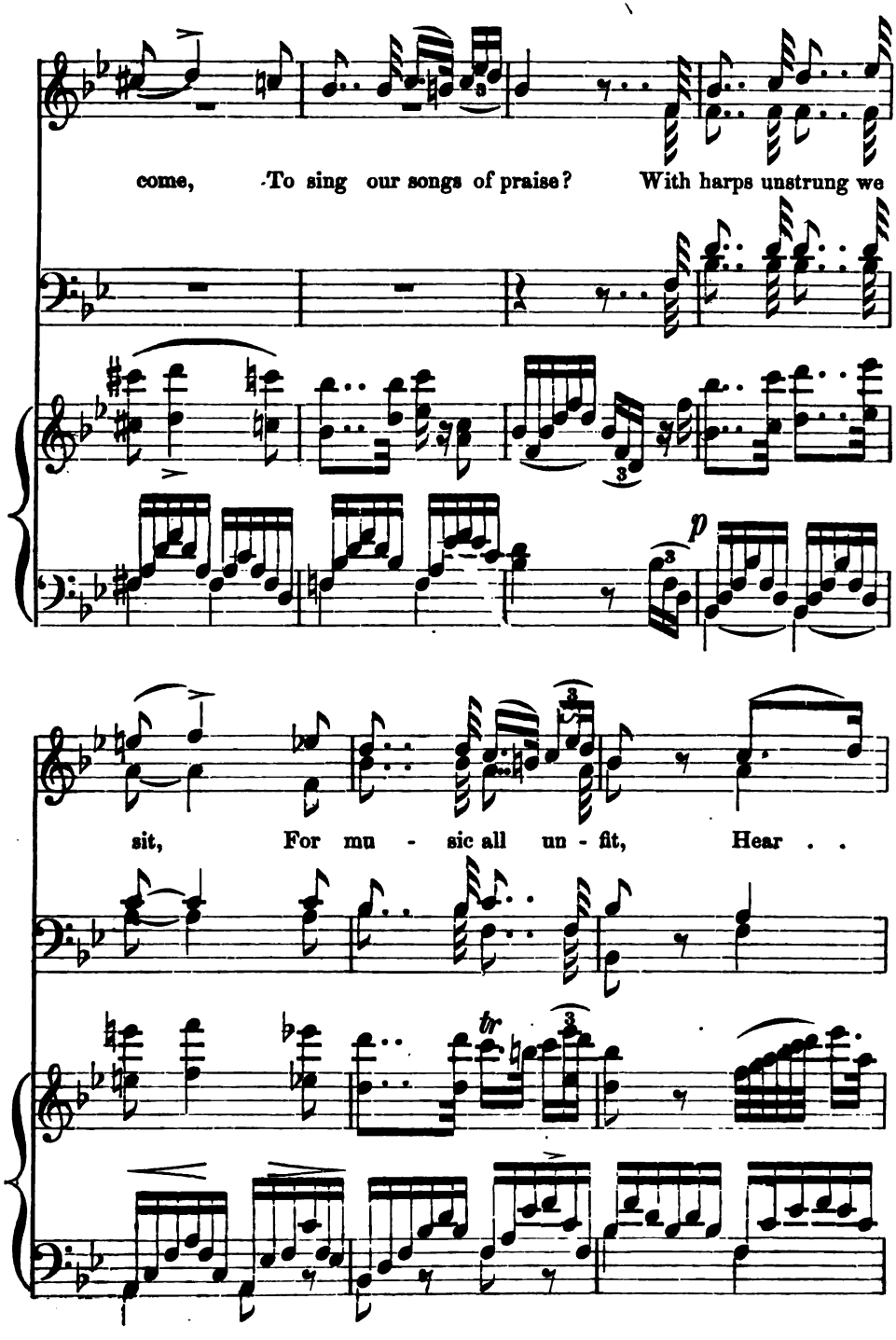
long, In sor-row's path to go. We mourn our coun - try

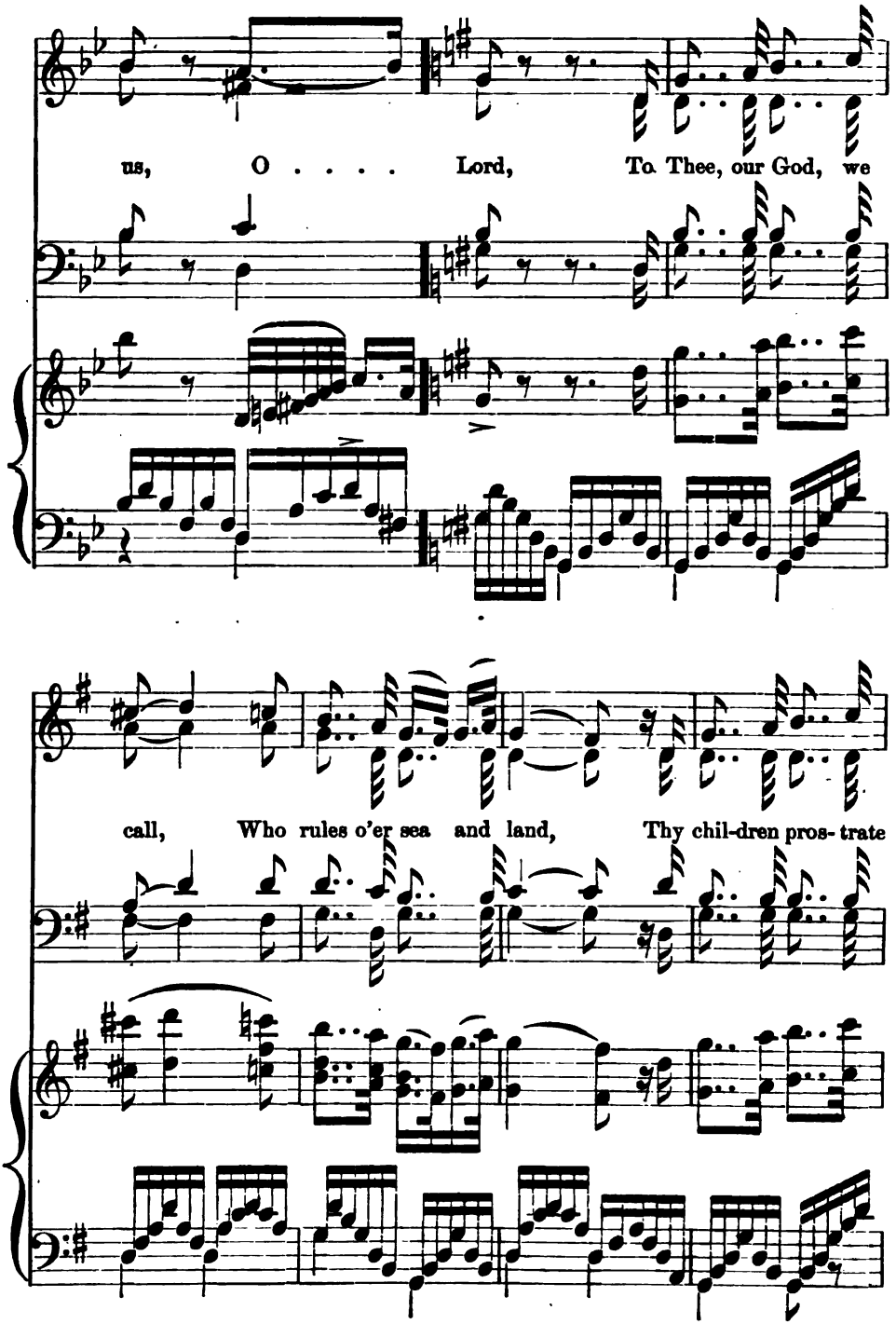
lost, Shall ev - er we re - turn, re -

turn, re - - turn? We leave our hap - py

pp

home, And all our joy - ful days. Will hap - pier ev - er


come, To sing our songs of praise? With harps unstrung we
p
sit, For mu - sic all un - fit, Hear . .
tr


us, O . . . . Lord, To Thee, our God, we
call, Who rules o'er sea and land, Thy chil-dren pros- trate

fall, Our cries to Thee as-cend! hear

p

our cries to Thee ascend! our cries to Thee ascend!

-us! hear us! hear us! A - men!

p

f *p* *ff*

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.

(ADESTE FIDELES.)

CHRISTMAS HYMN for Four Voices.

V. NOVELLO.
Arr. for this work.

SOPRANO SOLO.

O come, all ye faith - ful, En - ter now the tem - ple Which

p

♩ = 96.

here our great God has made for all who Him serve;

Raise we our voi - ces, Joy - ful in thanks - giv - ing, With

cheer- ful ad - o - ra - tion, With cheer- ful ad - o - ra - tion, With

cheer-ful ad - o - ra - tion, Thus praise we the Lord.

8ves.

TUTTI.

SOLO.

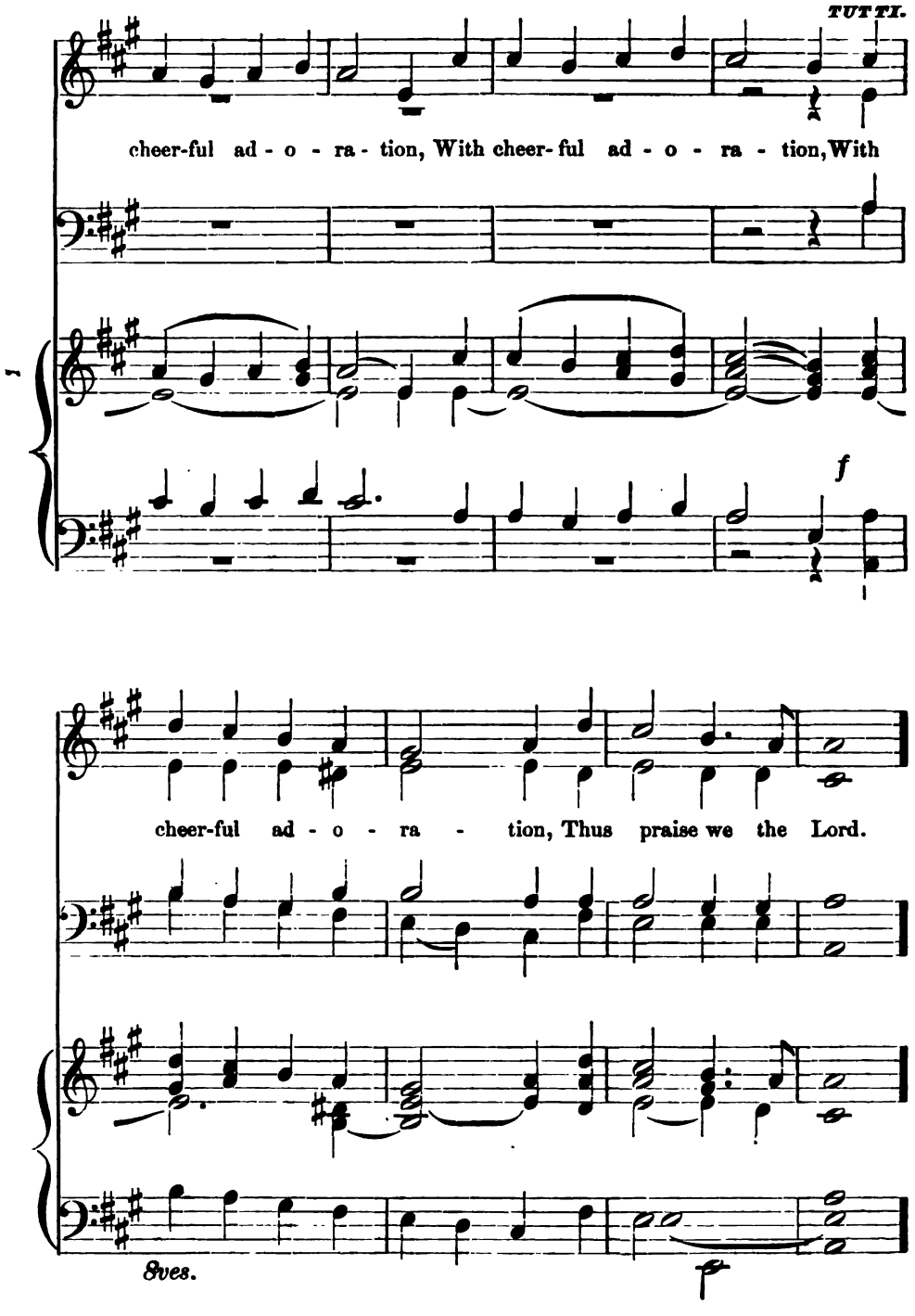
f

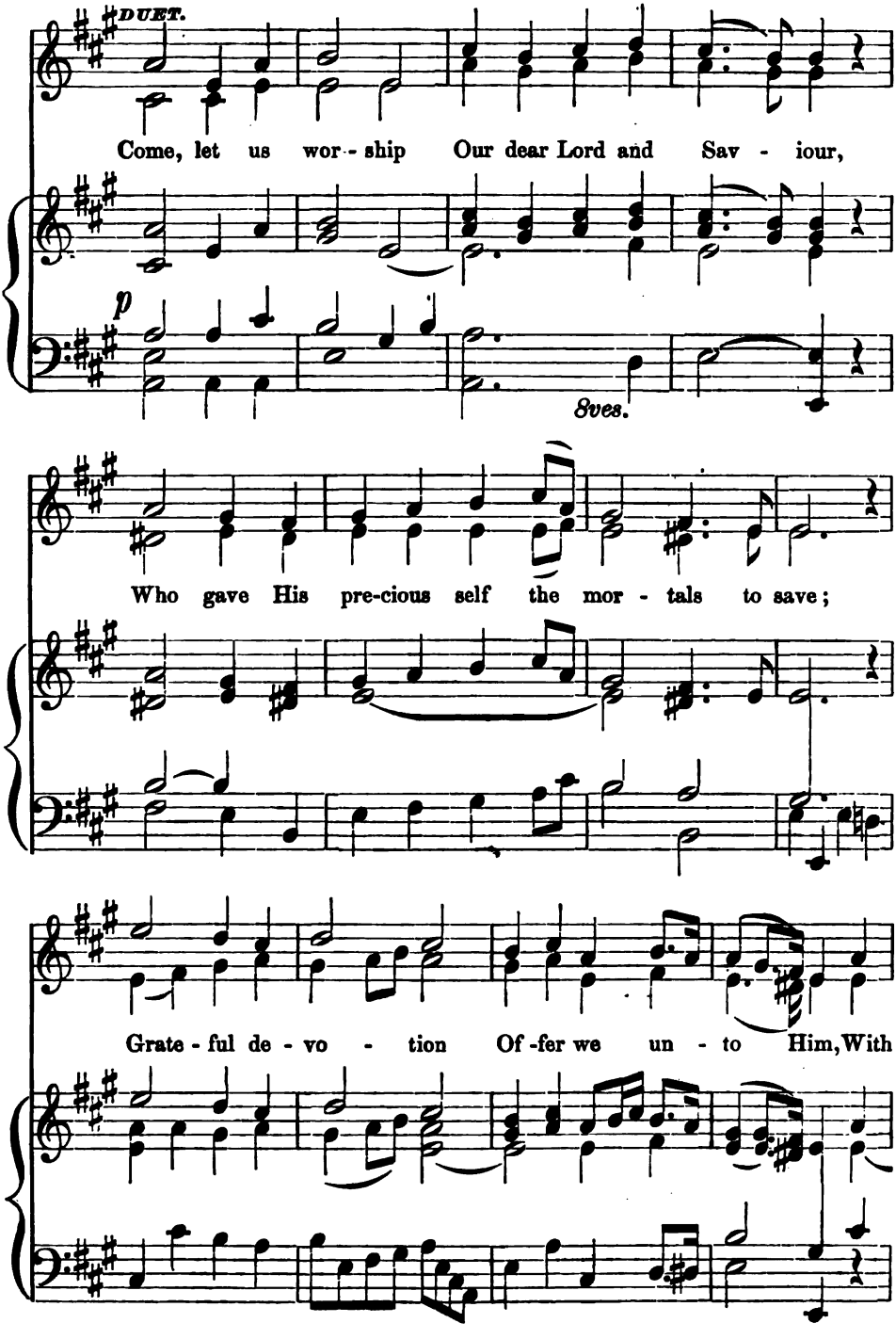
Raise we our voi - ces, joy - ful in thanks - giv - ing, With

f

p

8ves.


TUTTI.
cheer-ful ad - o - ra - tion, With cheer- ful ad - o - ra - tion, With
f
cheer-ful ad - o - ra - tion, Thus praise we the Lord.
8ves.


DUET.
Come, let us wor - ship Our dear Lord and Sav - iour,
p
8ves.
Who gave His pre-cious self the mor - tals to save;
Grate - ful de - vo - tion Of - fer we un - to Him, With

cheer-ful ad - o - ra - tion, With cheer-ful ad - o - ra - tion, With

8ves.

cheer-ful ad - o - ra - tion thus praise we the Lord.

TUTTI.

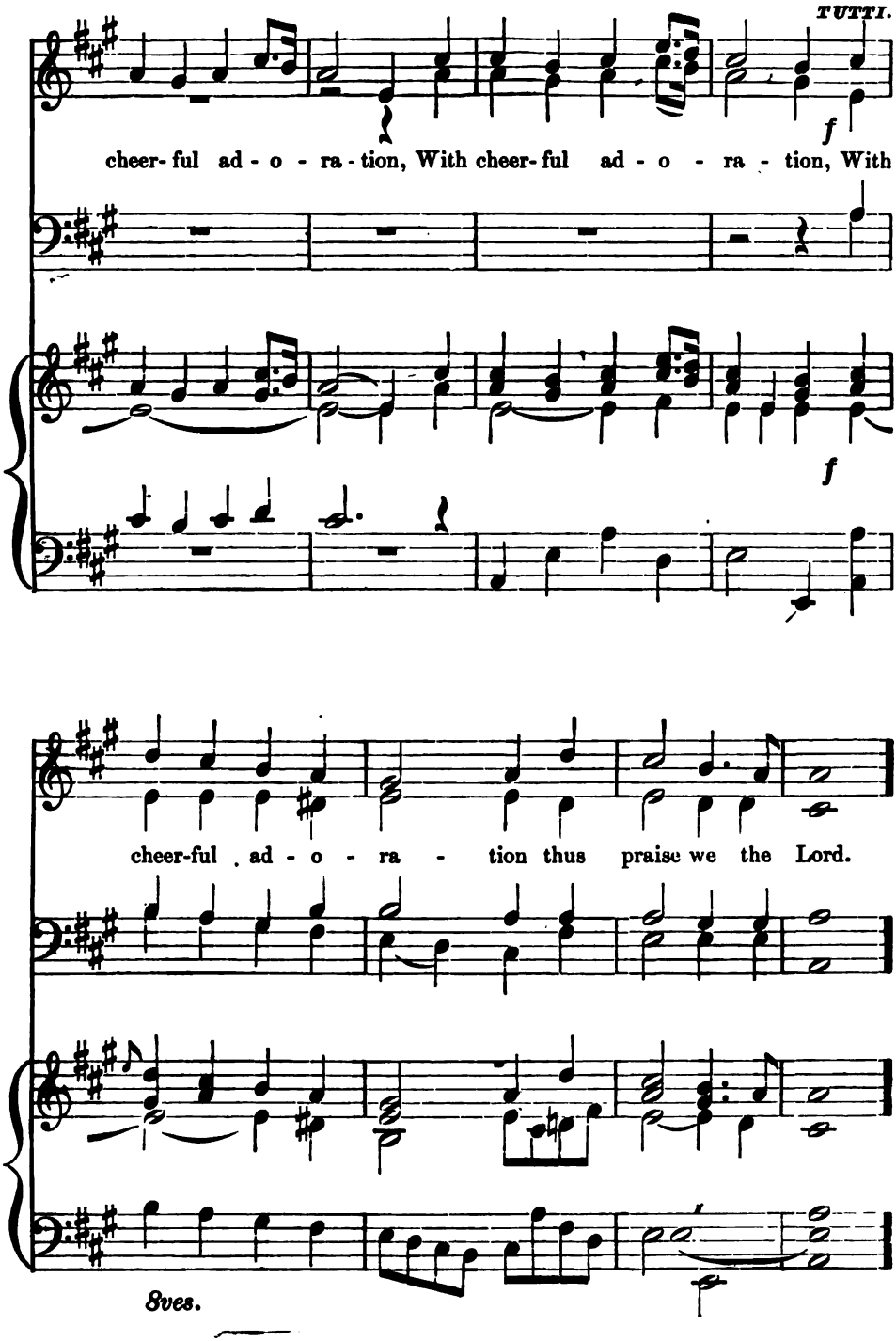
SOP. SOLO.

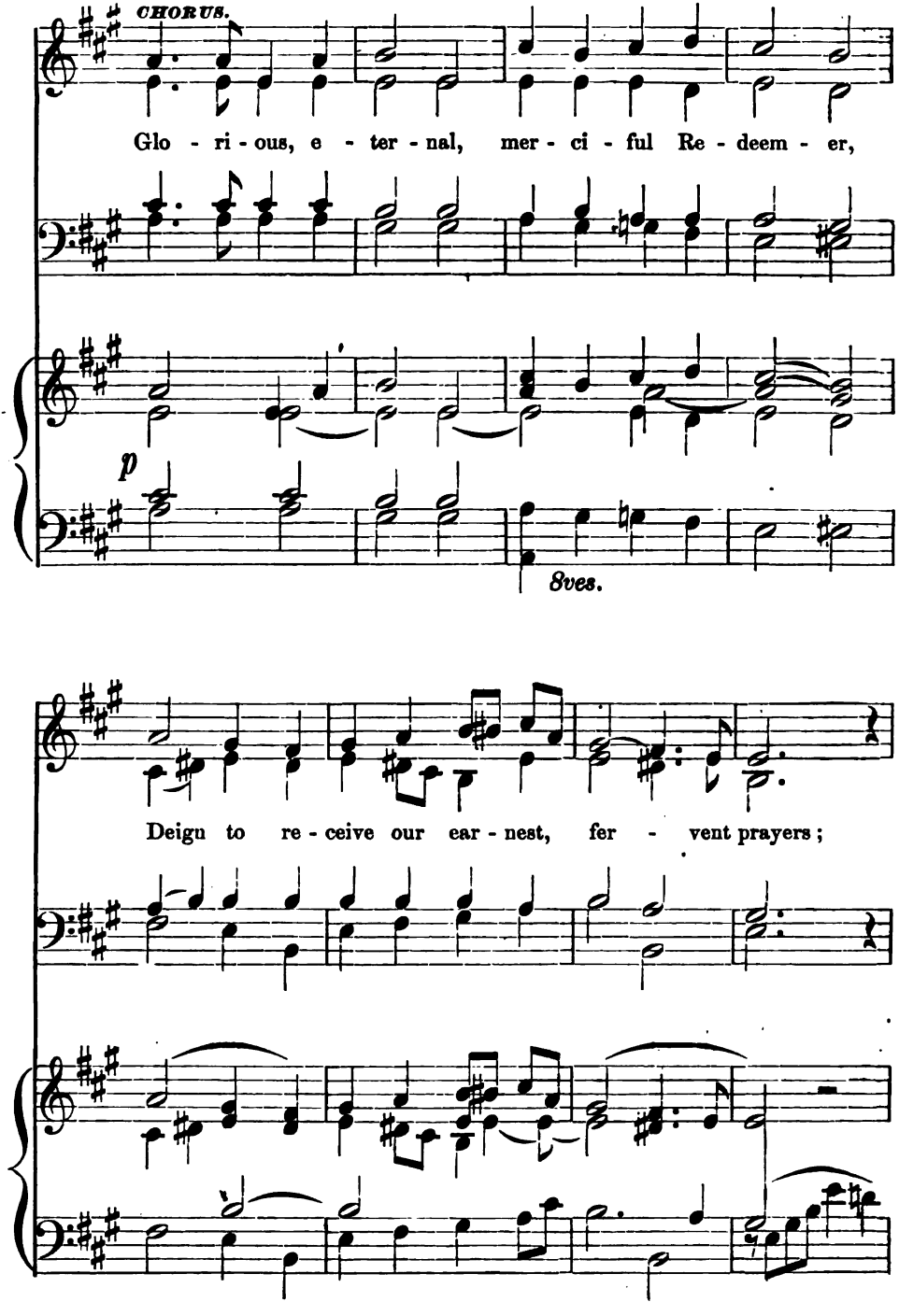
Grate - ful de - vo - tion of -fer we un - to Him; With

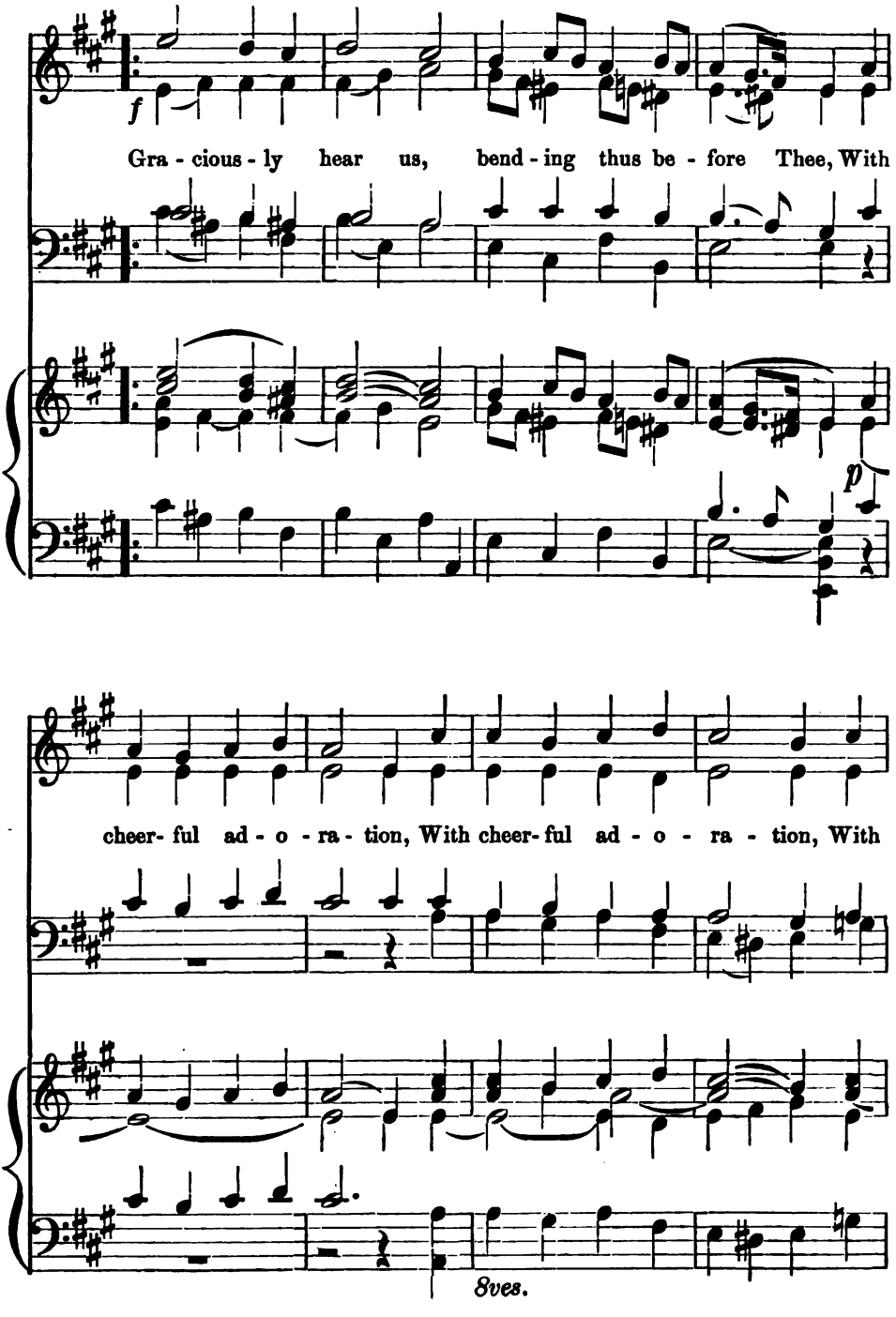
f

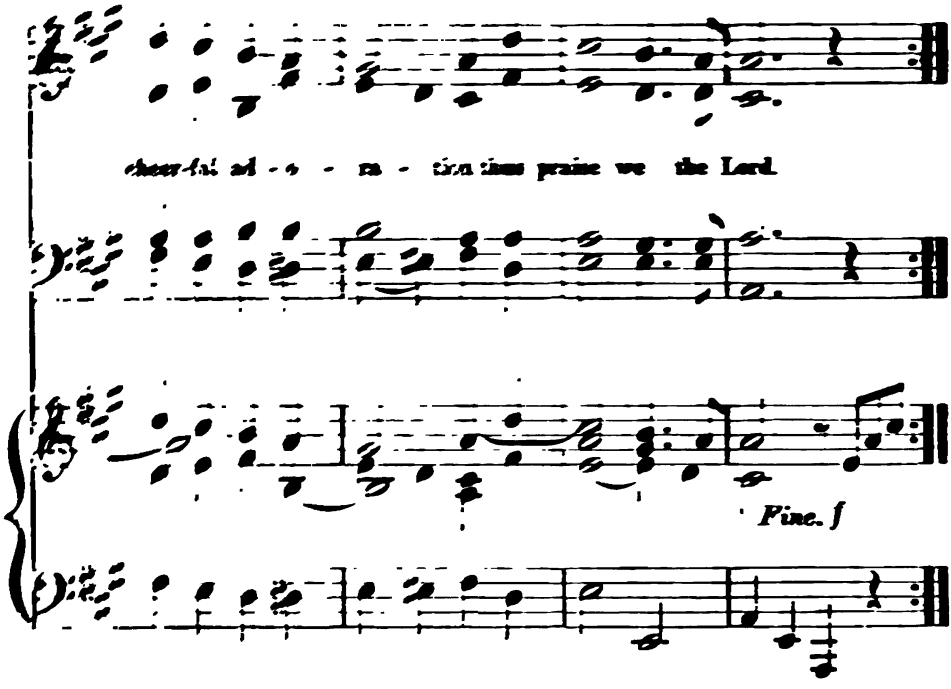
p

Ped. 8ves. 8ves.

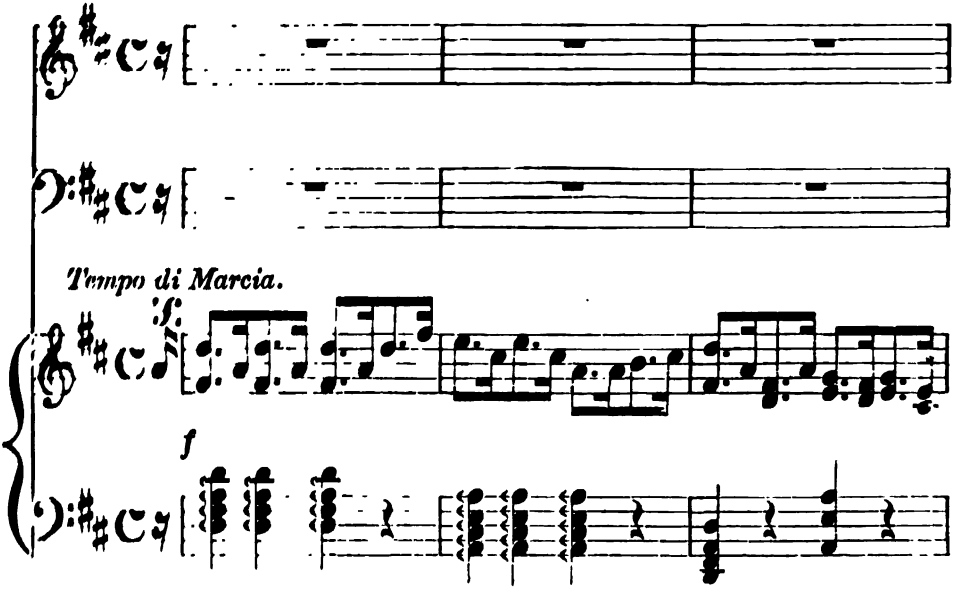

TUTTI.
f
cheer- ful ad - o - ra - tion, With cheer- ful ad - o - ra - tion, With
f
cheer-ful ad - o - ra - tion thus praise we the Lord.
8ves.


CHORUS.
Glo - ri - ous, e - ter - nal, mer - ci - ful Re - deem - er,
p
8ves.
Deign to re - ceive our ear - nest, fer - vent prayers;


f
Gra - cious - ly hear us, bend - ing thus be - fore Thee, With
p
cheer- ful ad - o - ra - tion, With cheer- ful ad - o - ra - tion, With
8ves.



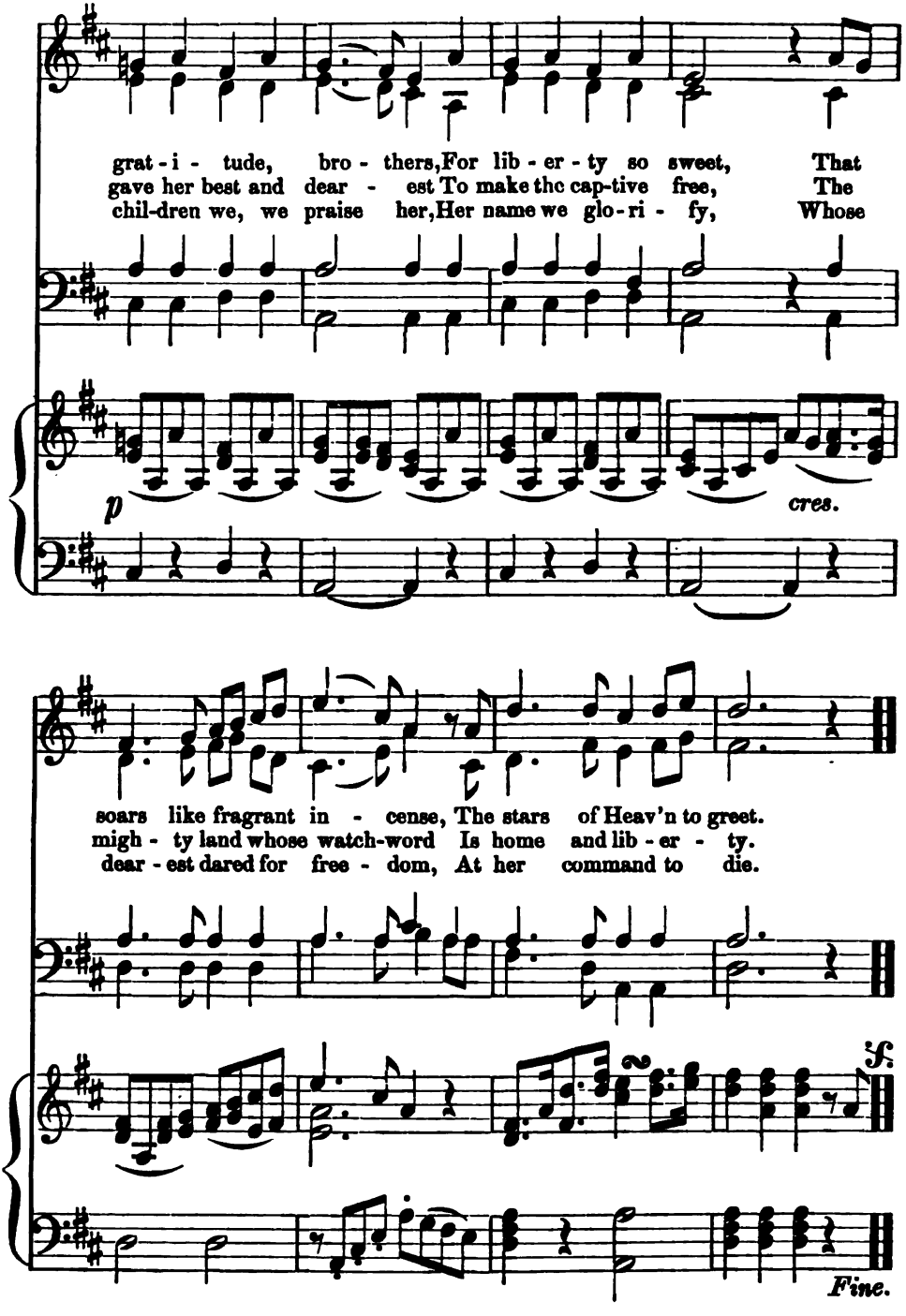
FRENCH PATRIOTIC SONG.



1. O al-ien brothers, who have felt The woe and weight of chains, From souls a-fire with lib - er- ty, Let there a-rise sweet strains Of
2. O al-ien brothers, who have felt The cap - tor's cru - el blow, Sink on your knees and praise her Who saved you from such woe; Who
3. Our brothers ye, for broth-ers all Are we of one great land, Like chil-dren at a moth-er's feet, So at her feet we stand; Like

mf

p


grat - i - tude, bro - thers, For lib - er - ty so sweet, That
gave her best and dear - est To make the cap-tive free, The
chil-dren we, we praise her, Her name we glo - ri - fy, Whose
p
cres.
soars like fragrant in - cense, The stars of Heav'n to greet.
migh - ty land whose watch-word Is home and lib - er - ty.
dear - est dared for free - dom, At her command to die.
f.
Fine.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON.

Andante cantabile.

Arranged for this book.

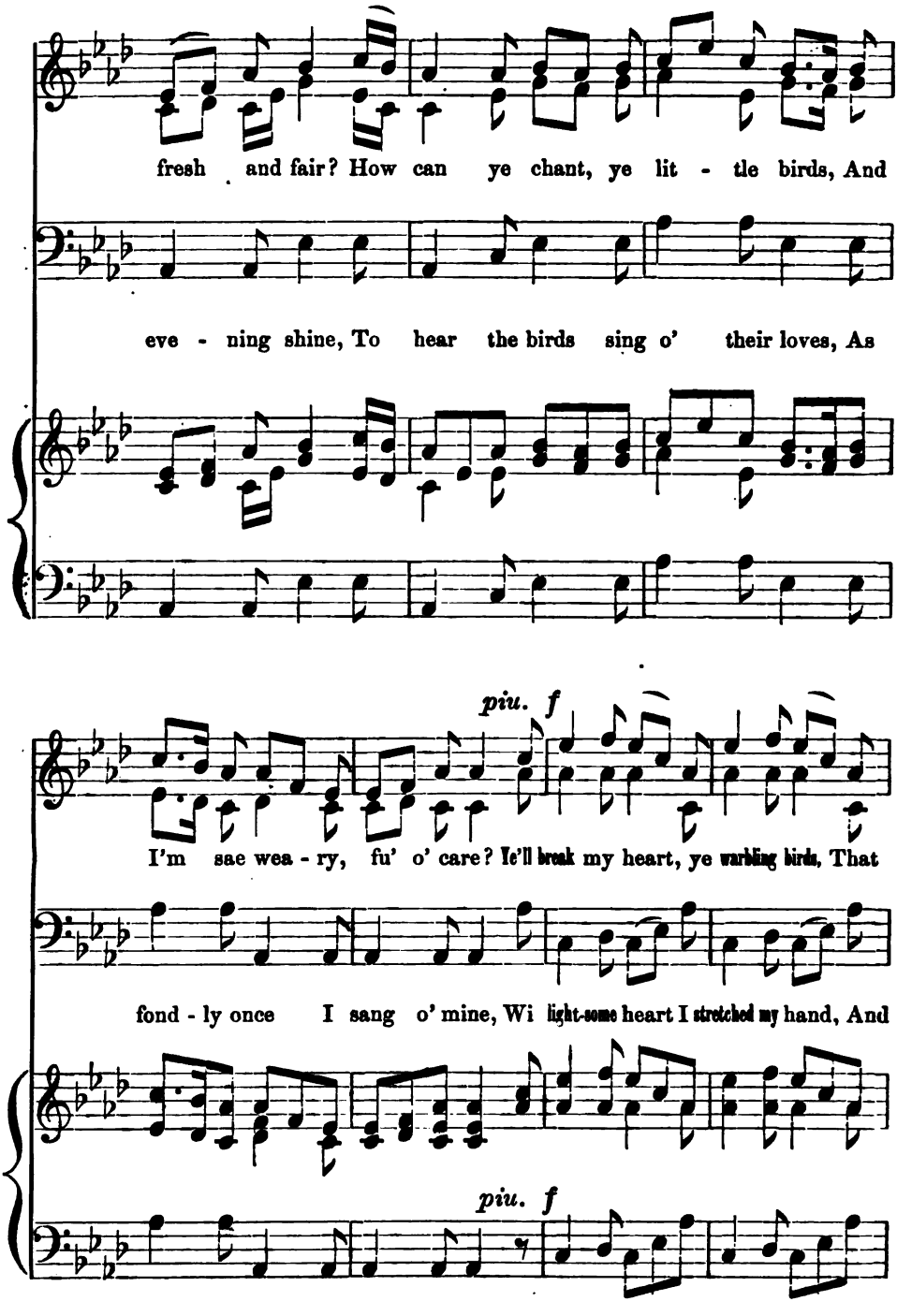
Fine.

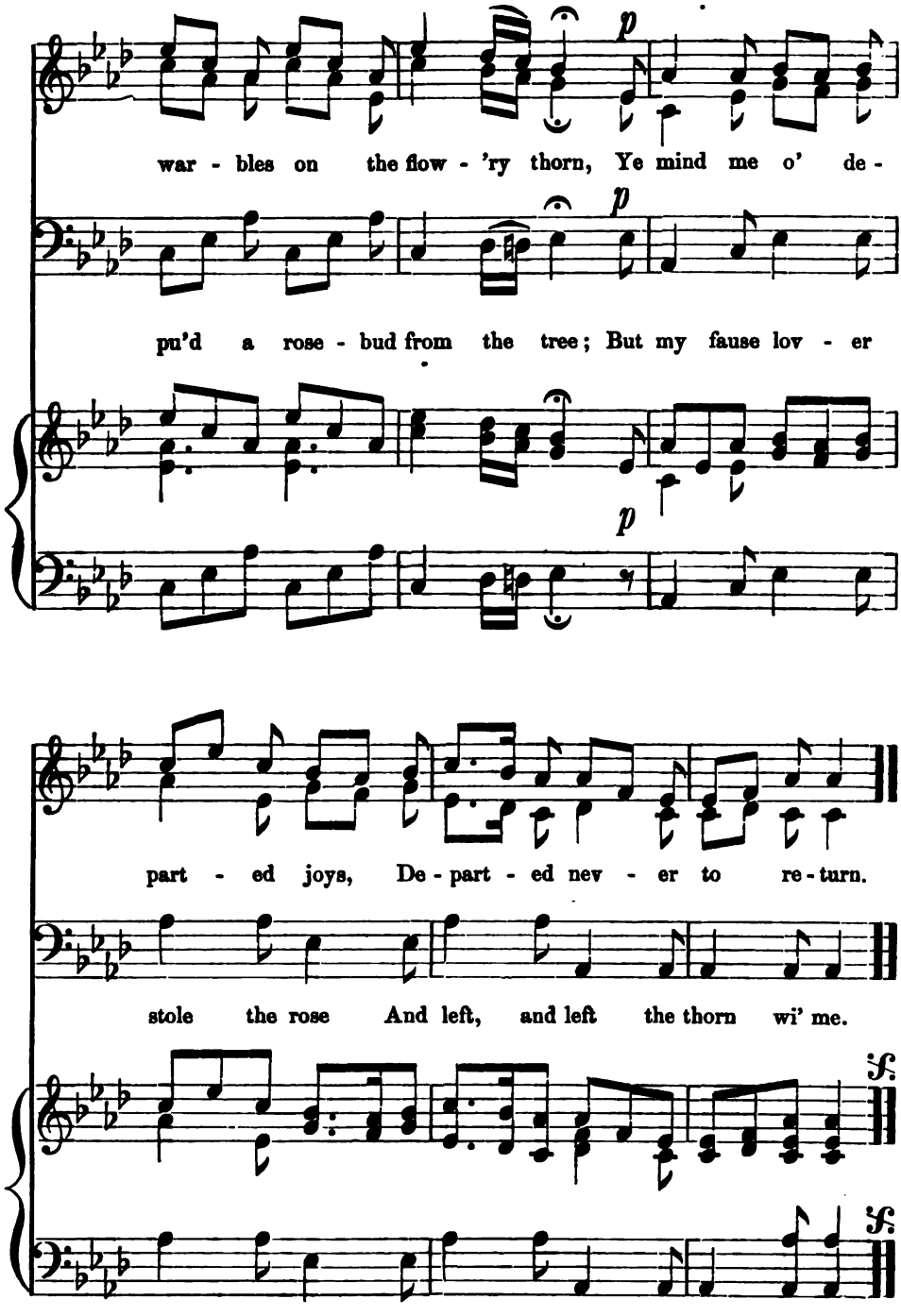
p *mf*

1. Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae

2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, By morn - ing and by

p legato.


fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And
eve - ning shine, To hear the birds sing o' their loves, As
piu. f
I'm sae wea - ry, fu' o' care? He'll break my heart, ye warbling birds, That
fond - ly once I sang o' mine, Wi light-some heart I stretched my hand, And
piu. f


p
war - bles on the flow - 'ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de -
p
pu'd a rose - bud from the tree; But my fause lov - er
p
part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
stole the rose And left, and left the thorn wi' me.
f.
f.

THE WINDS WHISTLE COLD.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Dolce.

The winds whis-tle cold, and the stars glim-mer

The winds whis-tle cold, and the stars glim-mer

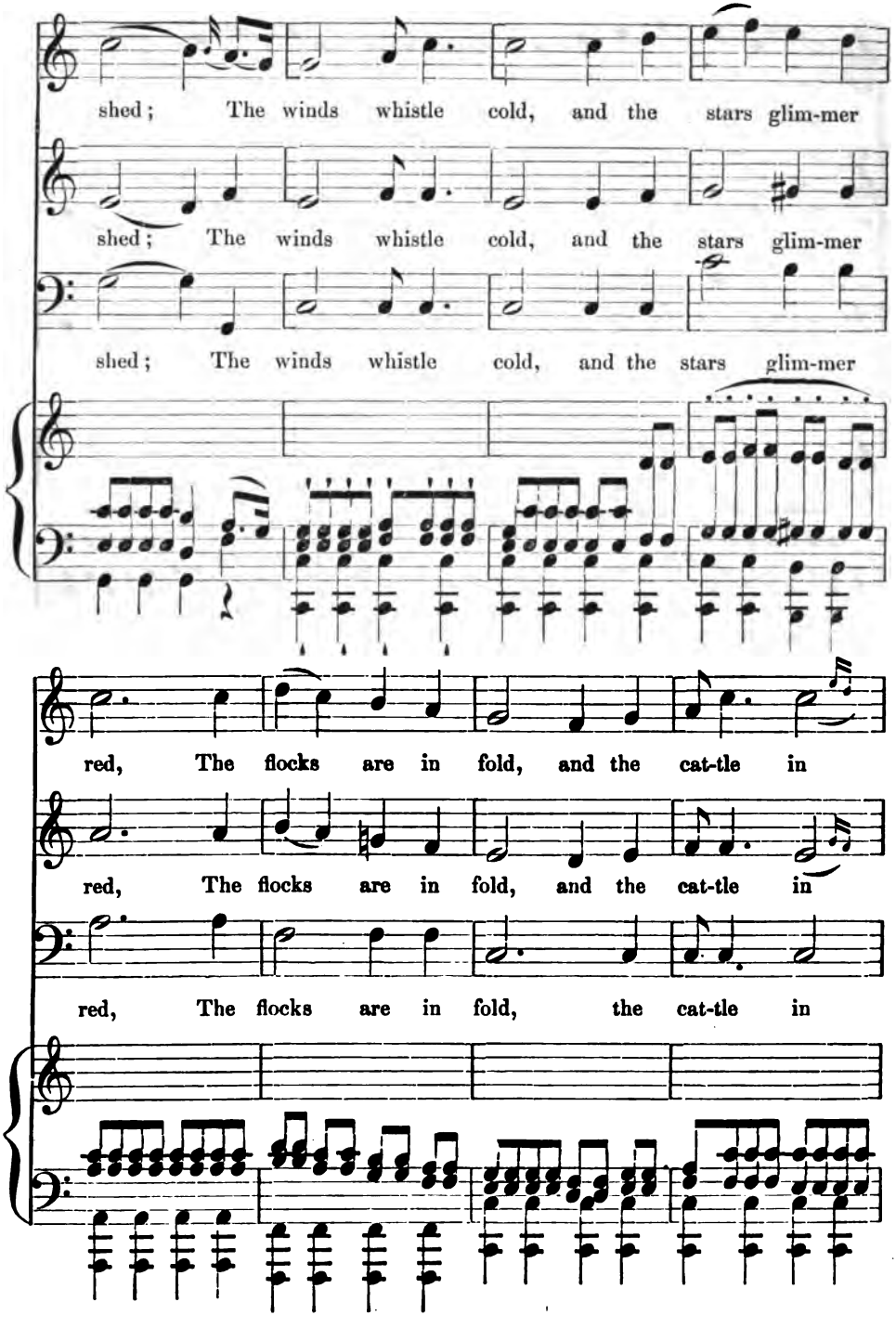
The winds whis-tle cold, and the stars glim-mer

p

red, The flocks are in fold, and the cat-tle in

red, The flocks are in fold, and the cat-tle in

red, The flocks are in fold, and the cat-tle in


shed; The winds whistle cold, and the stars glim-mer
shed; The winds whistle cold, and the stars glim-mer
shed; The winds whistle cold, and the stars glim-mer
red, The flocks are in fold, and the cat-tle in
red, The flocks are in fold, and the cat-tle in
red, The flocks are in fold, the cat-tle in

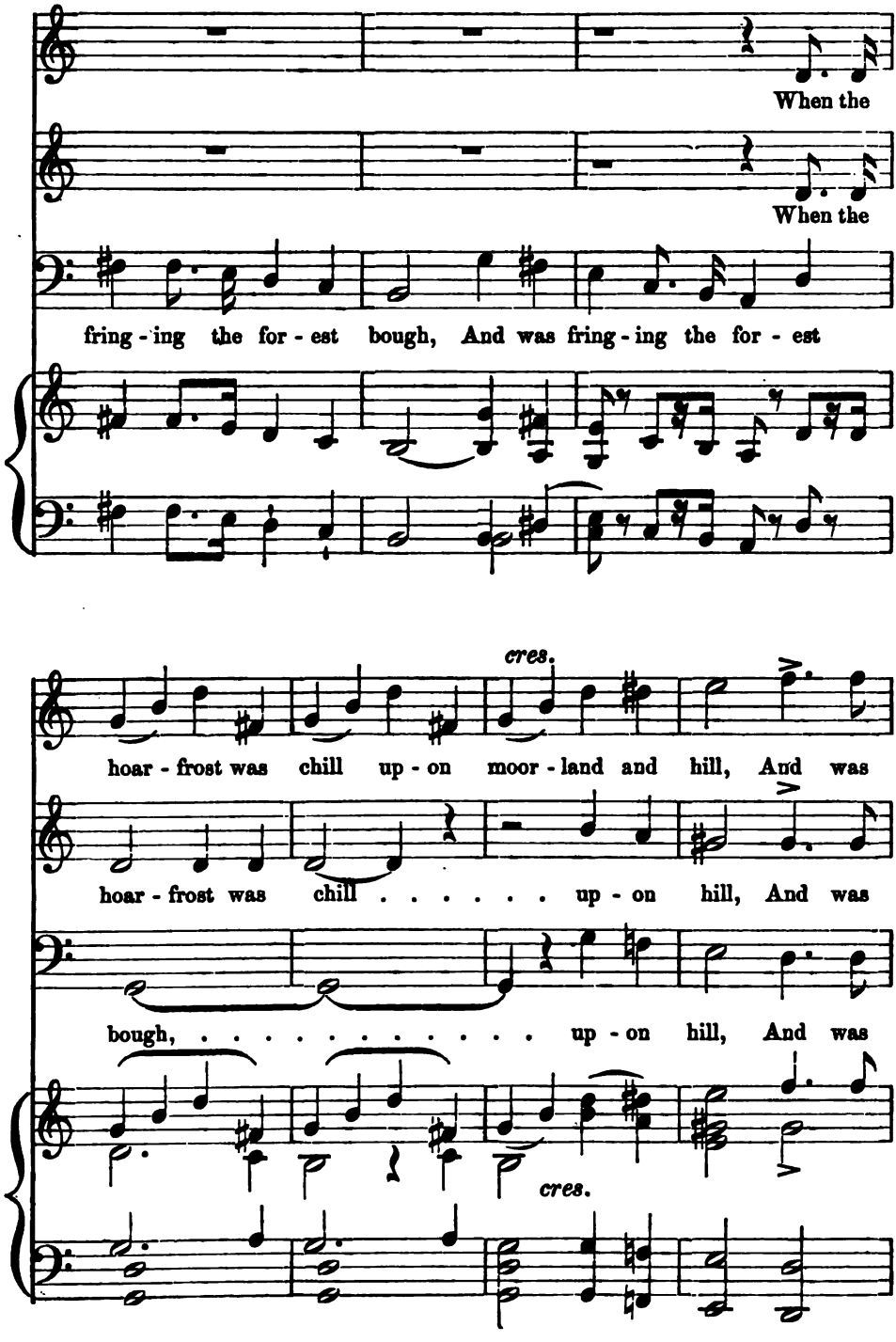
shed, The flocks are in fold, and the cattle in shed.

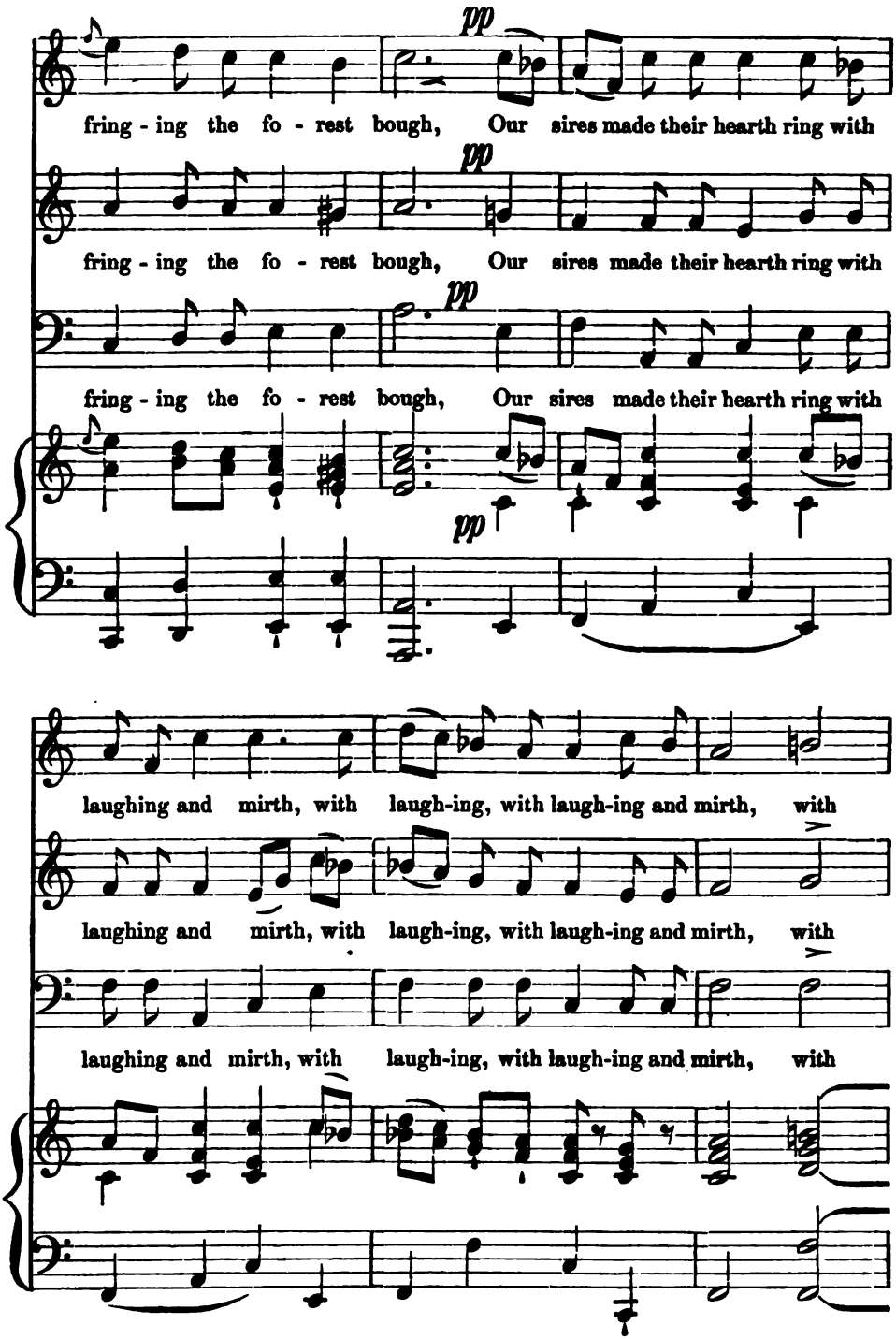
shed, The flocks are in fold, and the cattle in shed.

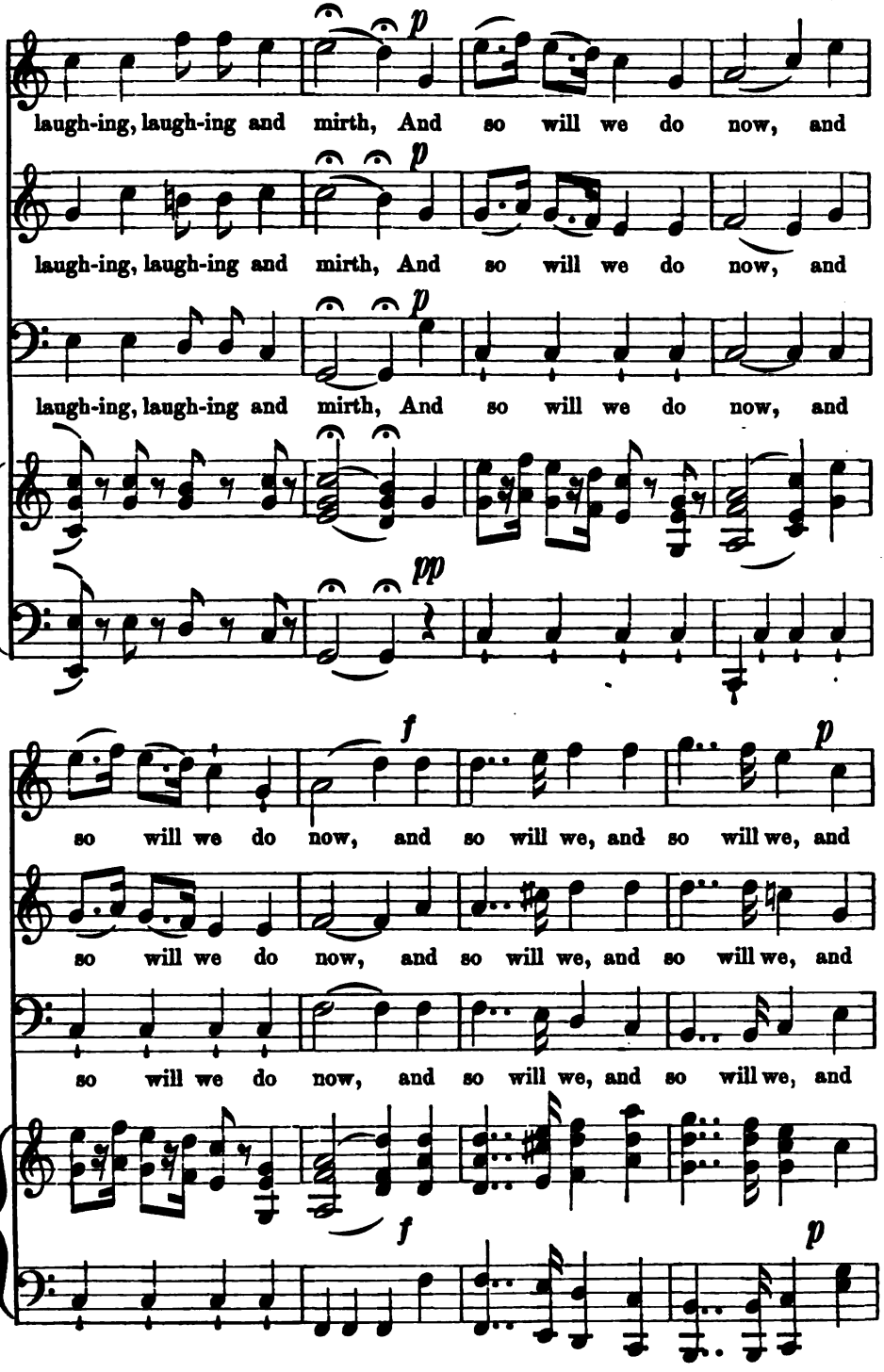
shed, The flocks are in fold, and the cattle in shed.

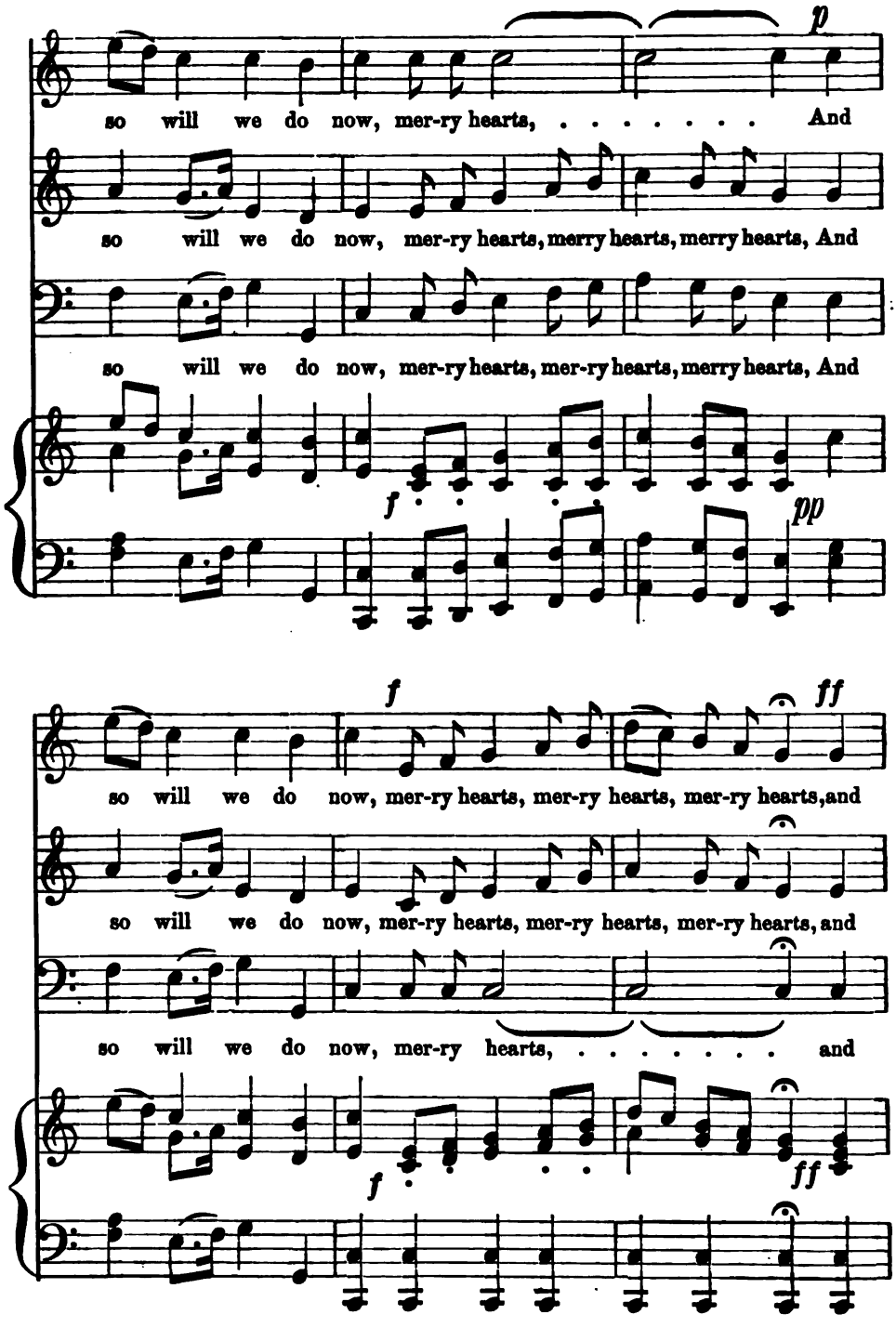
SOLO.

When the hoar frost was chill up - on moor-land and hill, And was


When the
When the
fring - ing the for - est bough, And was fring - ing the for - est
cres.
hoar - frost was chill up - on moor - land and hill, And was
hoar - frost was chill . . . . . up - on hill, And was
bough, ... up - on hill, And was
cres.


pp
fring - ing the fo - rest bough, Our sires made their hearth ring with
pp
fring - ing the fo - rest bough, Our sires made their hearth ring with
pp
fring - ing the fo - rest bough, Our sires made their hearth ring with
pp
laughing and mirth, with laugh-ing, with laugh-ing and mirth, with
laughing and mirth, with laugh-ing, with laugh-ing and mirth, with
laughing and mirth, with laugh-ing, with laugh-ing and mirth, with


p
laugh-ing, laugh-ing and mirth, And so will we do now, and
p
laugh-ing, laugh-ing and mirth, And so will we do now, and
p
laugh-ing, laugh-ing and mirth, And so will we do now, and
pp
f
p
so will we do now, and so will we, and so will we, and
so will we do now, and so will we, and so will we, and
so will we do now, and so will we, and so will we, and
f
p


p
so will we do now, mer-ry hearts, ... And
so will we do now, mer-ry hearts, merry hearts, merry hearts, And
so will we do now, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, merry hearts, And
f
pp
f
ff
so will we do now, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, and
so will we do now, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, and
so will we do now, mer-ry hearts, ... and
f
ff

so will we do now,

so will we do now,

so will we do now, Gaf-fer Win-ter may spread o'er the brook-let his

p

p

Still the fire on the hearth sparkles red, And old, old

f

Still the fire on the hearth sparkles red, And old, old

f

ice, Still the fire on the hearth sparkles red, And old, old

f

pp

f

win-ter, old win-ter de - fies. And so shall you do now, And

win-ter, old win-ter de - fies. And so shall you do now, And

win-ter, old win-ter de - fies. And so shall you do now, And

pp

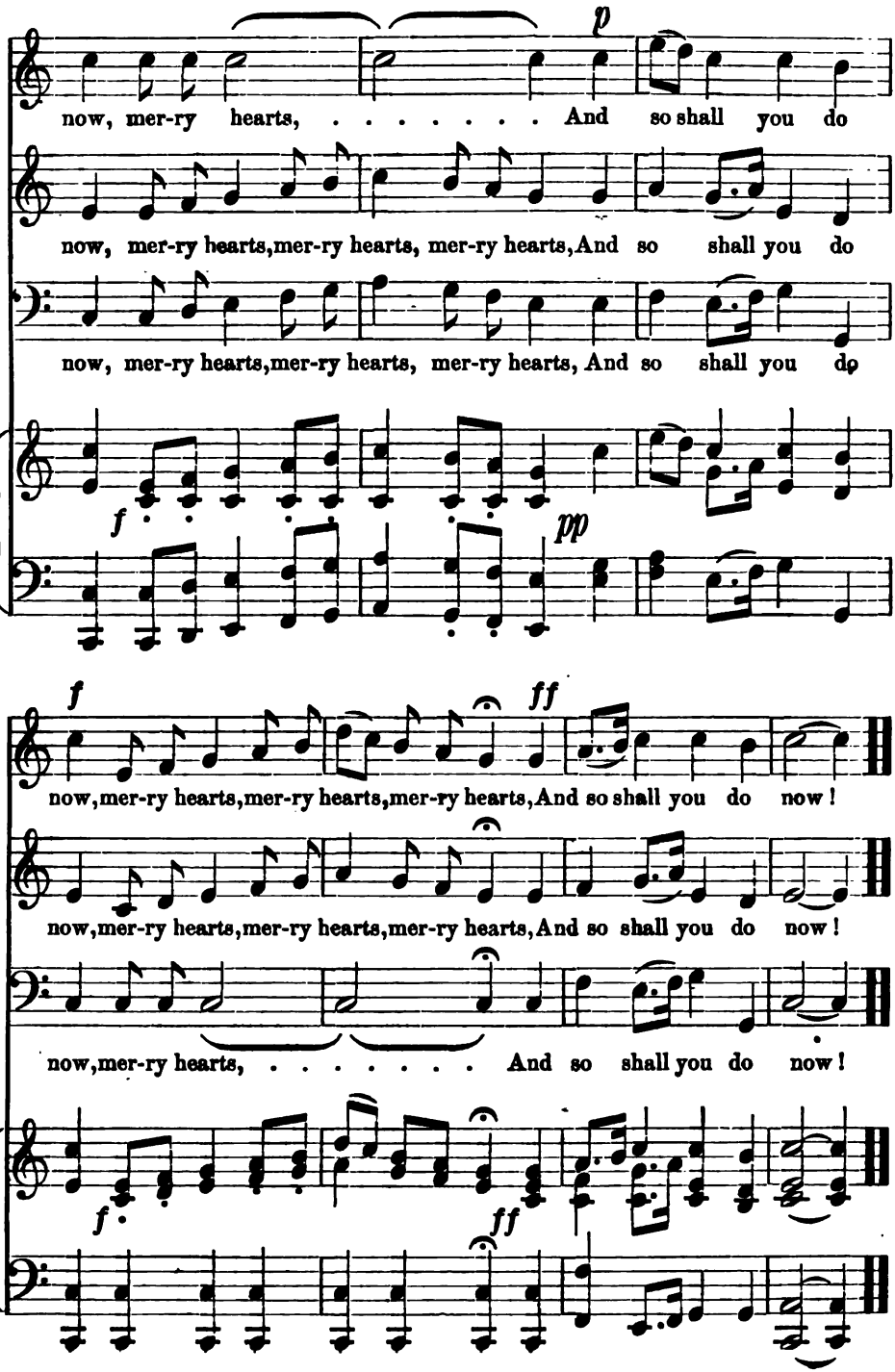
f *p*

so shall you do now, and so shall you, and so shall you, and so shall you do

so shall you do now, and so shall you, and so shall you, and so shall you do

so shall you do now, and so shall you, and so shall you, and so shall you do

f *p*

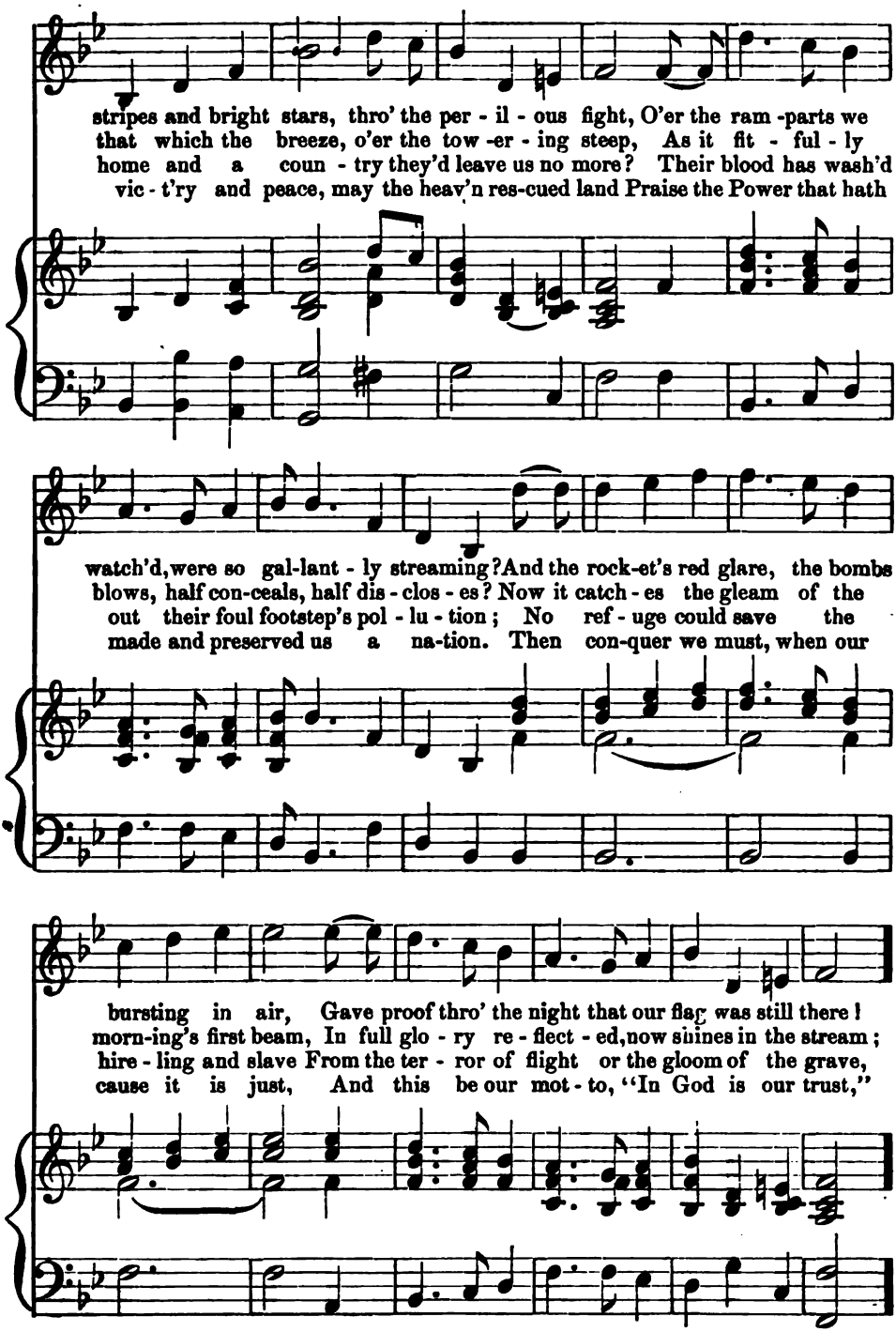

p
now, mer-ry hearts, ... And so shall you do
now, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, And so shall you do
now, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, And so shall you do
f
pp
f
ff
now, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, And so shall you do now!
now, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, mer-ry hearts, And so shall you do now!
now, mer-ry hearts, ... And so shall you do now!
f
ff

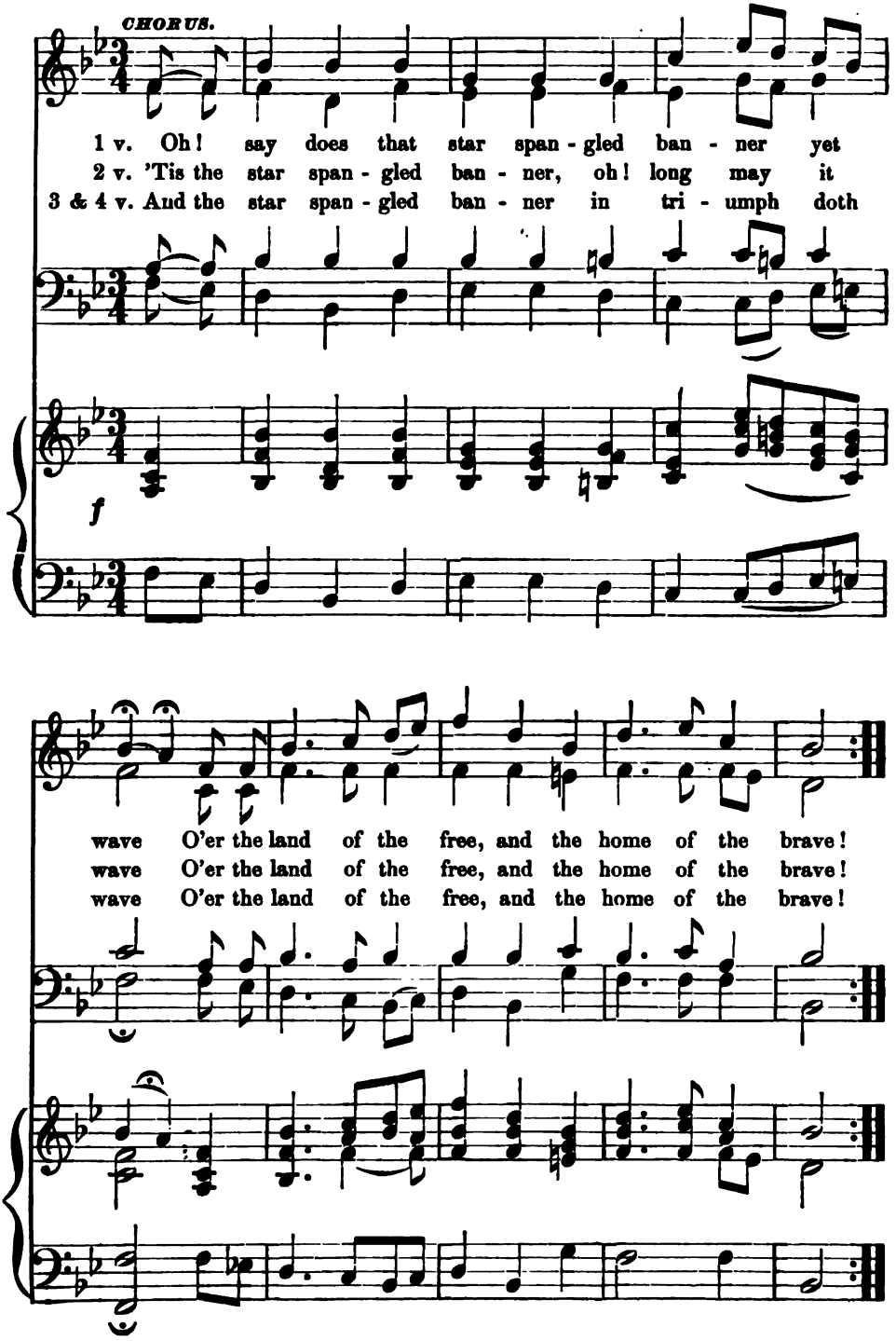
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Con spirito.

1. Oh, say can you see by the dawn's ear - ly
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the
3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing - ly
4. Oh, thus be it ev - - er when free-men shall

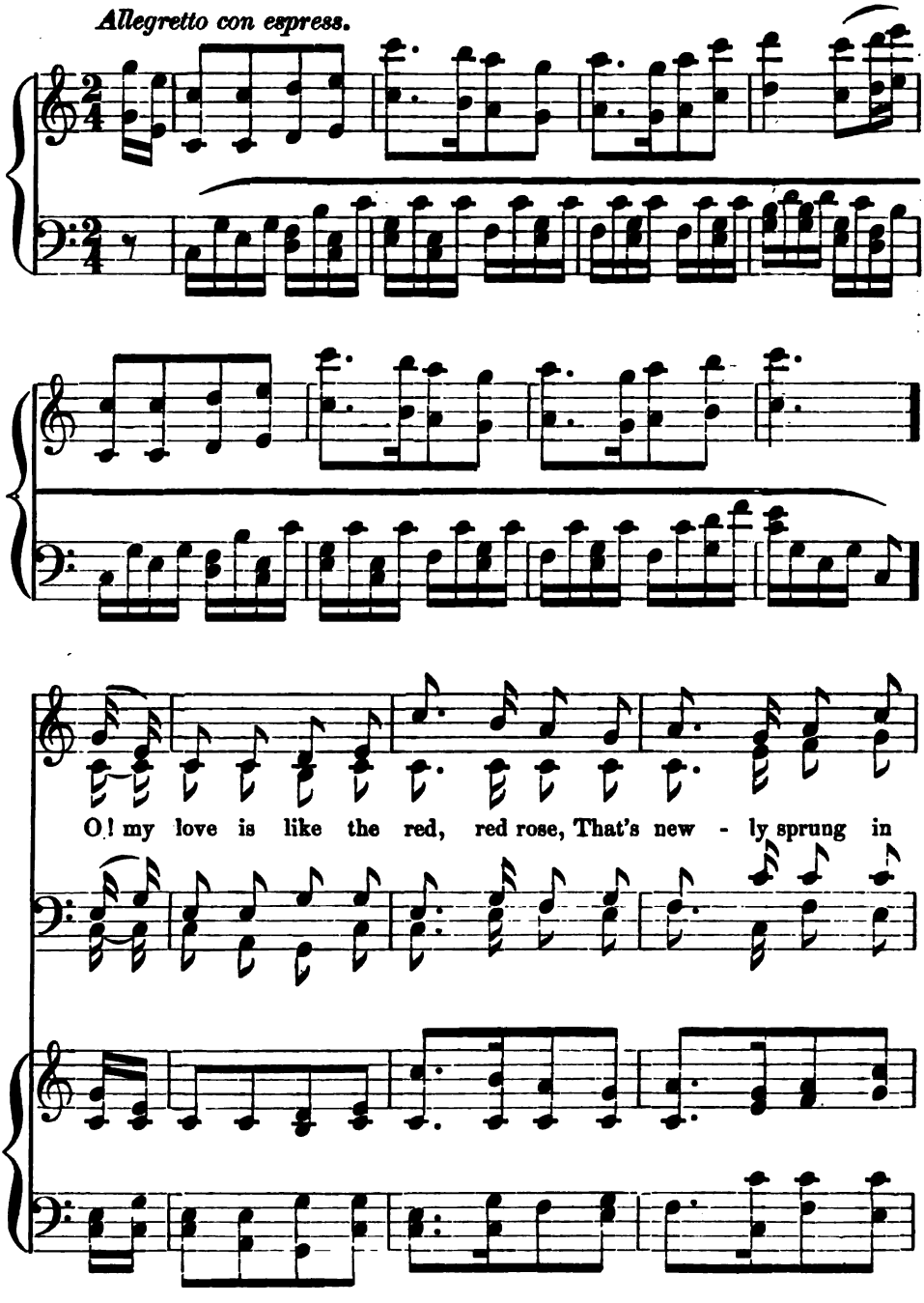
light What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose
deep, Where the foe's haugthy host in dread si-lence re - po-ses, What is
swore, 'Mid the hav - oc of war and the bat-tle's con - fu-sion, A
stand Be - tween their loved home and the war's des-o - la-tion; Blest with

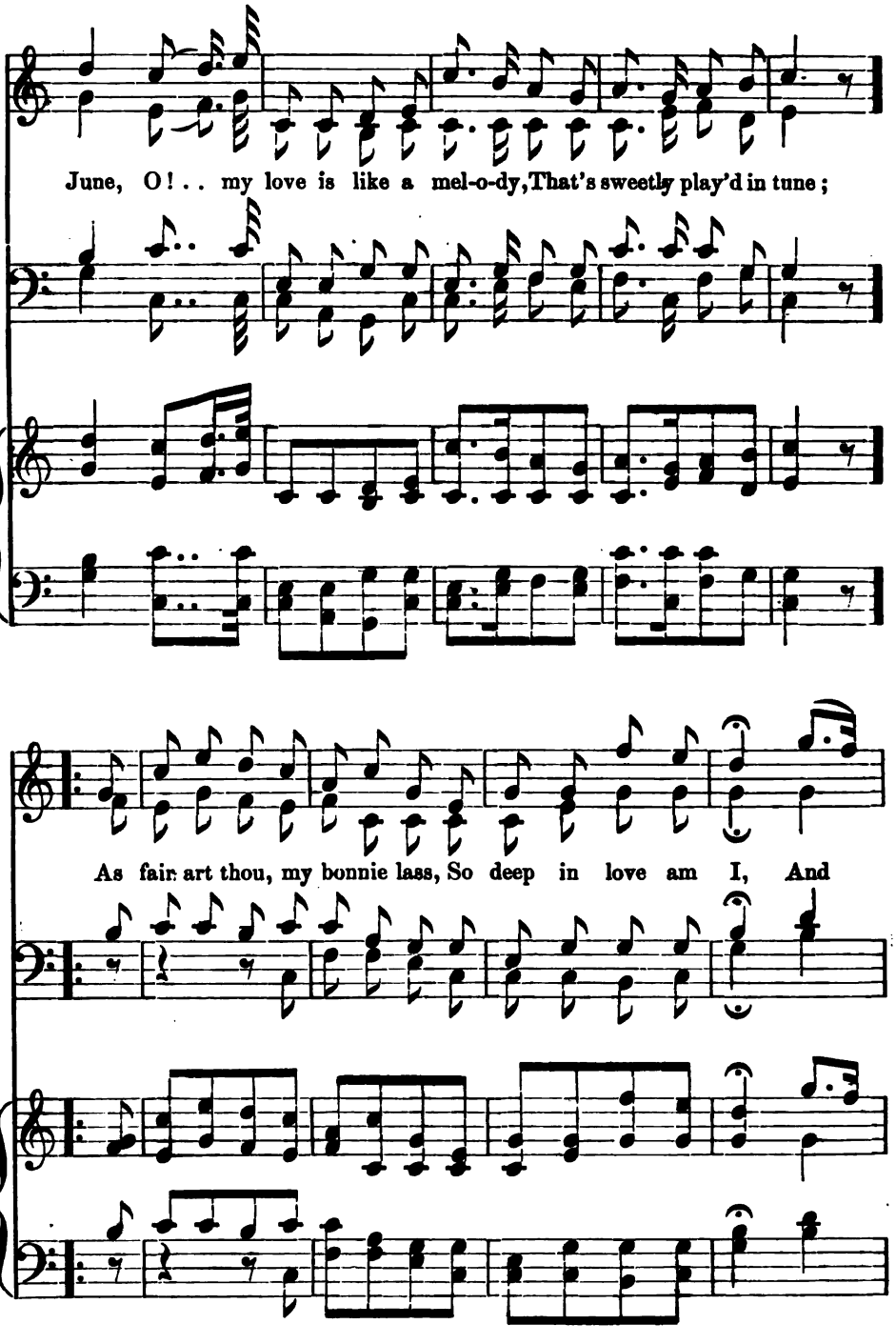

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram -parts we
that which the breeze, o'er the tow -er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly
home and a coun - try they'd leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd
vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n res-cued land Praise the Power that hath
watch'd, were so gal-lant - ly streaming? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs
blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
out their foul footstep's pol - lu - tion; No ref - uge could save the
made and preserved us a na-tion. Then con-quer we must, when our
bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream;
hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
cause it is just, And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust,"

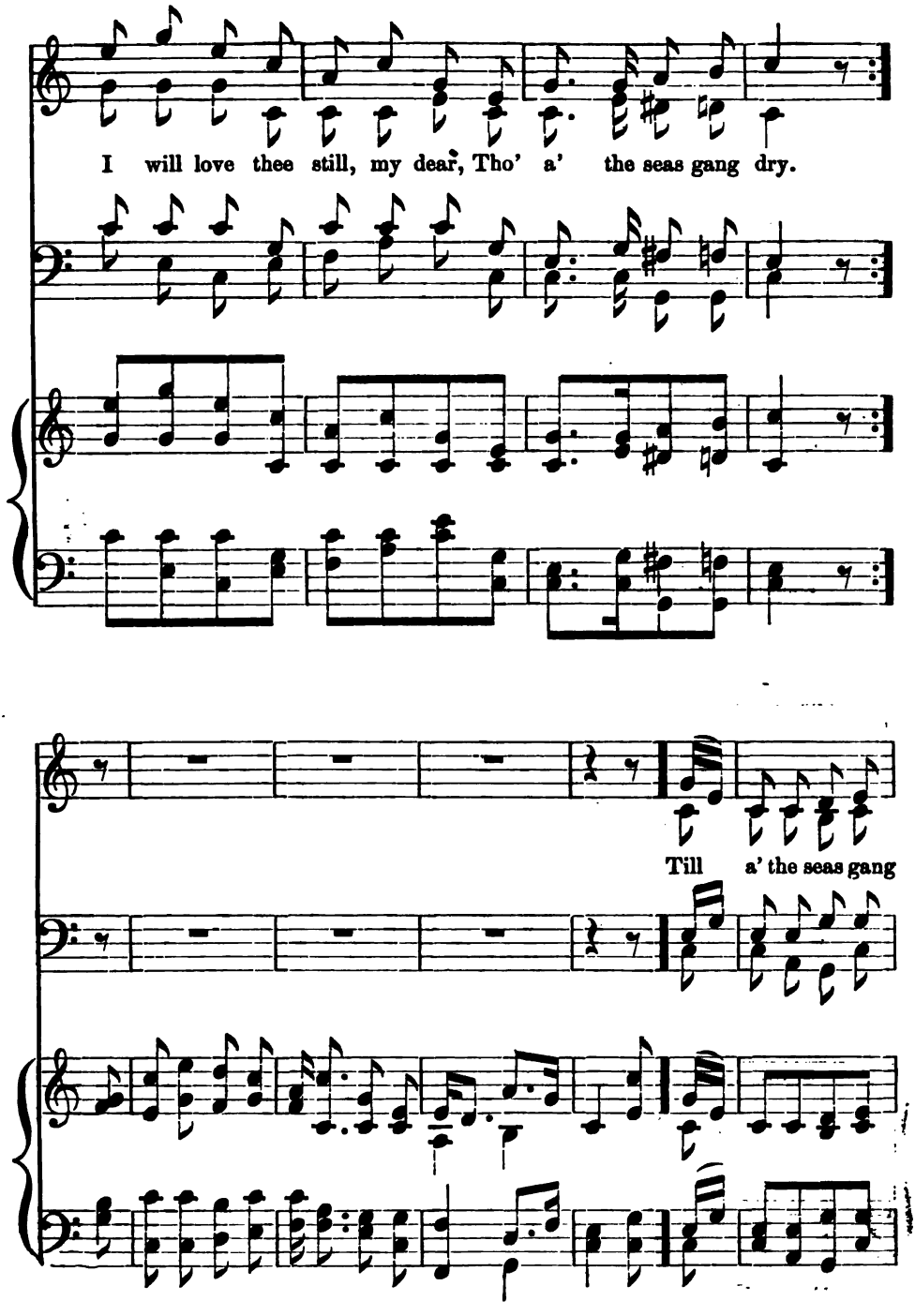

CHORUS.
1 v. Oh! say does that star span - gled ban - ner yet
2 v. 'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner, oh! long may it
3 & 4 v. And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth
f
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

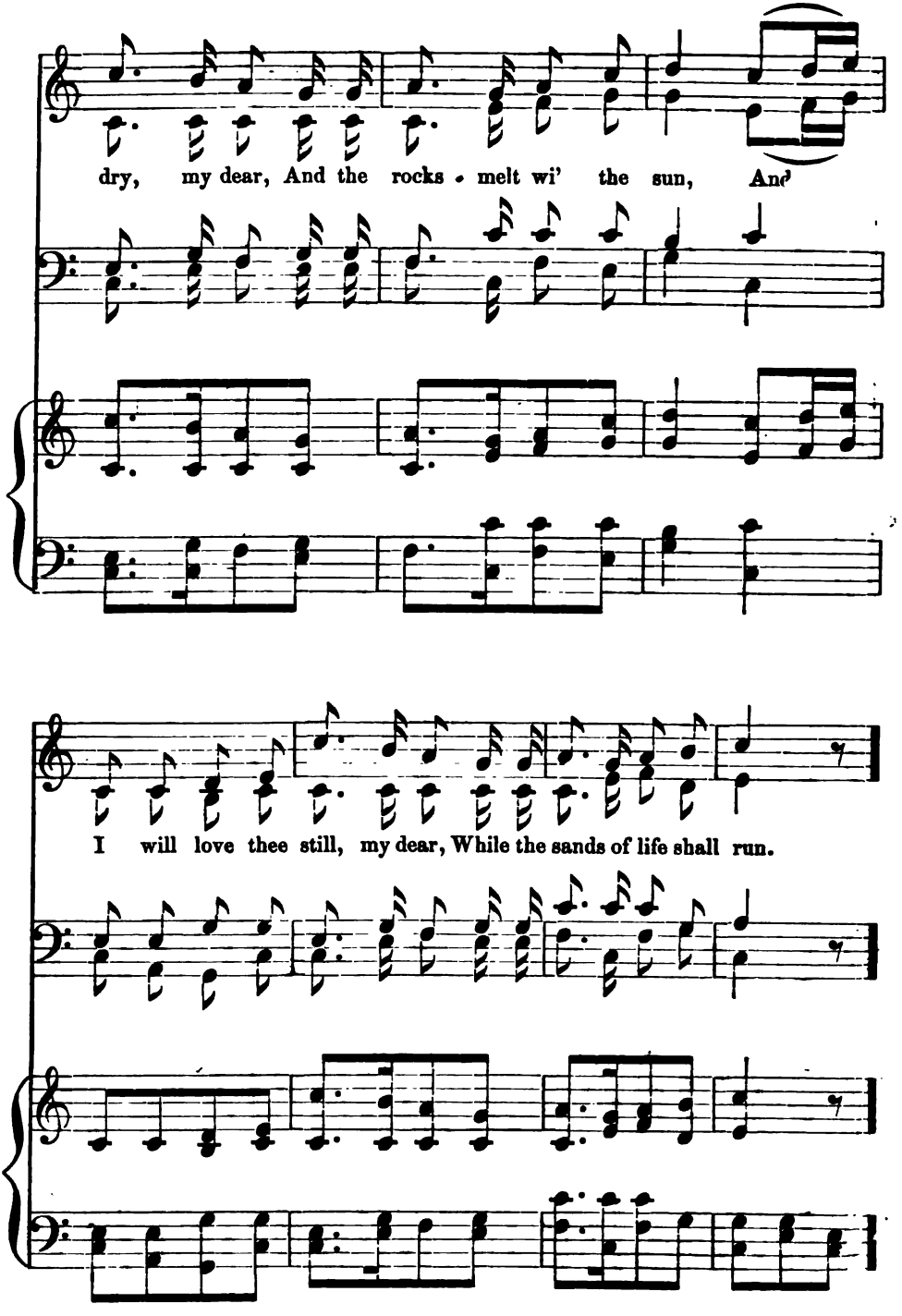
MY LOVE IS LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE.

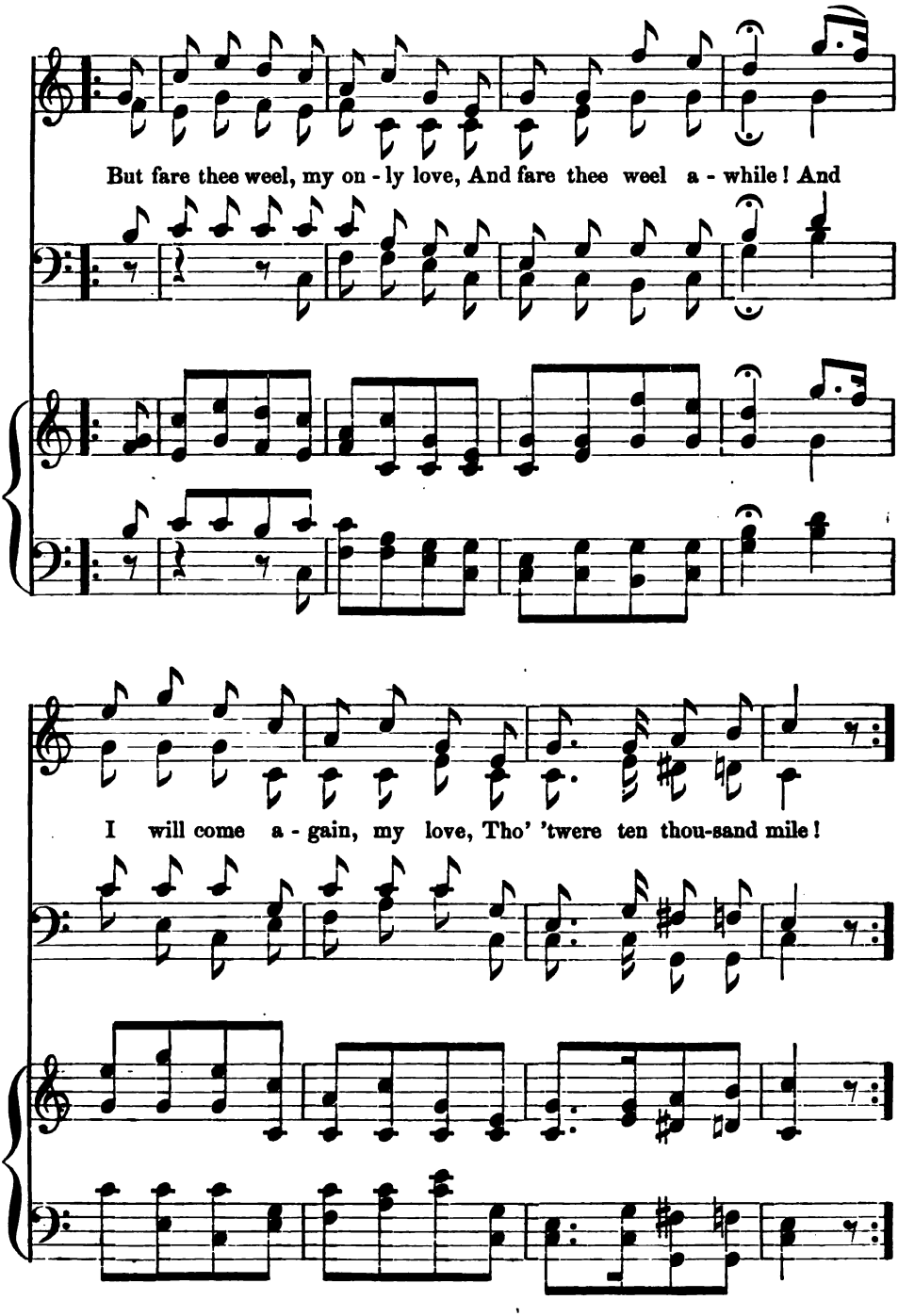
Allegretto con espress.




June, O! . . my love is like a mel-o-dy, That's sweetly play'd in tune;
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in love am I, And


I will love thee still, my dear, Tho' a' the seas gang dry.
Till a' the seas gang


dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun, And
I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands of life shall run.


But fare thee weel, my on - ly love, And fare thee weel a - while! And
I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thou-sand mile!

THE HAPPY PEASANTS.

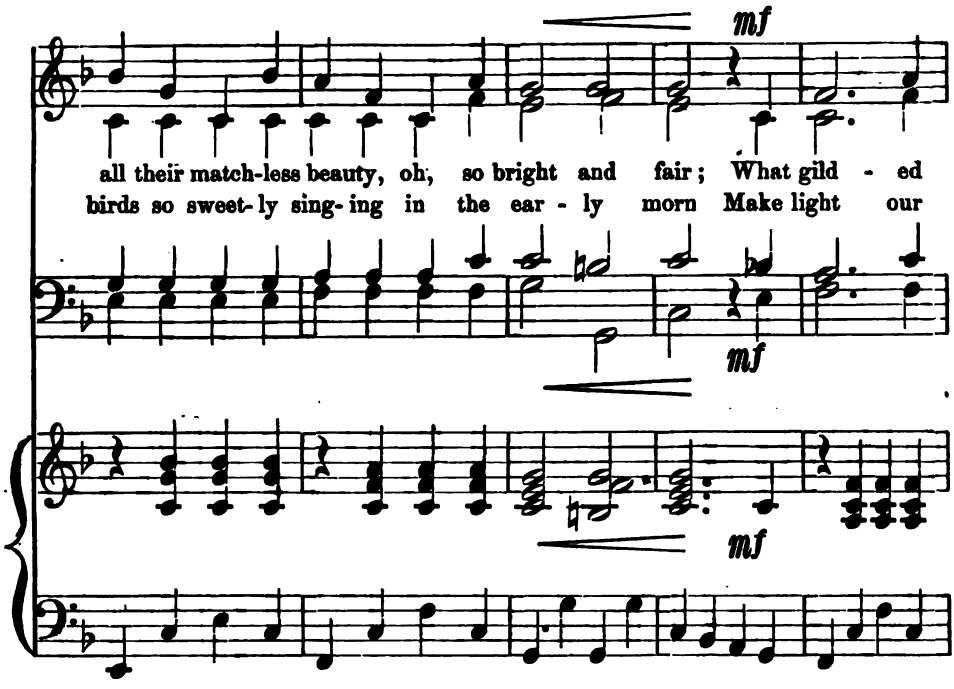
SCHUMANN.

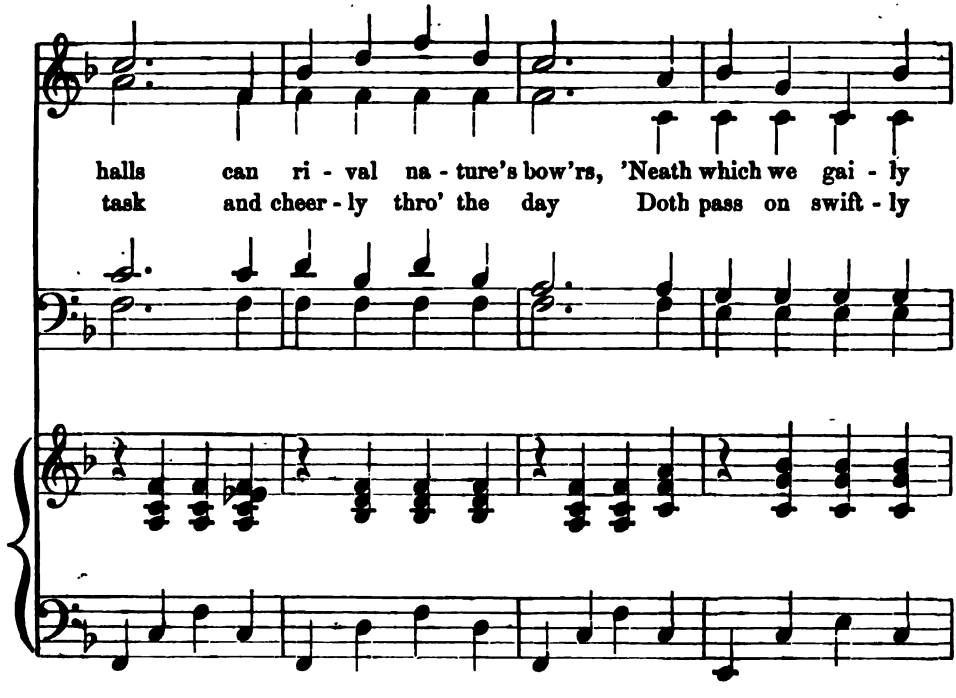
Allegro vivace.

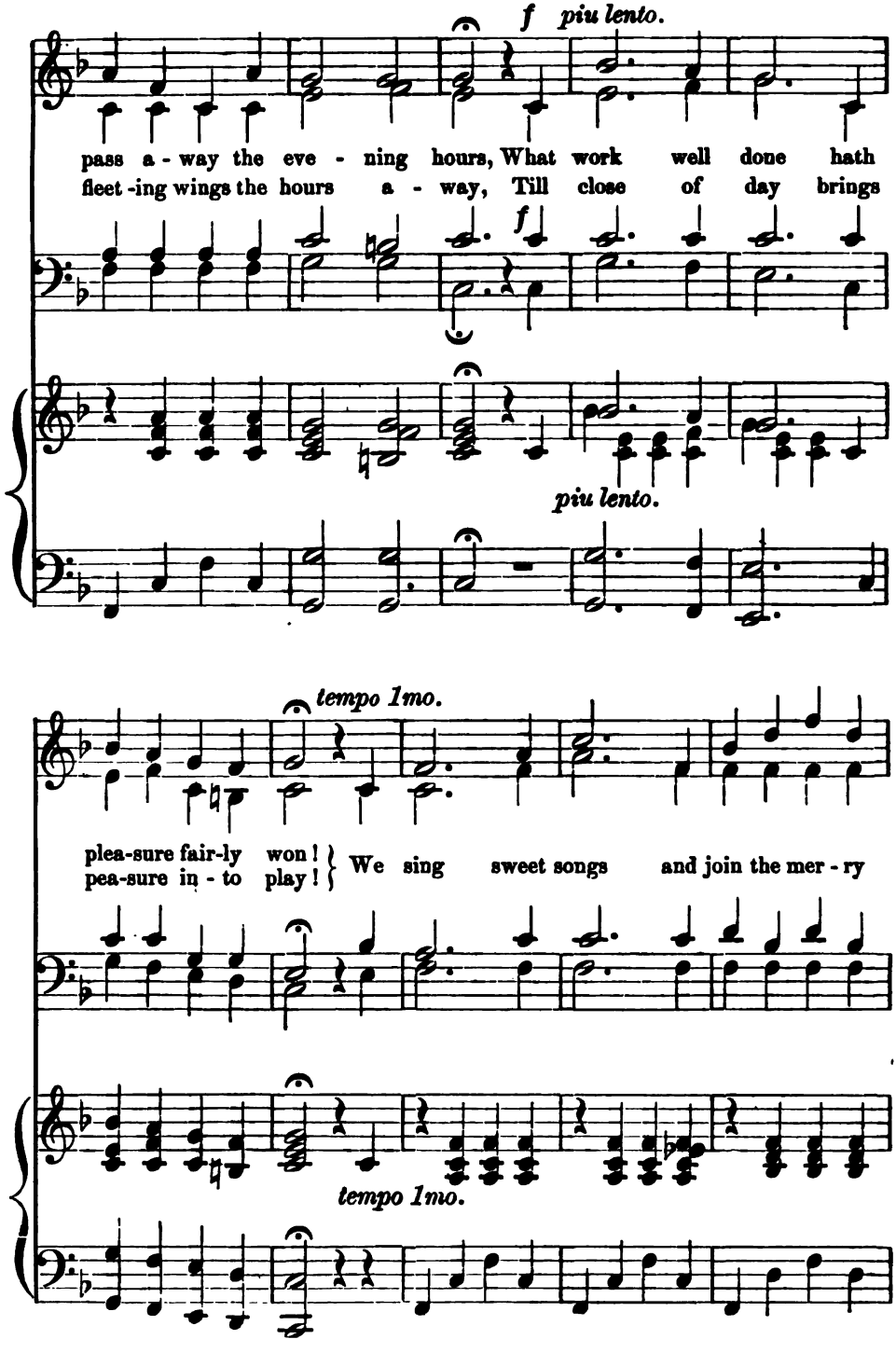
mf marcato.

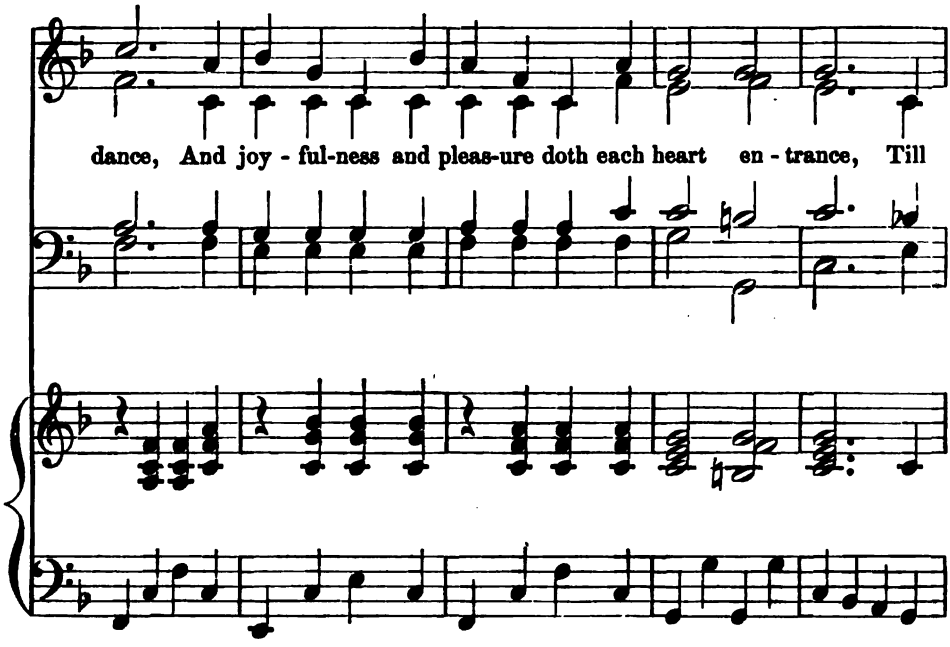
1. Oh, what can with our flow - 'ry plains com-pare In
2. The bright green fields, the beau-teous gol - den corn, The

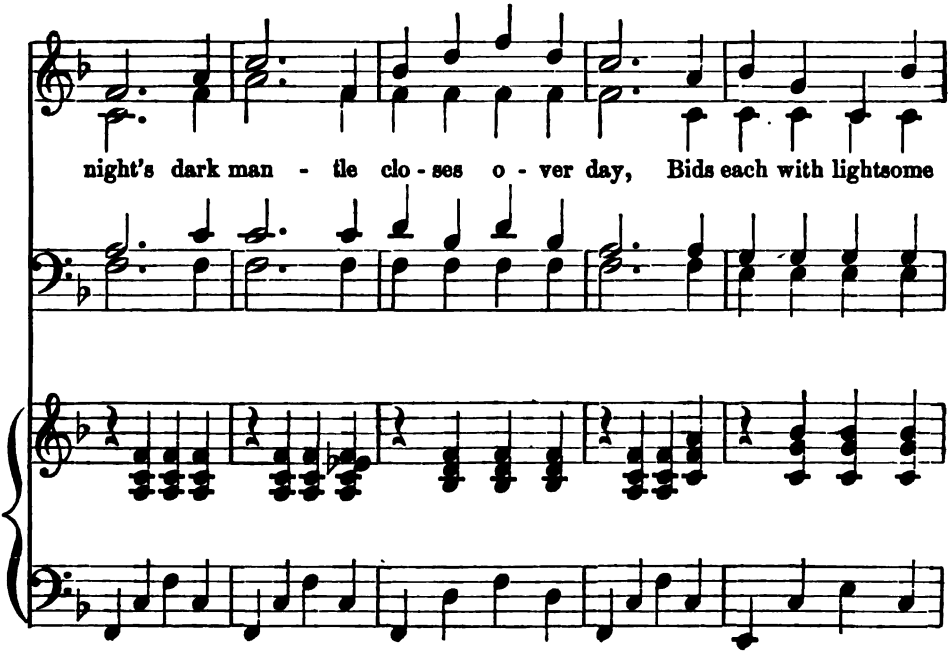
mf

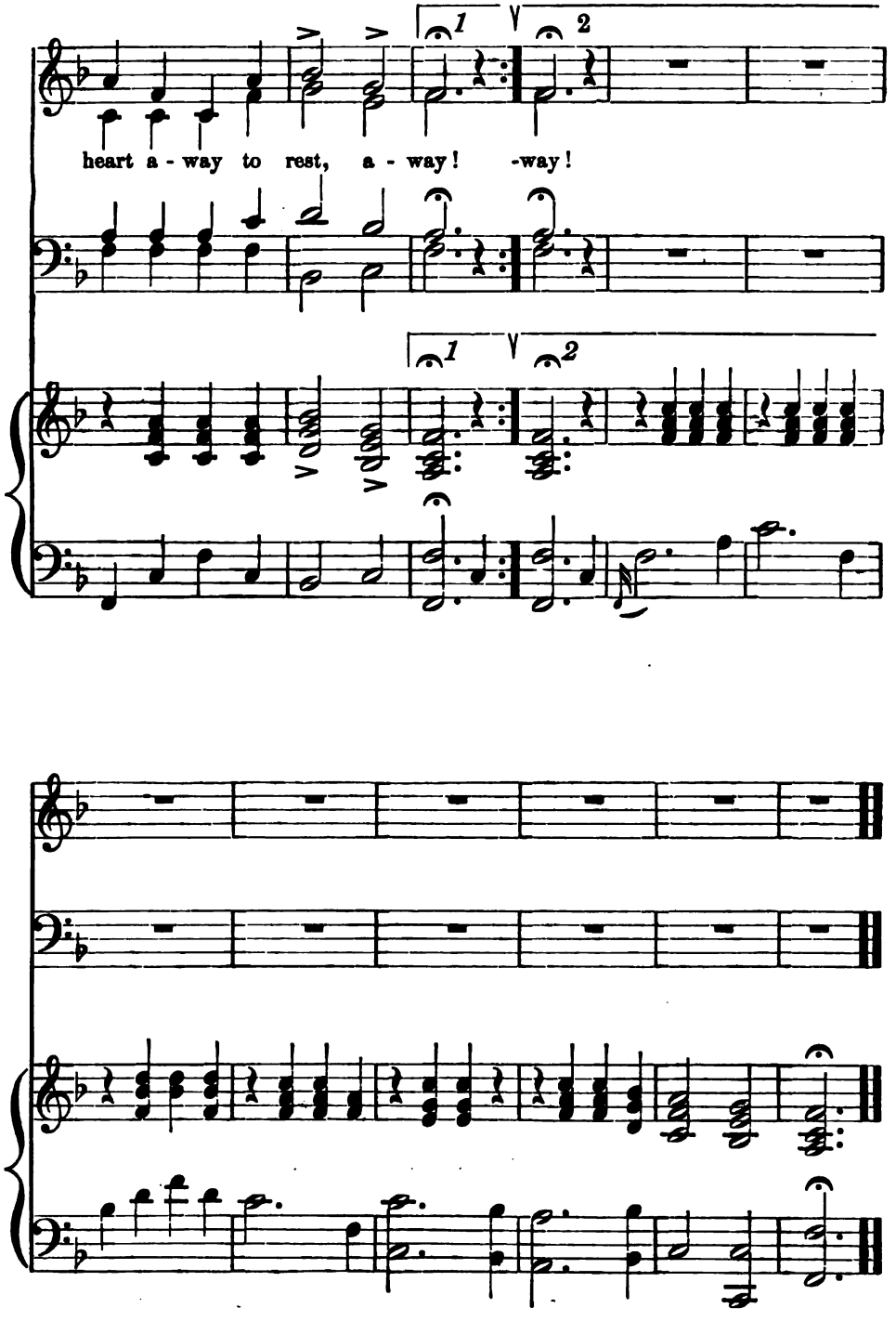

mf
all their match-less beauty, oh, so bright and fair; What gild - ed
birds so sweet-ly sing-ing in the ear - ly morn Make light our
mf
mf


halls can ri - val na - ture's bow'rs, 'Neath which we gai - ly
task and cheer - ly thro' the day Doth pass on swift - ly


f piu lento.
pass a - way the eve - ning hours, What work well done hath
fleet -ing wings the hours a - way, Till close of day brings
f
piu lento.
tempo 1mo.
plea-sure fair-ly won!
pea-sure in - to play!
We sing sweet songs and join the mer - ry
tempo 1mo.


dance, And joy - ful-ness and pleas-ure doth each heart en - trance, Till


night's dark man - tle clo - ses o - ver day, Bids each with lightsome


1
2
heart a - way to rest, a - way! -way!
1
2

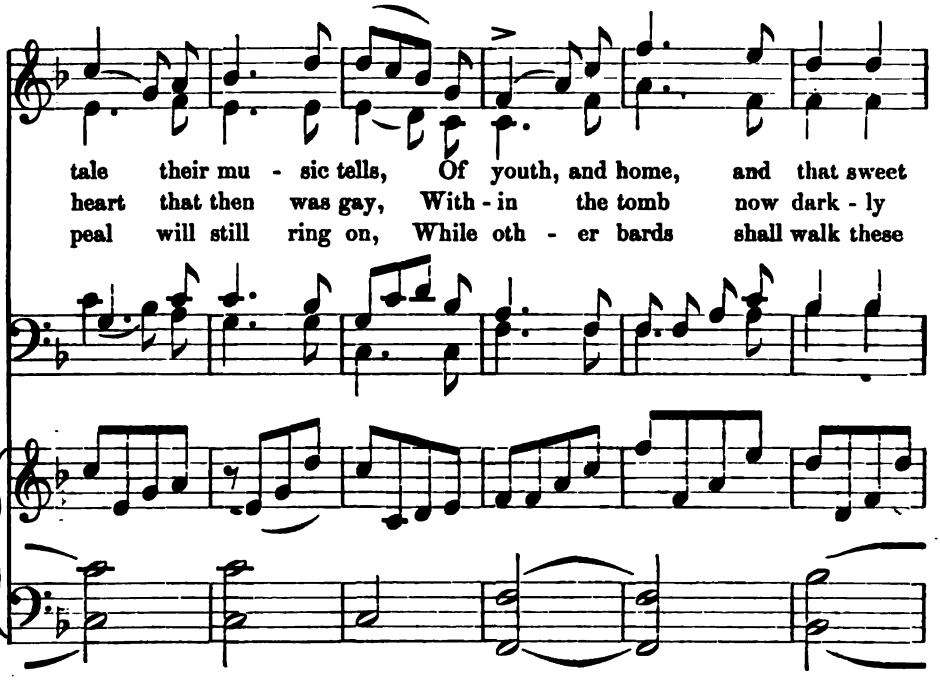
THOSE EVENING BELLS.

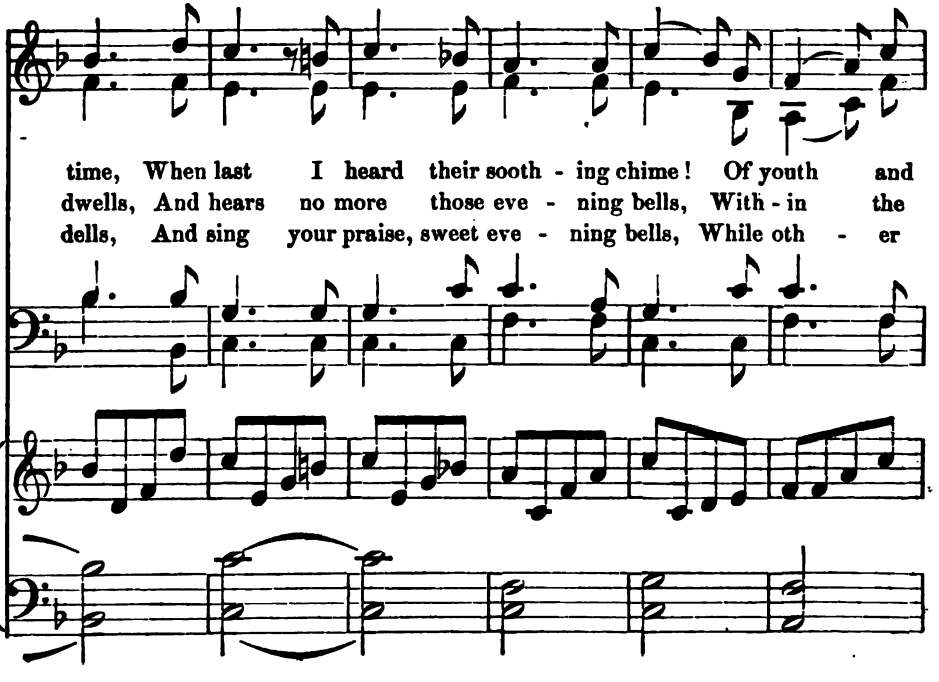
BEETHOVEN.

In moderate time.

p

1. Those eve - ning bells, those eve - ning bells, How ma - ny a
2. Those joy - ous hours are pass'd a - way, And ma - ny a
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful


tale their mu - sic tells, Of youth, and home, and that sweet
heart that then was gay, With - in the tomb now dark - ly
peal will still ring on, While oth - er bards shall walk these


time, When last I heard their sooth - ing chime! Of youth and
dwells, And hears no more those eve - ning bells, With - in the
dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells, While oth - er

home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth - ing
tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more, those eve - ning
bard shall walk these dells And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning
and home
the tomb
shall walk

chime.
bells.
bells.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

H. R. BISHOP.

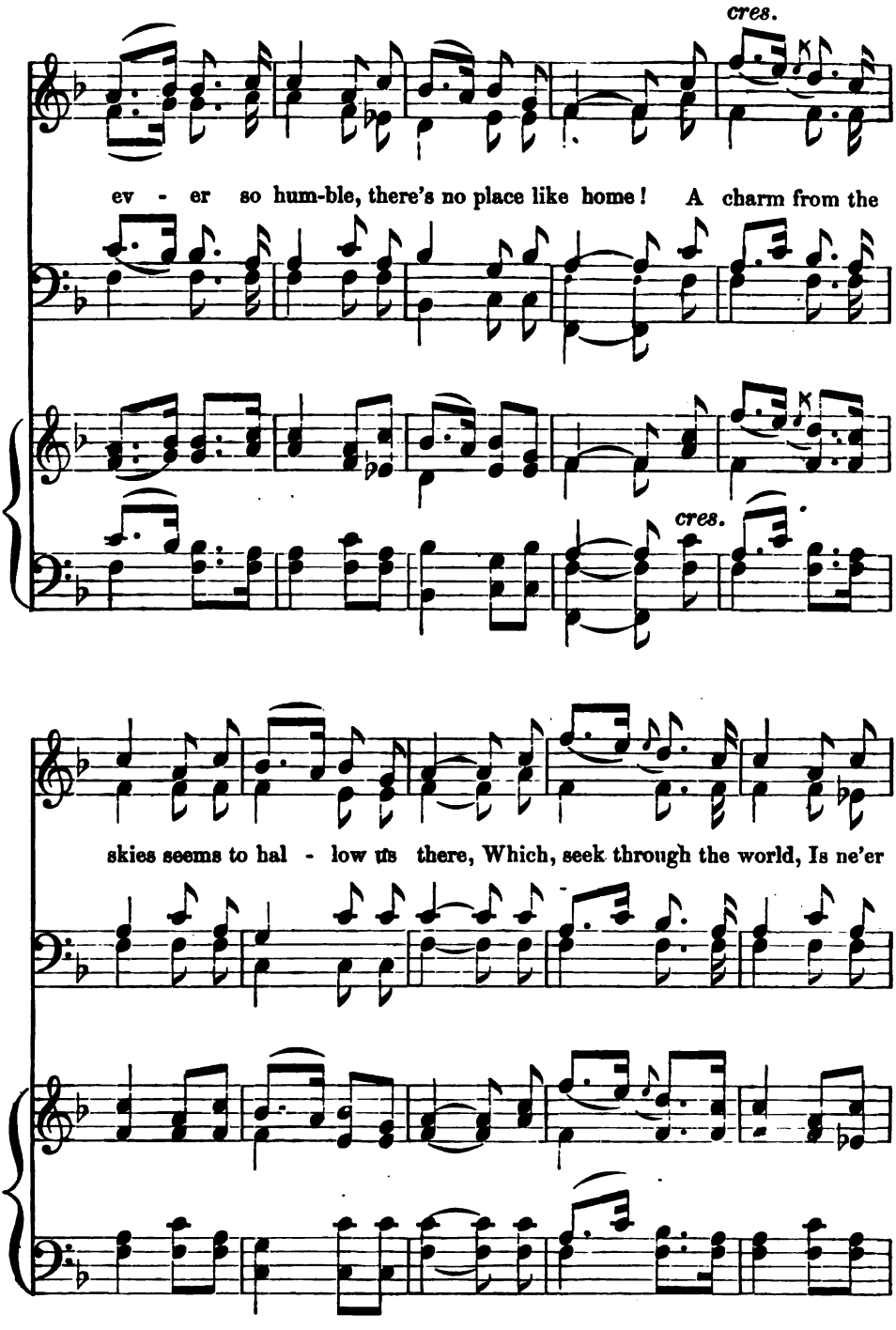
Andante.

p

With expression.

Mid plea - sures and pa - la-ces though we may roam, Be it

p


cres.
ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the
cres.
skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek through the world, Is ne'er

with expression.

met with else - where; Home! home! sweet, sweet

pp

cres. *calando.*

home! There's no . . place like home! There's no place like home!

cres. *calando.*

cres.

2ND VERSE. *With animation.*

An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain, Oh!

With animation.

with expression. *with animation.*

give me my low-ly thatch'd cottage a - gain; The birds sing - ing

with expression. *with animation.*

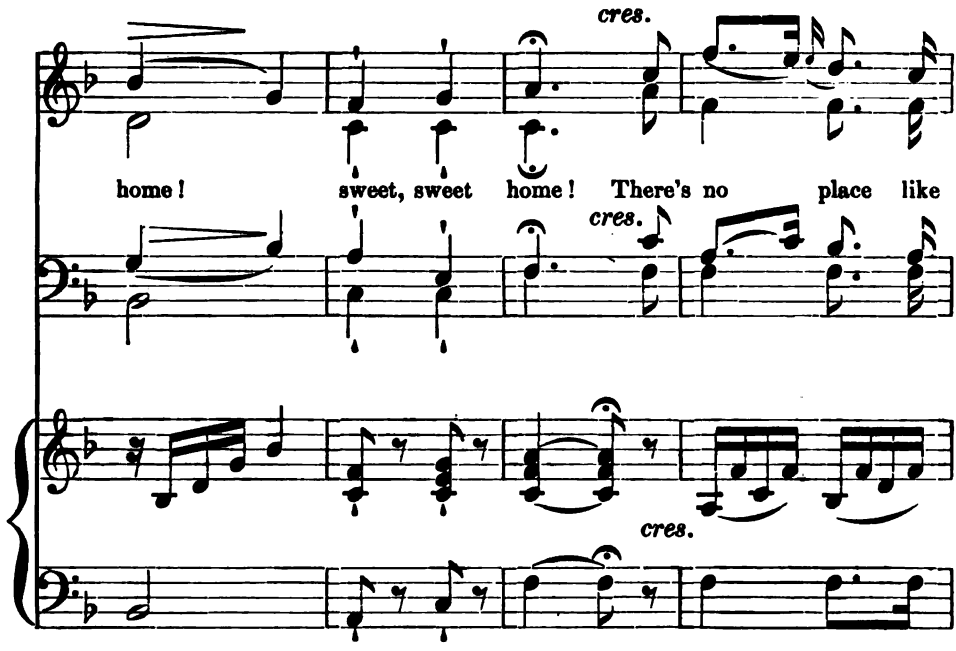
gai - ly, that came at my call, Give me them with that

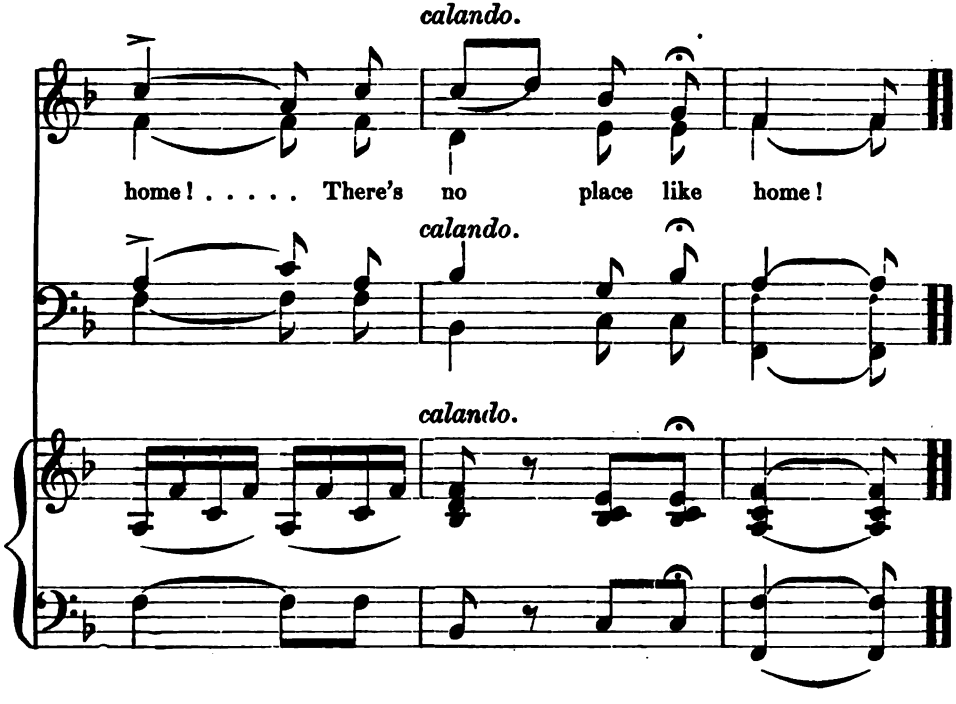
pp with expression.

peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home!

pp with expression.

pp


cres.
home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like
cres.
cres.


calando.
home! . . . . . There's no place like home!
calando.
calando.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE-THEE-WELL!

Larghetto e soave.

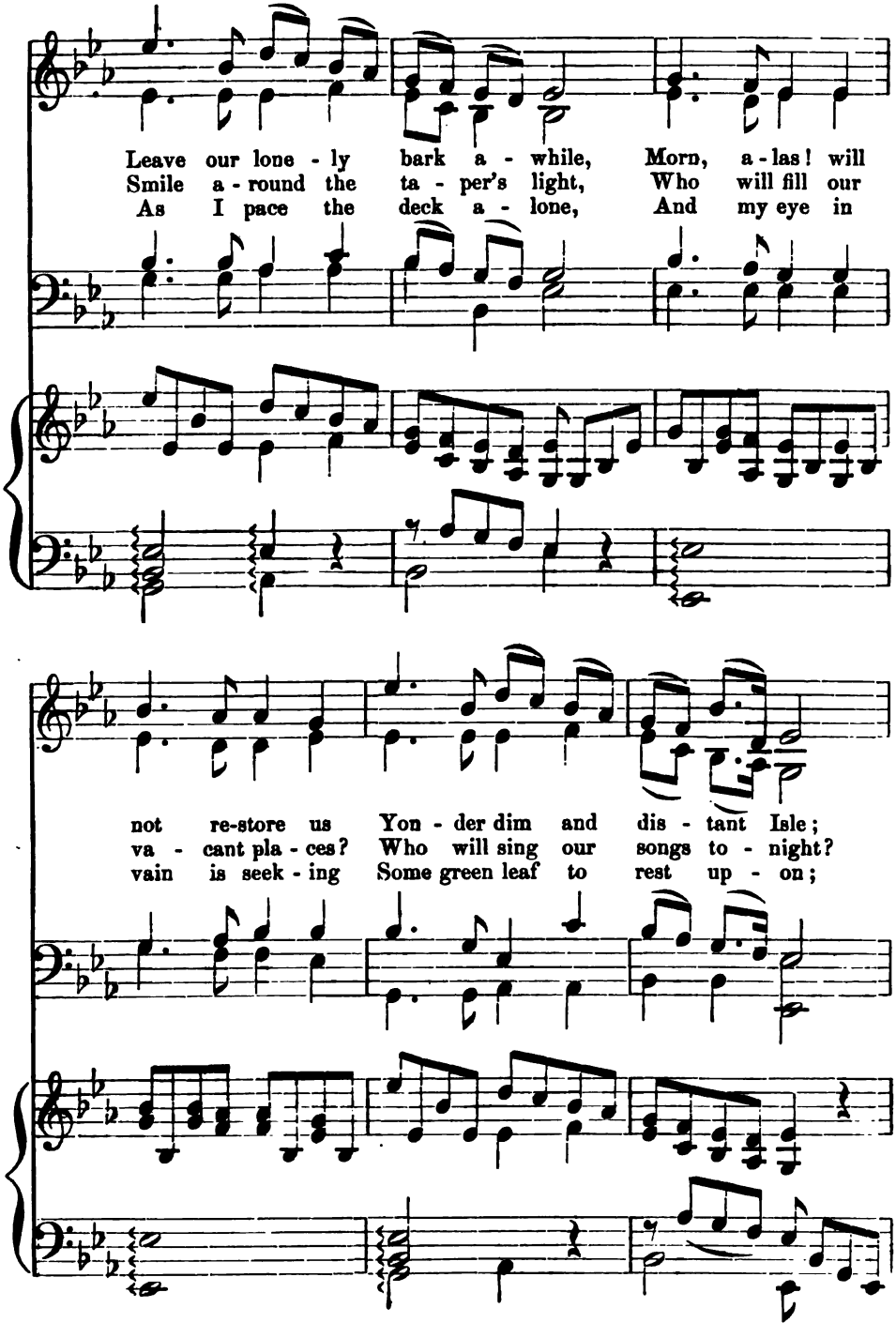
Music by C. S. WHITMORE.

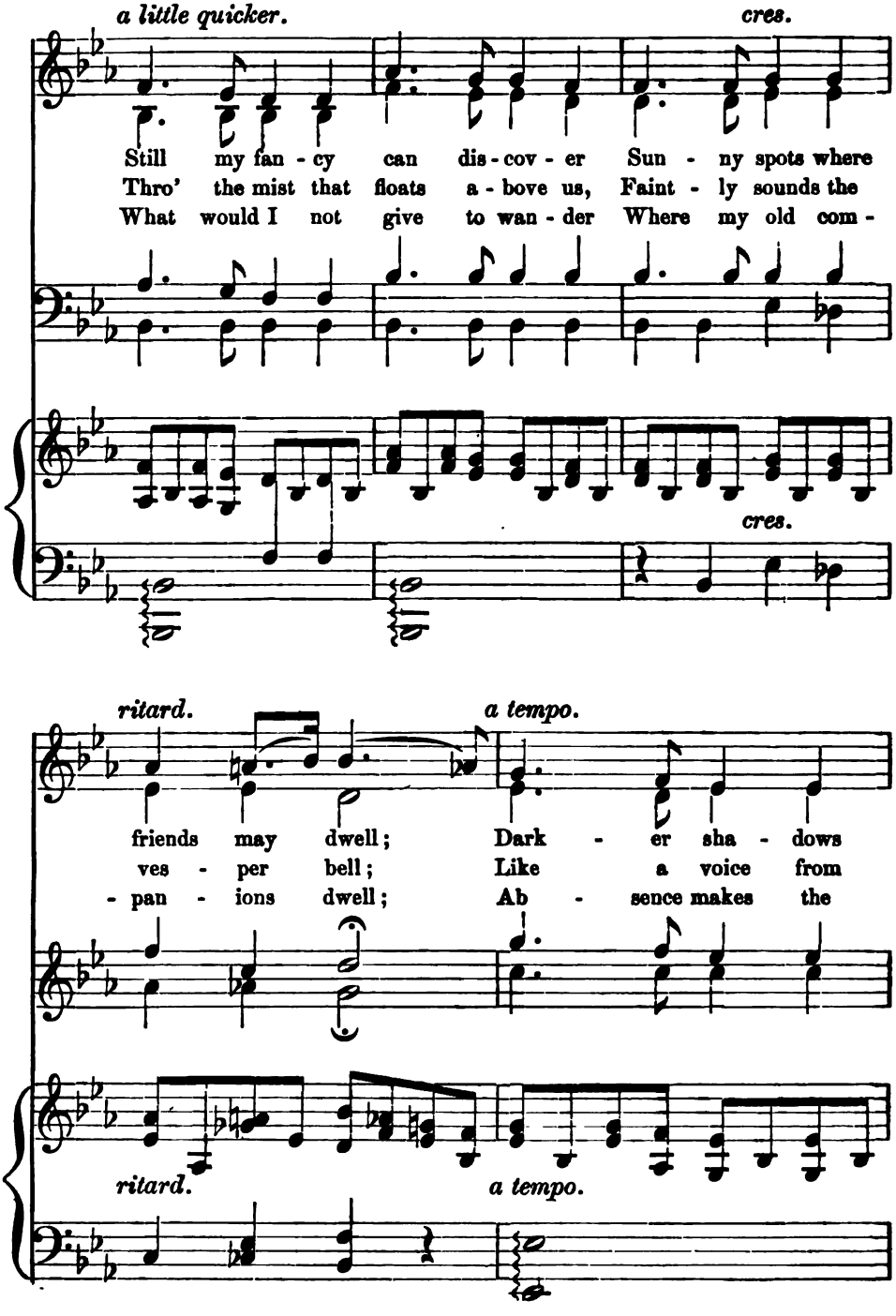
sostenuto.

With expression.

1. Shades of eve - ning close not o'er us,
2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces
3. When the waves a - round us break-ing,

p legato.


Leave our lone - ly bark a - while, Morn, a - las! will
Smile a - round the ta - per's light, Who will fill our
As I pace the deck a - lone, And my eye in
not re-store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant Isle;
va - cant pla - ces? Who will sing our songs to - night?
vain is seek - ing Some green leaf to rest up - on;


a little quicker.
cres.
Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where
Thro' the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the
What would I not give to wan - der Where my old com -
cres.
ritard.
a tempo.
friends may dwell; Dark - er sha - dows
ves - per bell; Like a voice from
- pan - ions dwell; Ab - sence makes the
ritard.
a tempo.

calando.

round us hov - er,— Isle of beau - ty, fare - thee-well.
those who love us, Breath - ing fond - ly,— fare - thee-well.
heart grow fond-er,— Isle of beau - ty, fare - thee-well.

OH! 'TIS THE MELODY.

LAYS OF A MINSTREL.

J. OAKHILL.
Composed for this book.

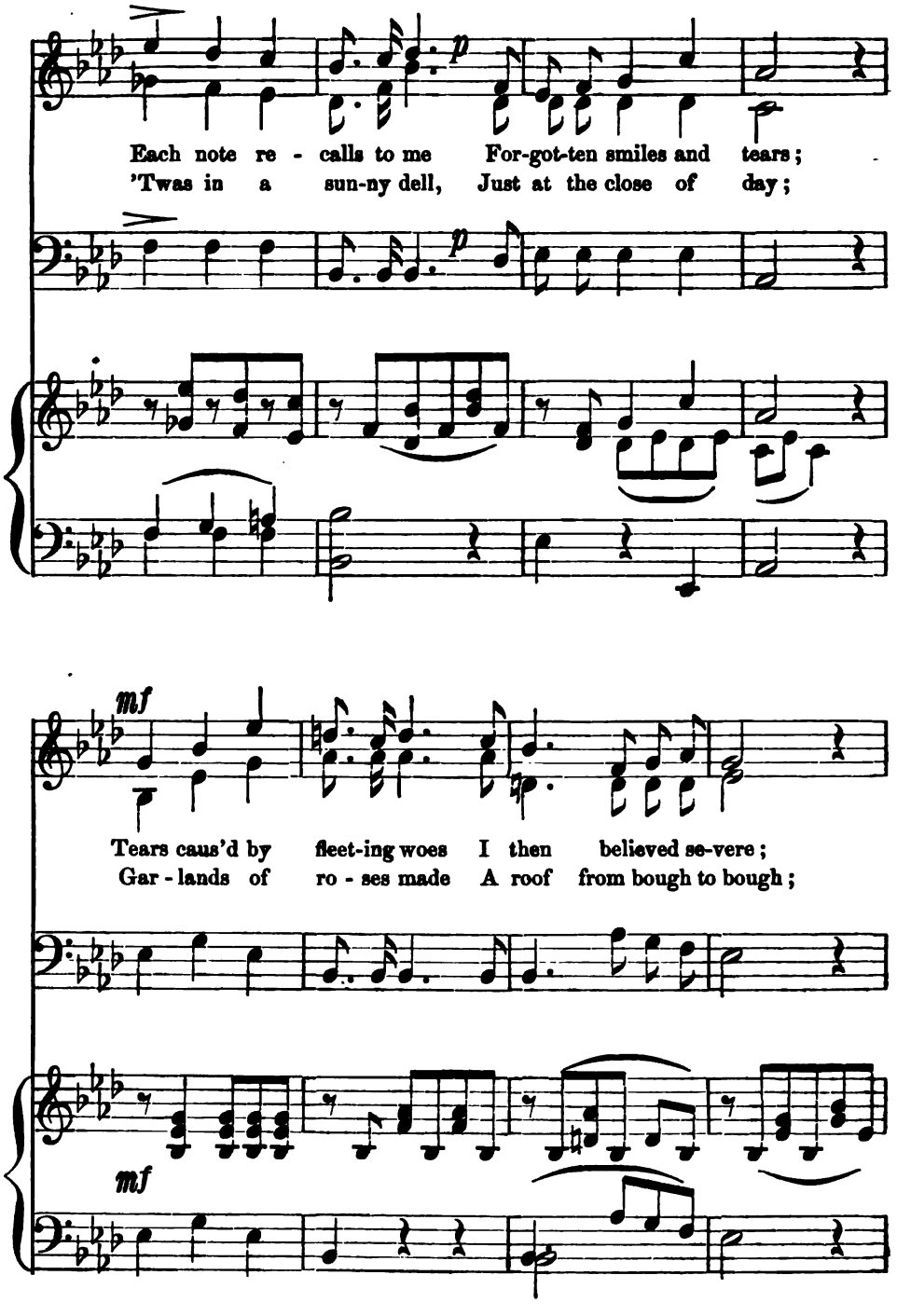
Andante.

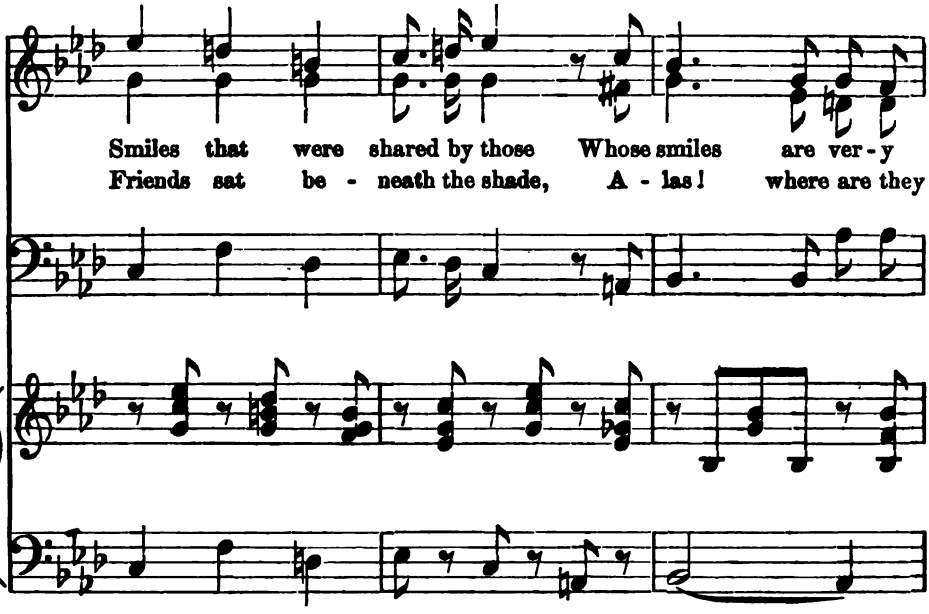
p

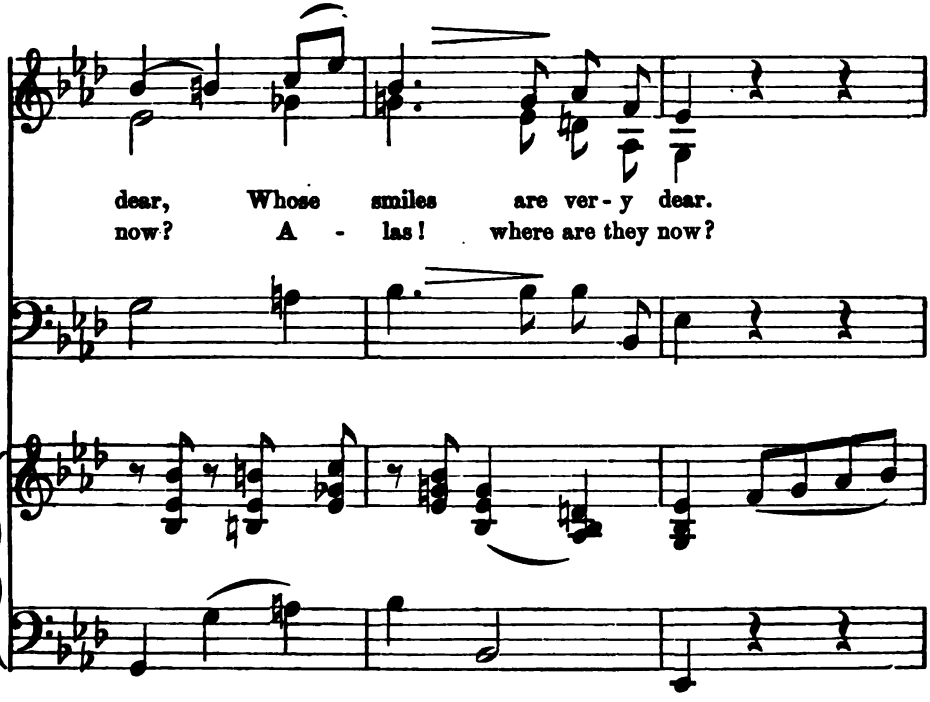
1. Oh! 'tis the mel-o-dy We heard in former years;
2. Aye, I re - mem-ber well Where I last heard that lay;

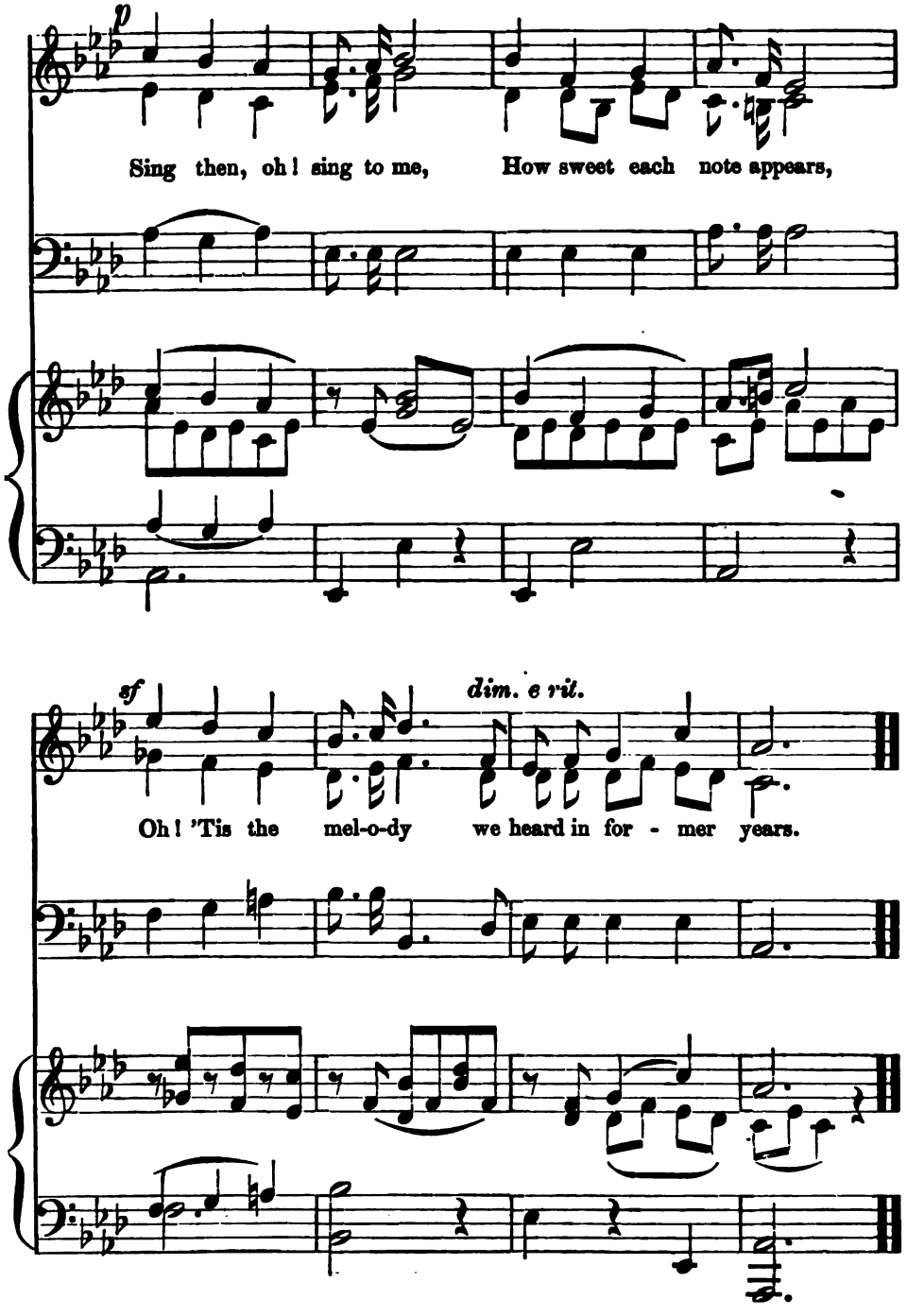
p

p


p
Each note re - calls to me For-got-ten smiles and tears;
'Twas in a sun-ny dell, Just at the close of day;
p
mf
Tears caus'd by fleet-ing woes I then believed se-vere;
Gar - lands of ro - ses made A roof from bough to bough;
mf


Smiles that were shared by those Whose smiles are ver - y
Friends sat be - neath the shade, A - las! where are they

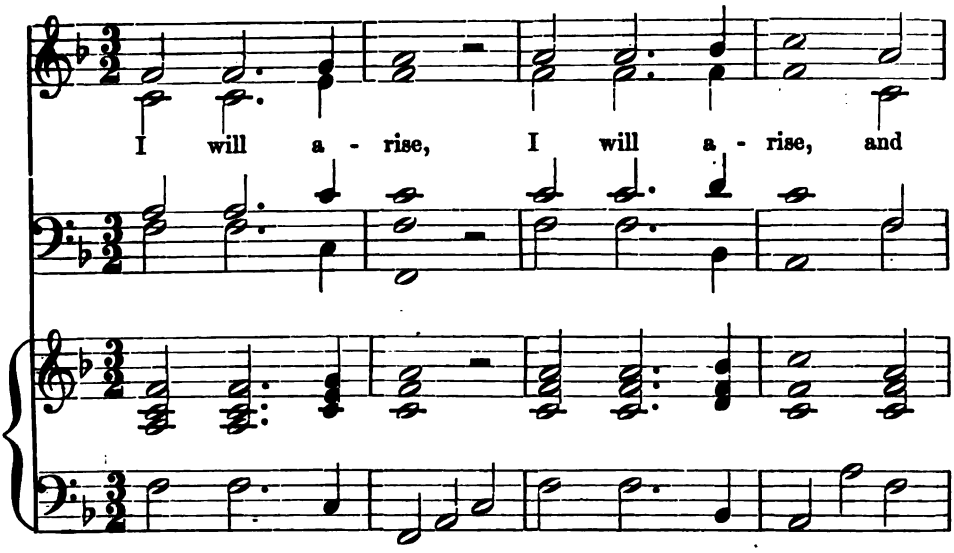

dear, Whose smiles are ver - y dear.
now? A - las! where are they now?

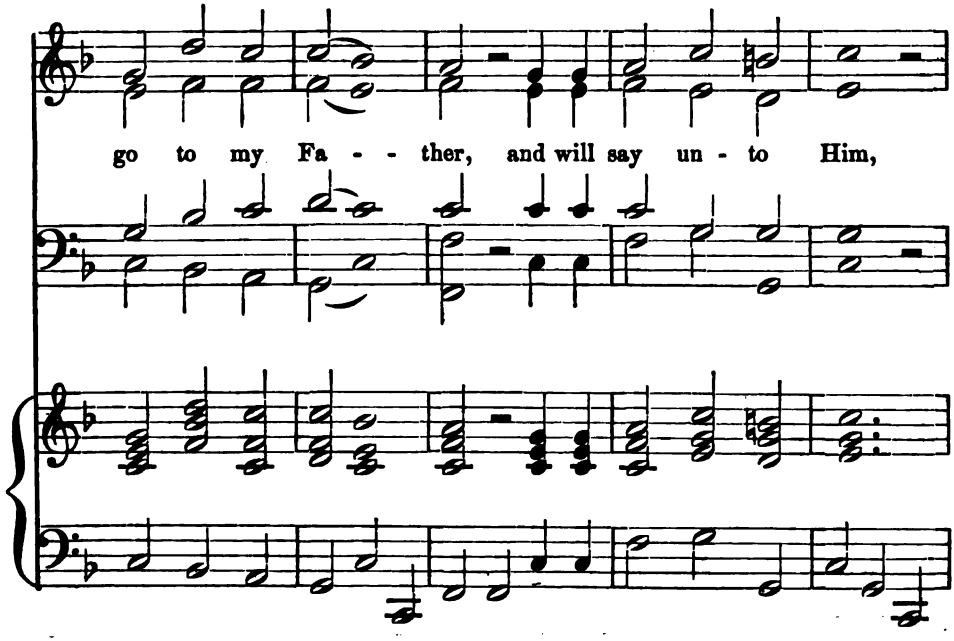

p
Sing then, oh! sing to me, How sweet each note appears,
sf
dim. e rit.
Oh! 'Tis the mel-o-dy we heard in for - mer years.

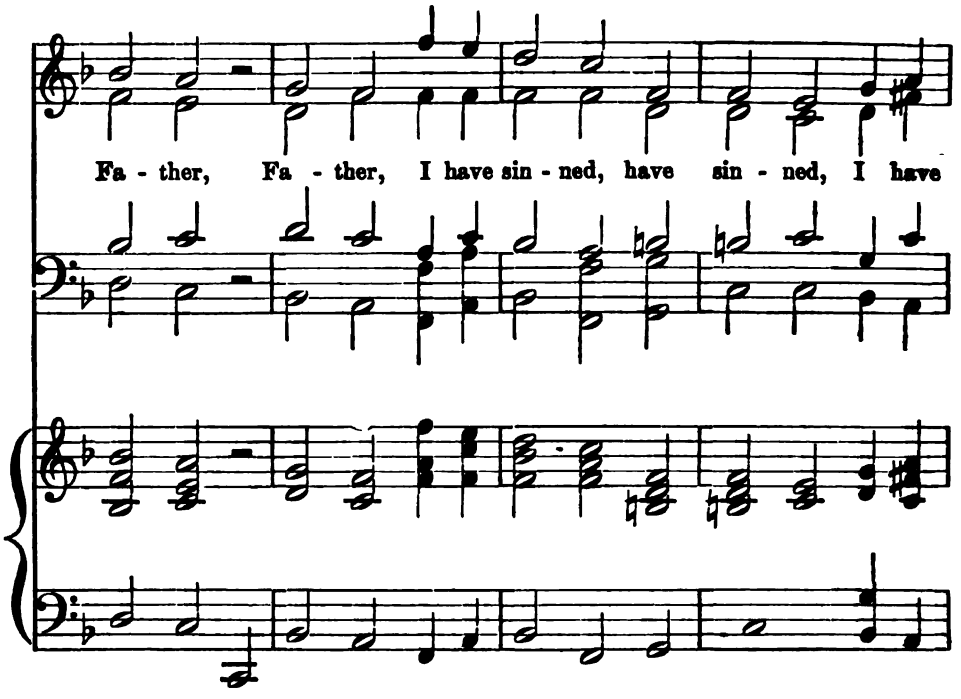
I WILL ARISE.

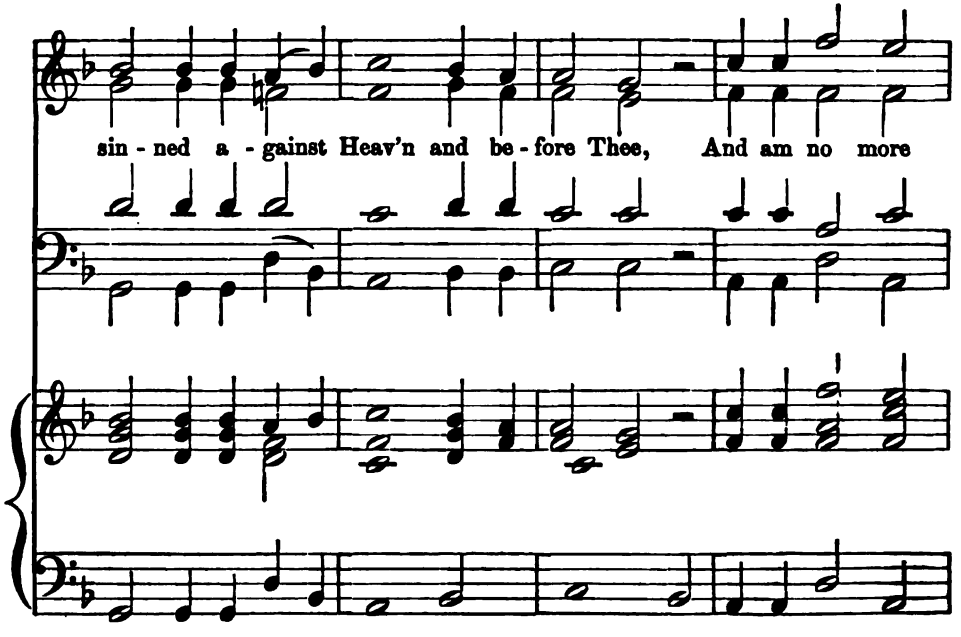
ANTHEM FOR FOUR VOICES.

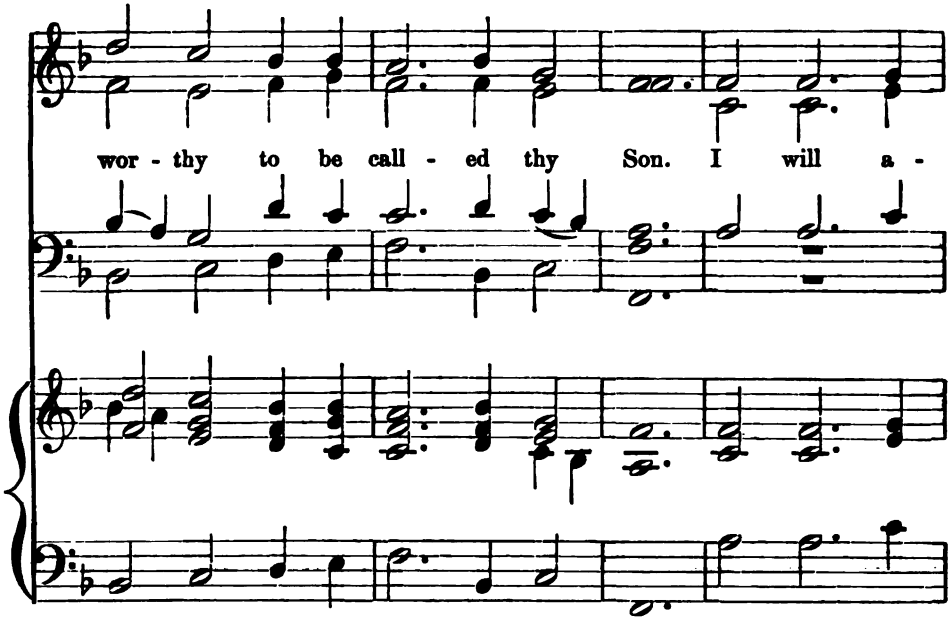
RICHARD CECIL.

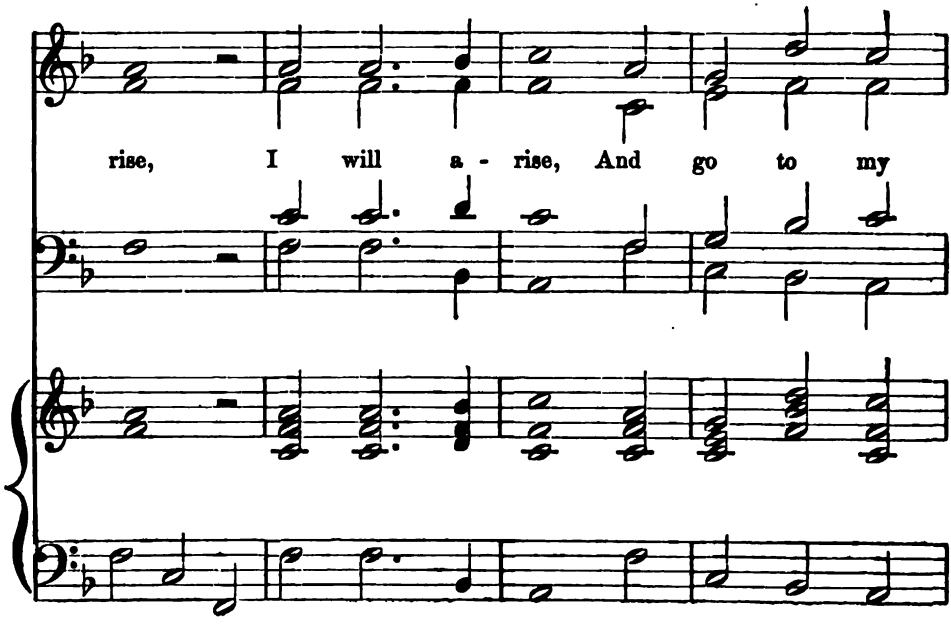


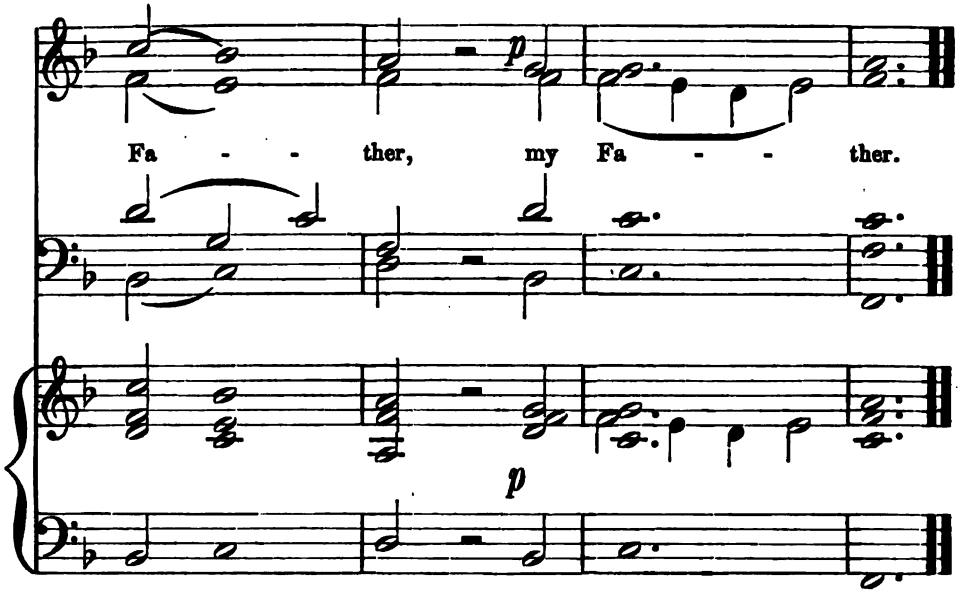



Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have sin - ned, have sin - ned, I have

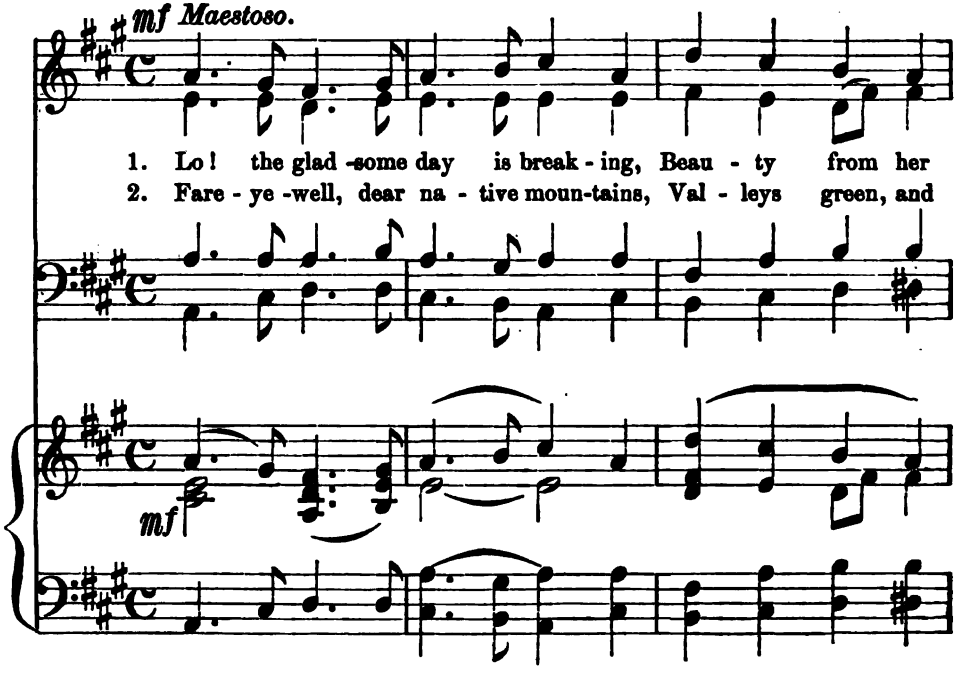

sin - ned a - gainst Heav'n and be - fore Thee, And am no more

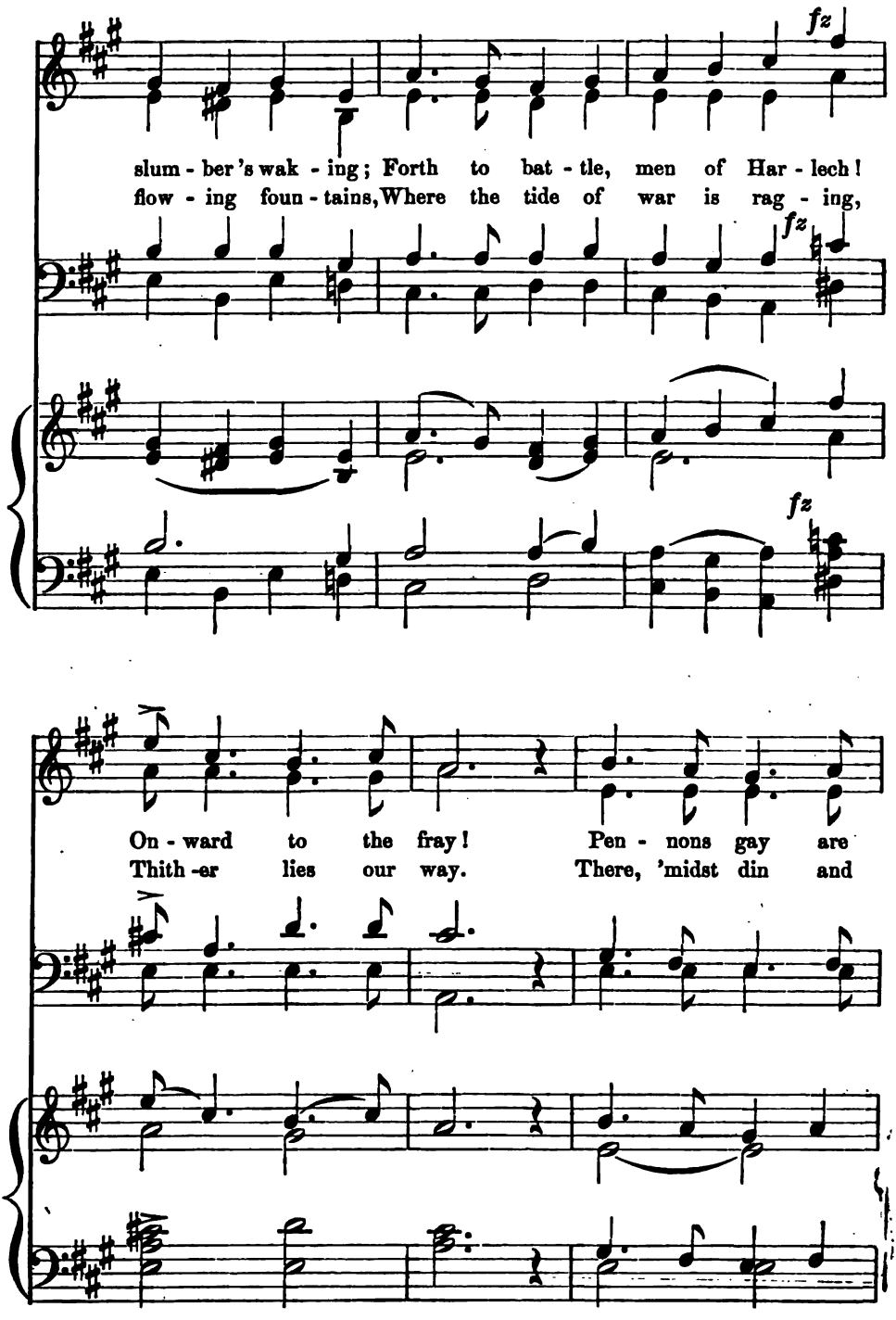

wor - thy to be call - ed thy Son. I will a -

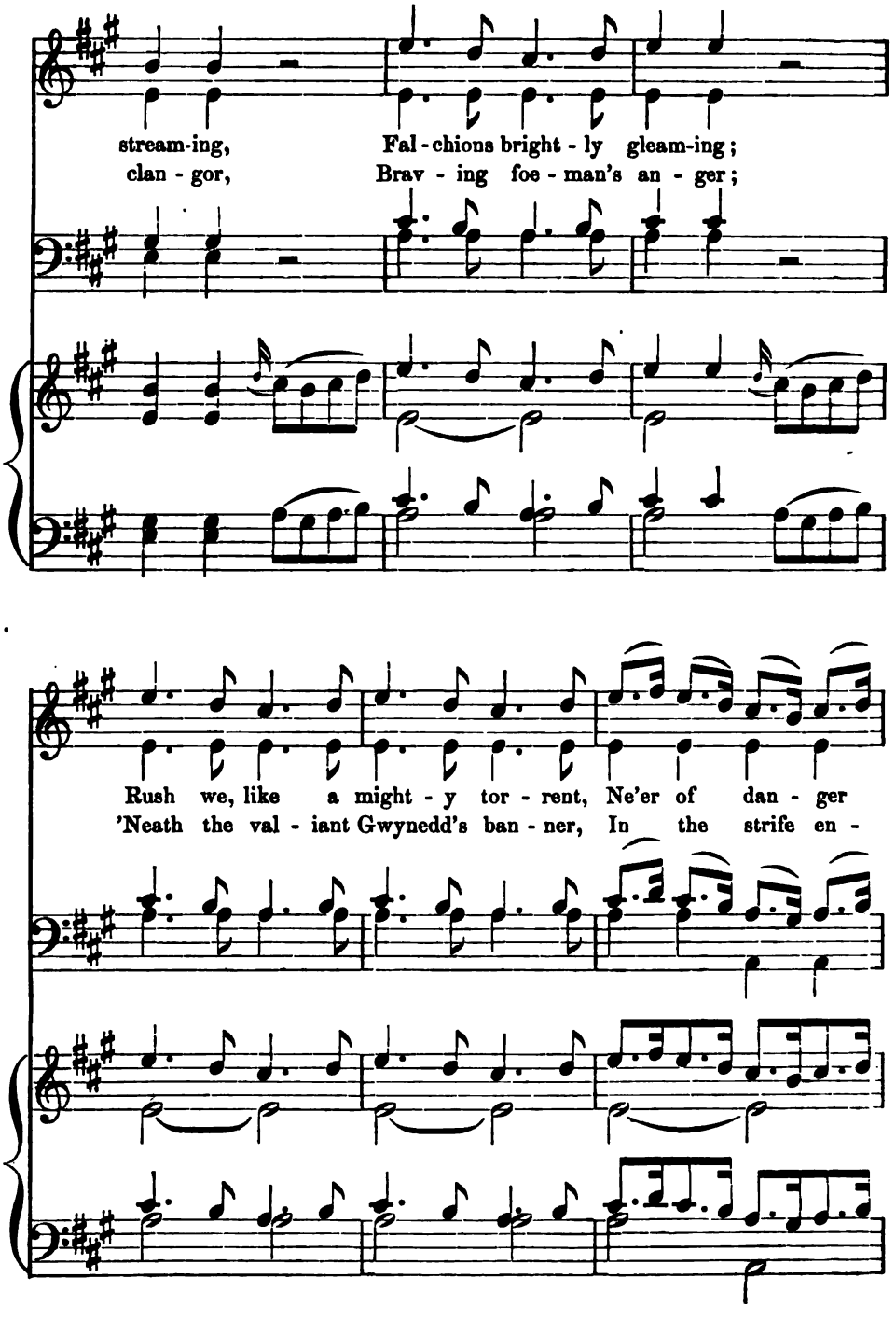

rise, I will a - rise, And go to my

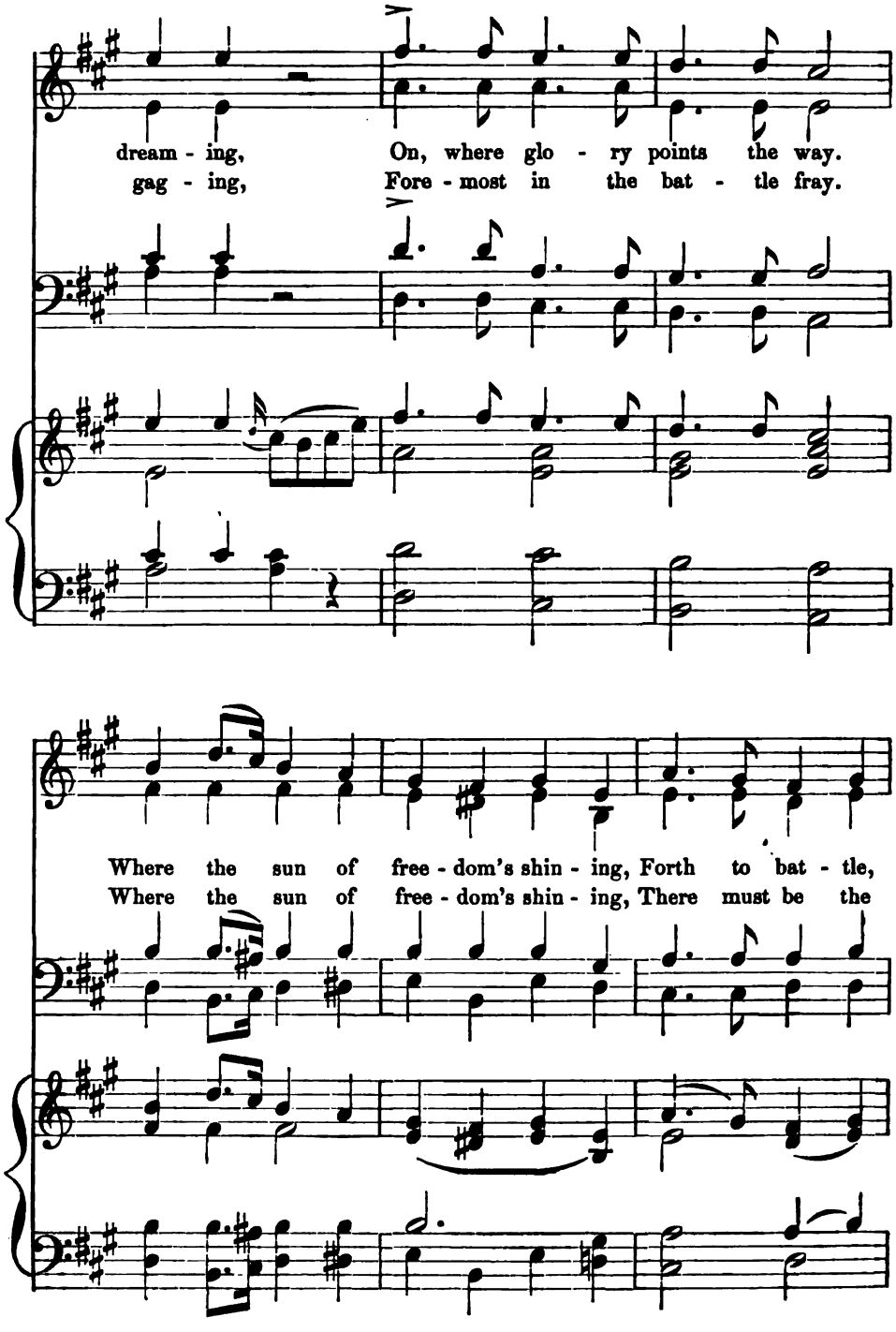


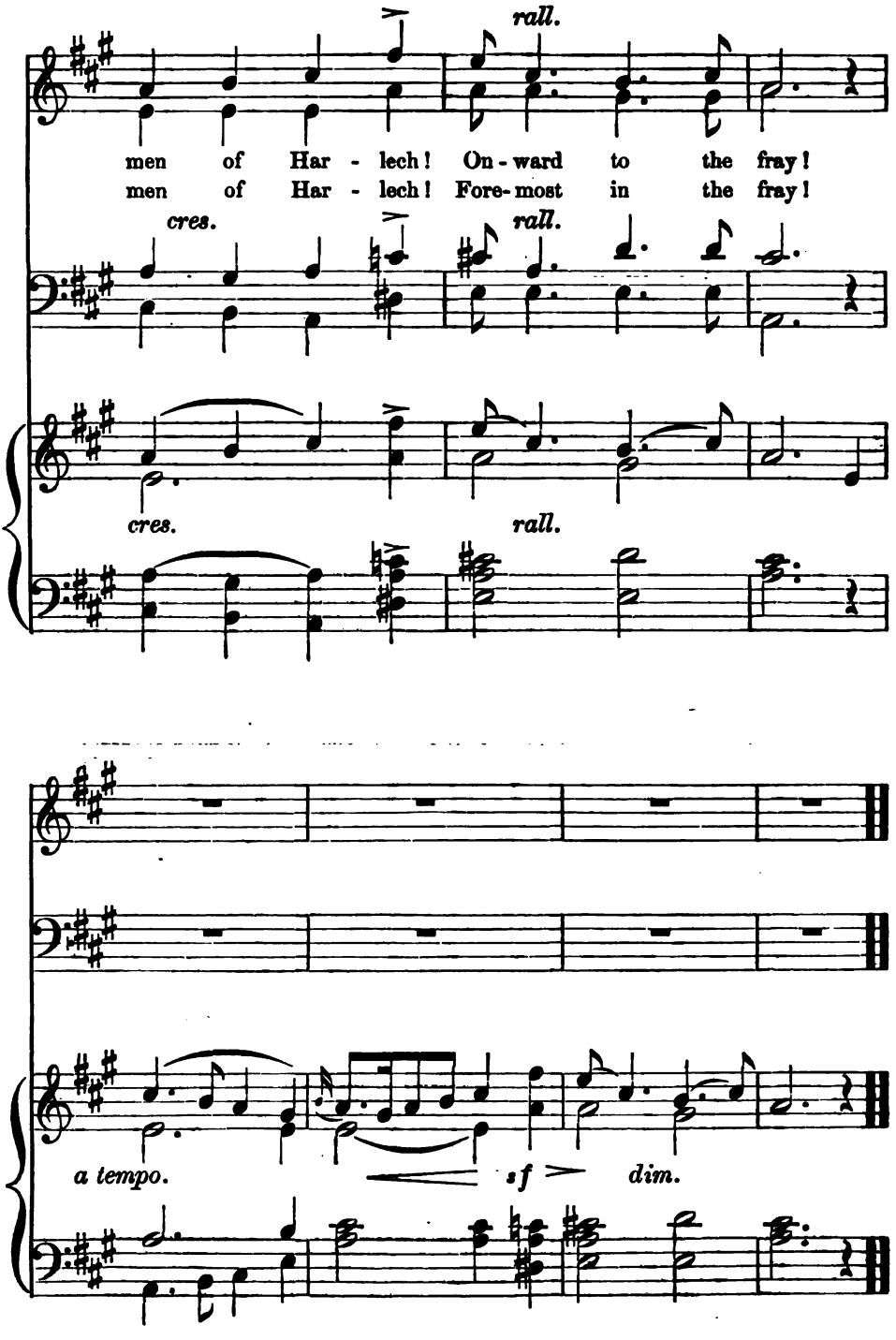
THE MEN OF HARLECH.




fz
slum - ber 's wak - ing; Forth to bat - tle, men of Har - lech!
flow - ing foun - tains, Where the tide of war is rag - ing,
fz
fz
On - ward to the fray! Pen - nons gay are
Thith -er lies our way. There, 'midst din and


stream-ing, Fal-chions bright-ly gleam-ing;
clan-gor, Brav-ing foe-man's an-ger;
Rush we, like a might-y tor-rent, Ne'er of dan-ger
'Neath the val-iant Gwynedd's ban-ner, In the strife en-


dream - ing, On, where glo - ry points the way.
gag - ing, Fore - most in the bat - tle fray.
Where the sun of free - dom's shin - ing, Forth to bat - tle,
Where the sun of free - dom's shin - ing, There must be the


rall.
men of Har - lech! On - ward to the fray!
men of Har - lech! Fore - most in the fray!
cres.
rall.
cres.
rall.
a tempo.
sf
dim.

THE NIGHT IS ADVANCING.

CHORUS.

Allegro con spirito. ROSSINI.

p

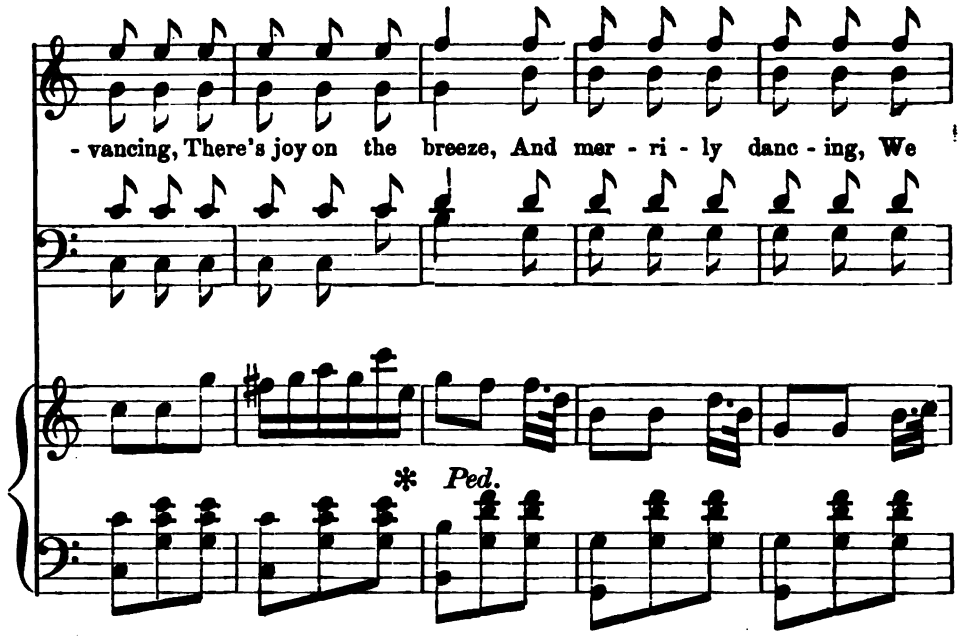
The night is ad-vancing, There's joy on the breeze, And

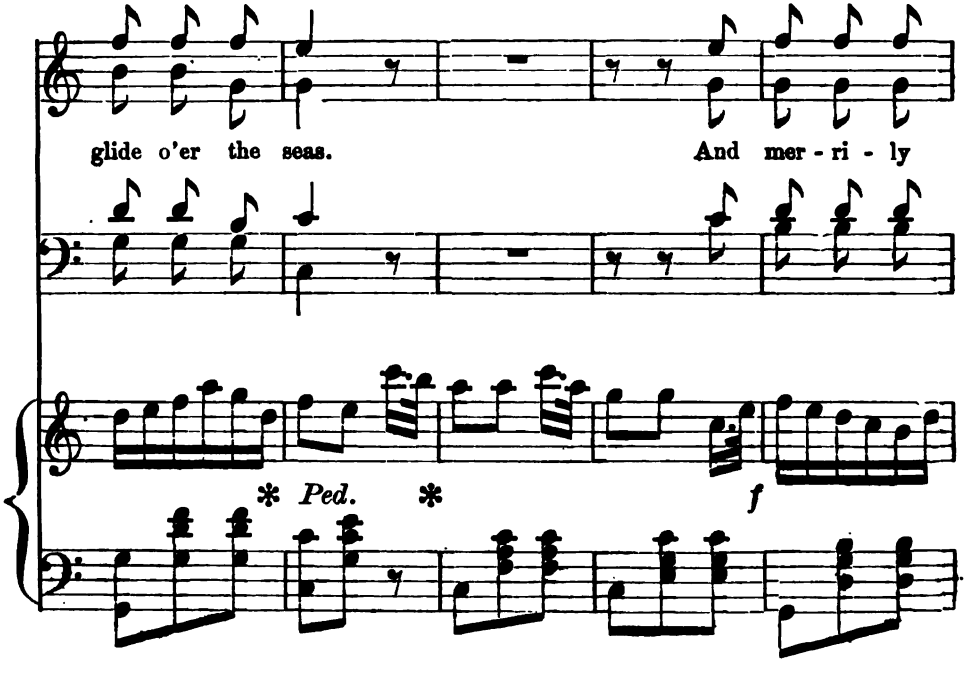
Ped. *p* ✻ *Ped.*

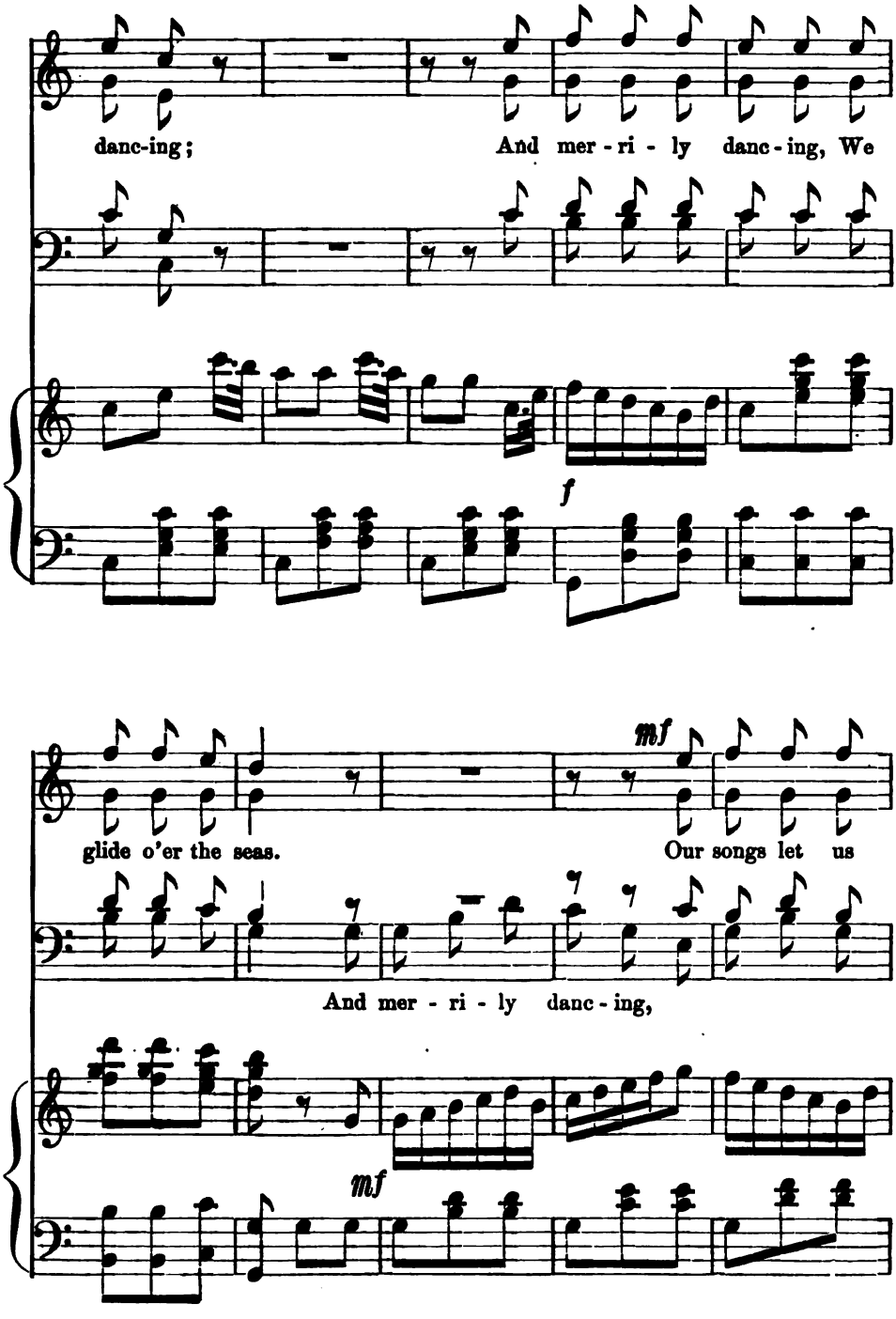
mer-ri-ly danc-ing, We glide o'er the seas. The night is ad-

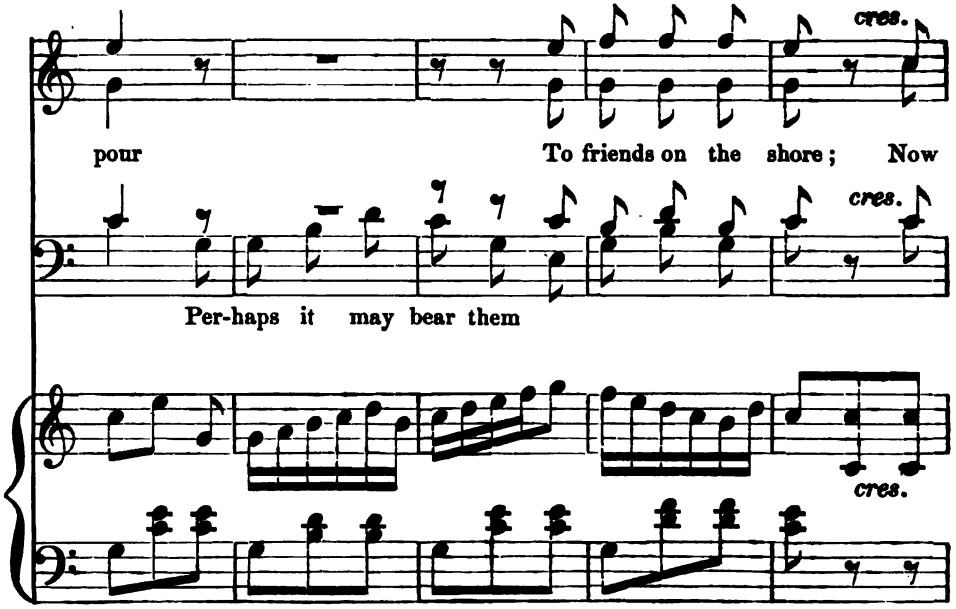
cres.

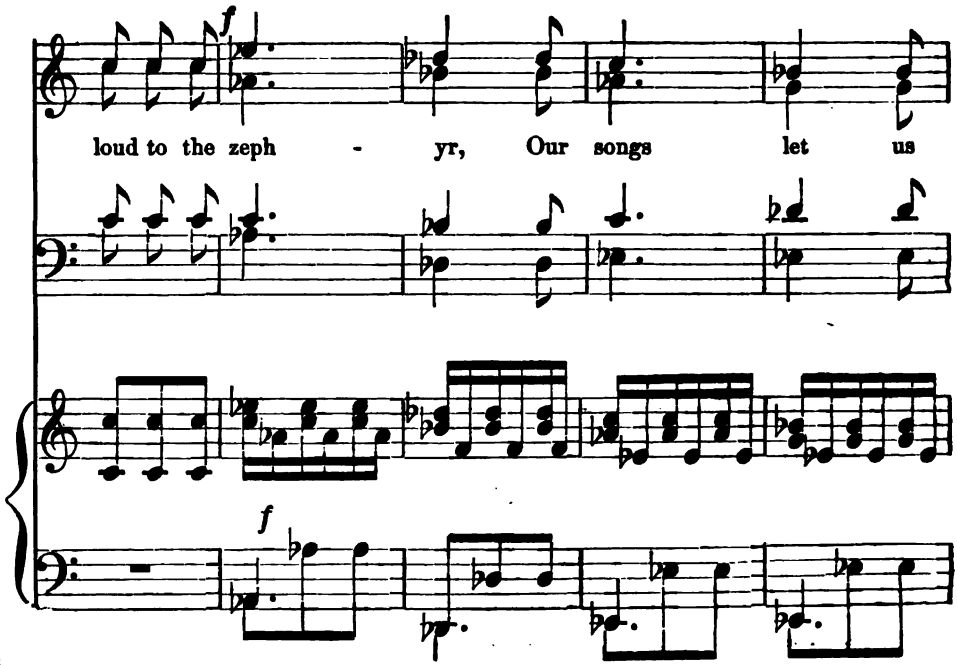
✻ *Ped.*

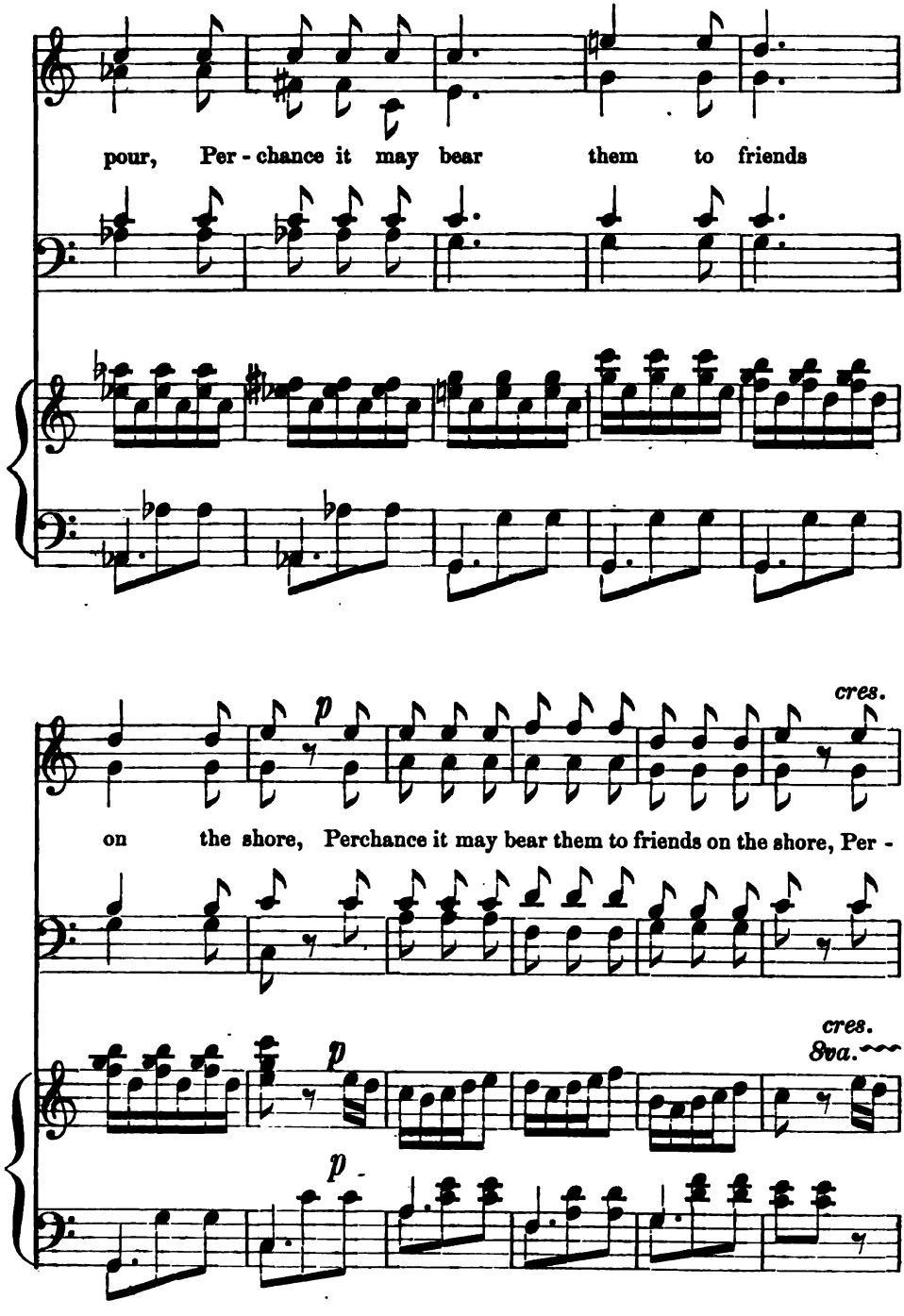

- vancing, There's joy on the breeze, And mer - ri - ly danc - ing, We
* Ped.


glide o'er the seas. And mer - ri - ly
* Ped. *
f


danc-ing; And mer - ri - ly danc - ing, We
f
glide o'er the seas. Our songs let us
mf
And mer - ri - ly danc - ing,
mf


cres.
pour To friends on the shore; Now
cres.
Per-haps it may bear them
cres.


f
loud to the zeph - yr, Our songs let us
f


pour, Per - chance it may bear them to friends
p
cres.
on the shore, Perchance it may bear them to friends on the shore, Per -
p
cres.
8va.
p

f

- chance it may bear them to friends on the shore, to friends on the shore, Per -

f loco.

f

- chance it may bear them to friends on the shore.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

J. Barnby.

1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Christians, haste your vows to pay;
2. Christ, the Vic - tim un - de - filed, Man to God hath rec - on - ciled;

Of - fer ye your prais - es meet, At the Pas - chal vic-tim's feet.
Whilst in strange and aw - ful strife, Met to - geth - er Death and Life.

For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sin - less in the sin - ner's stead;
Christians, on this hap - py day, Haste with joy your vows to pay;

"Christ is risen," to - day we cry; Now He lives no more to die.
"Christ is risen," to - day we cry; Now He lives no more to die. A-men.

FROM CANTATA "THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS."

Adagio non troppo. ♩ = 66.

J. RHEINBERGER.
Arr. for this book.

p *cres.* *dim.* *pp*

ALTO SOLO.

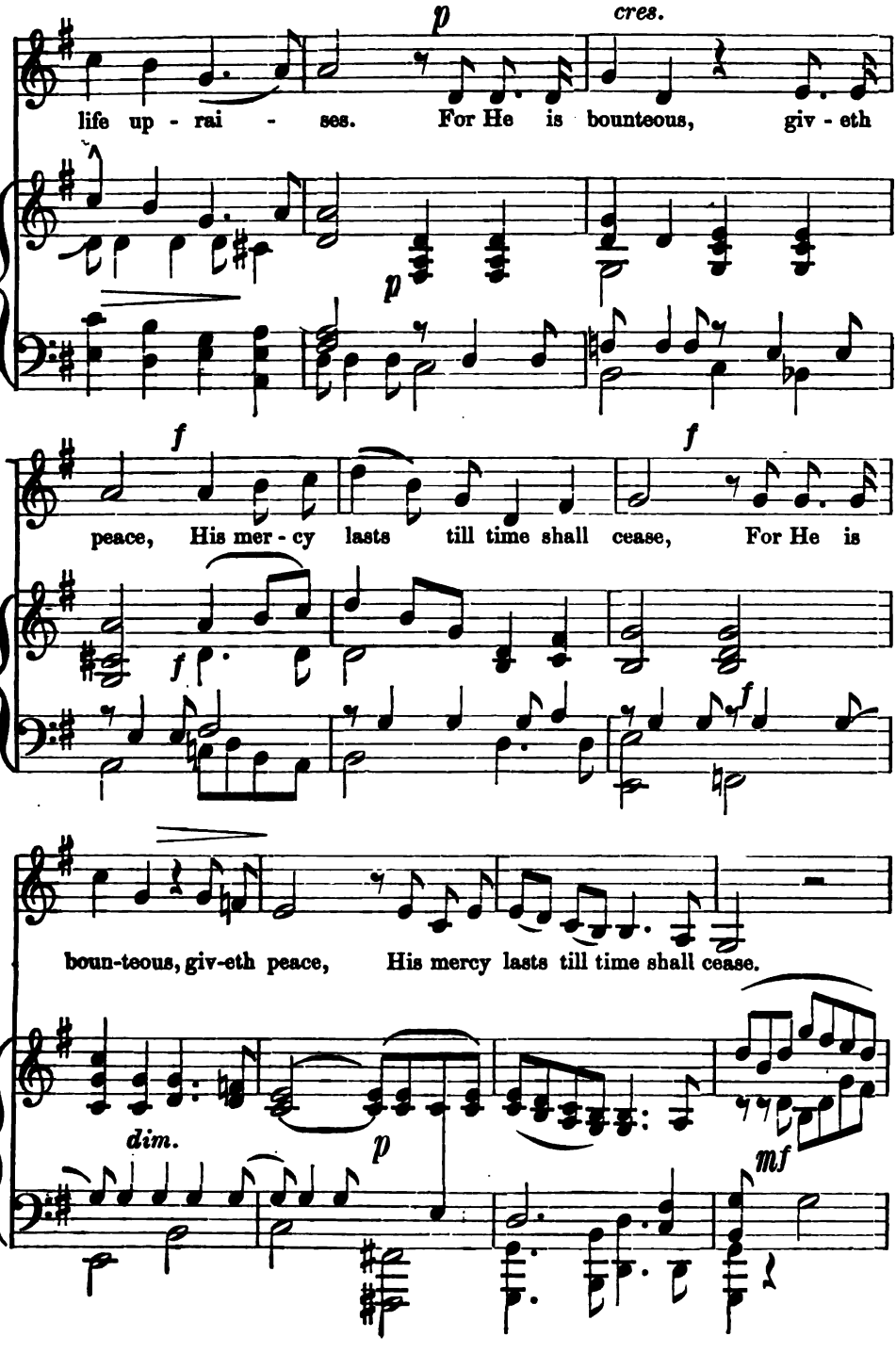
espress.

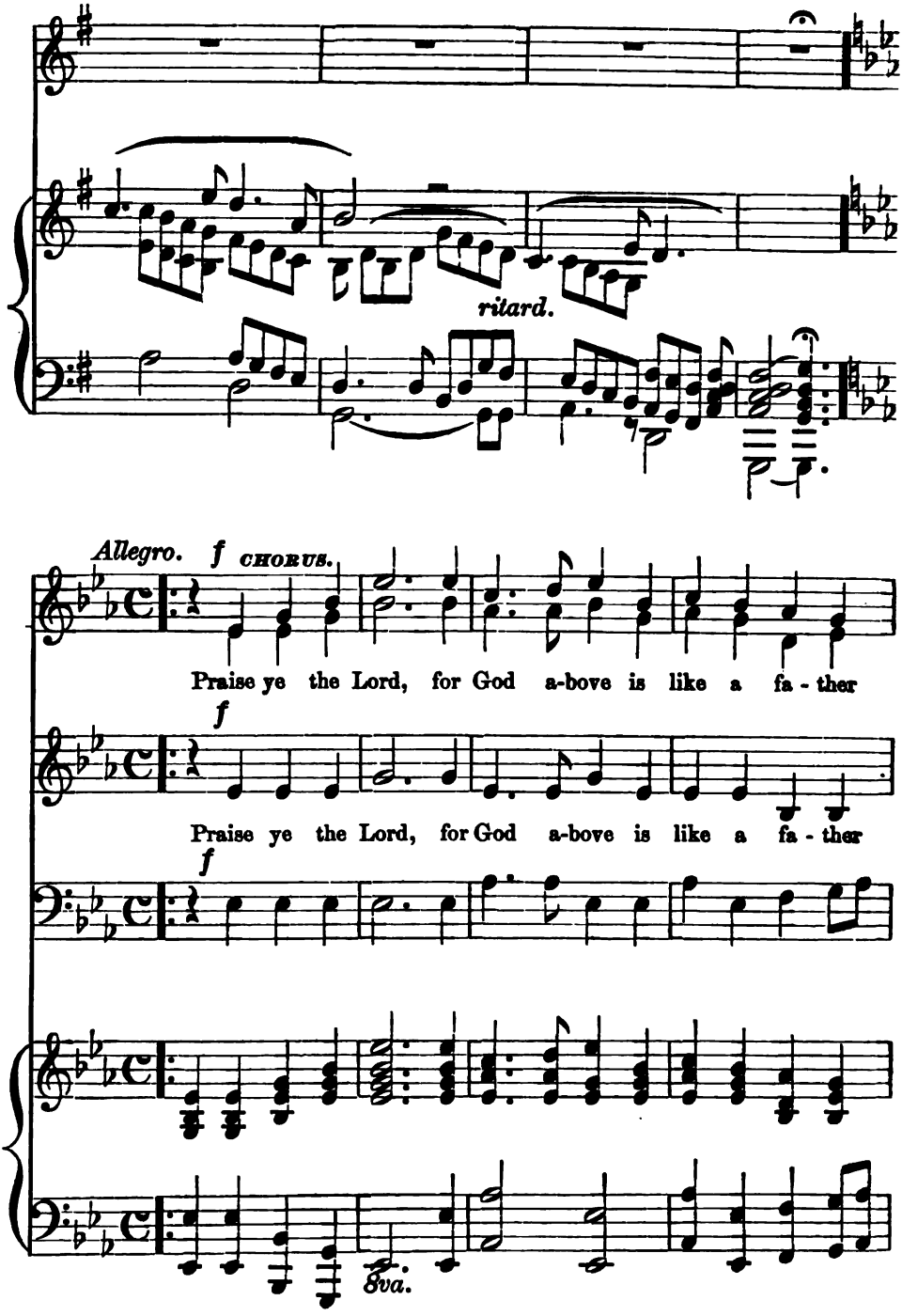
Yea, thank the Fa-ther e - ver-more, Your heart up - lift in prai -

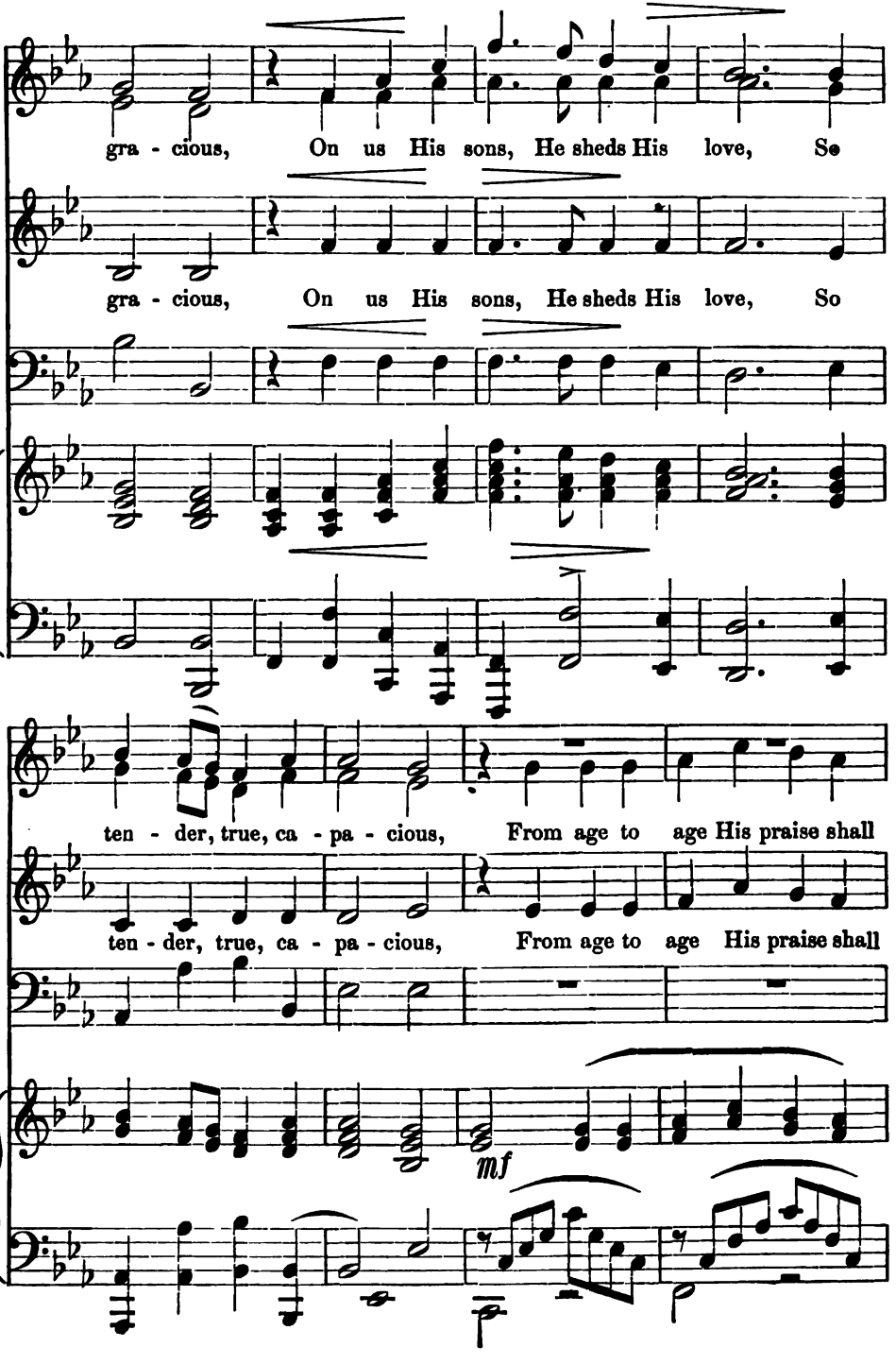
cres. *f*

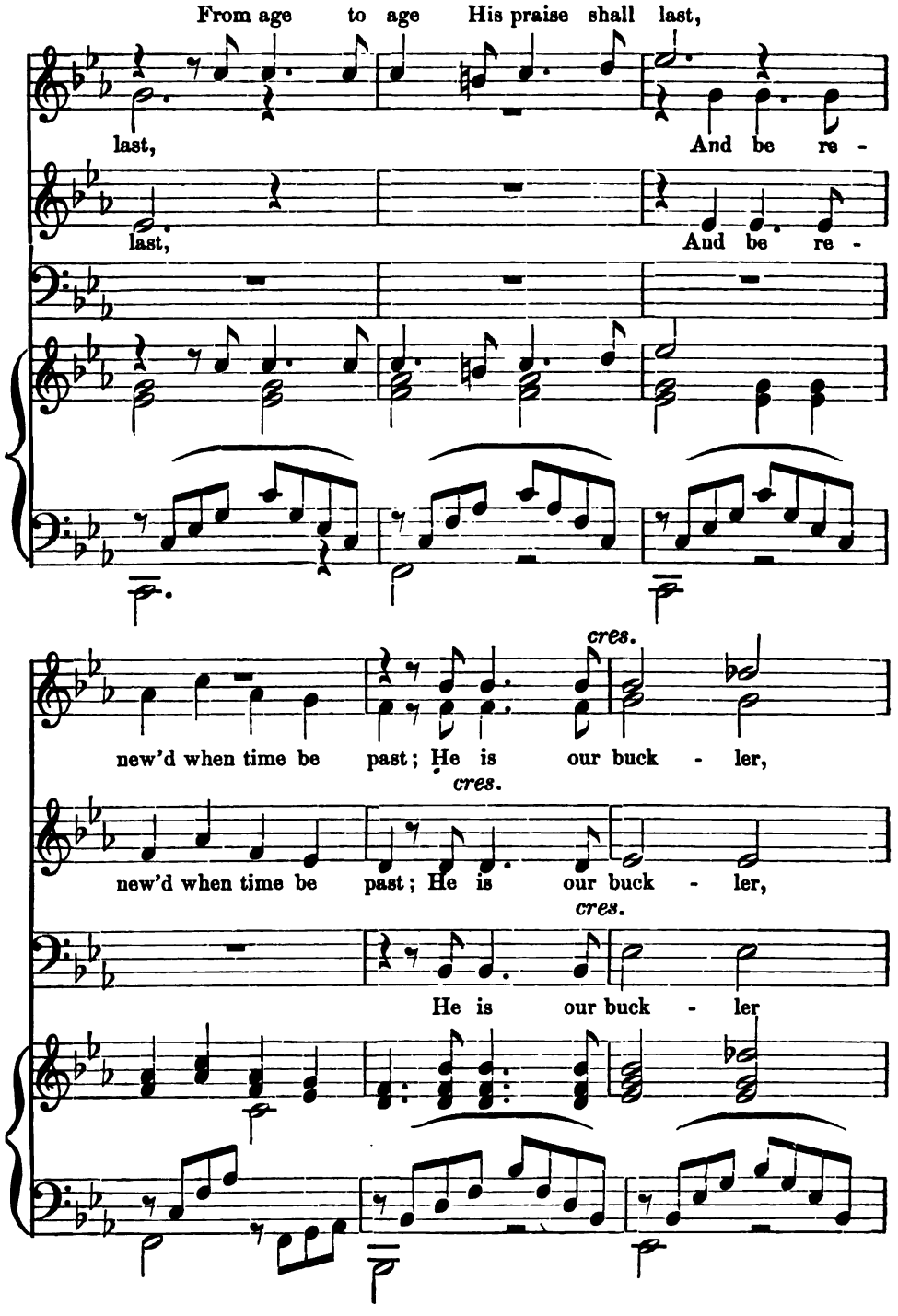
ses, His Ho - ly Name and word a - dore, Who death to

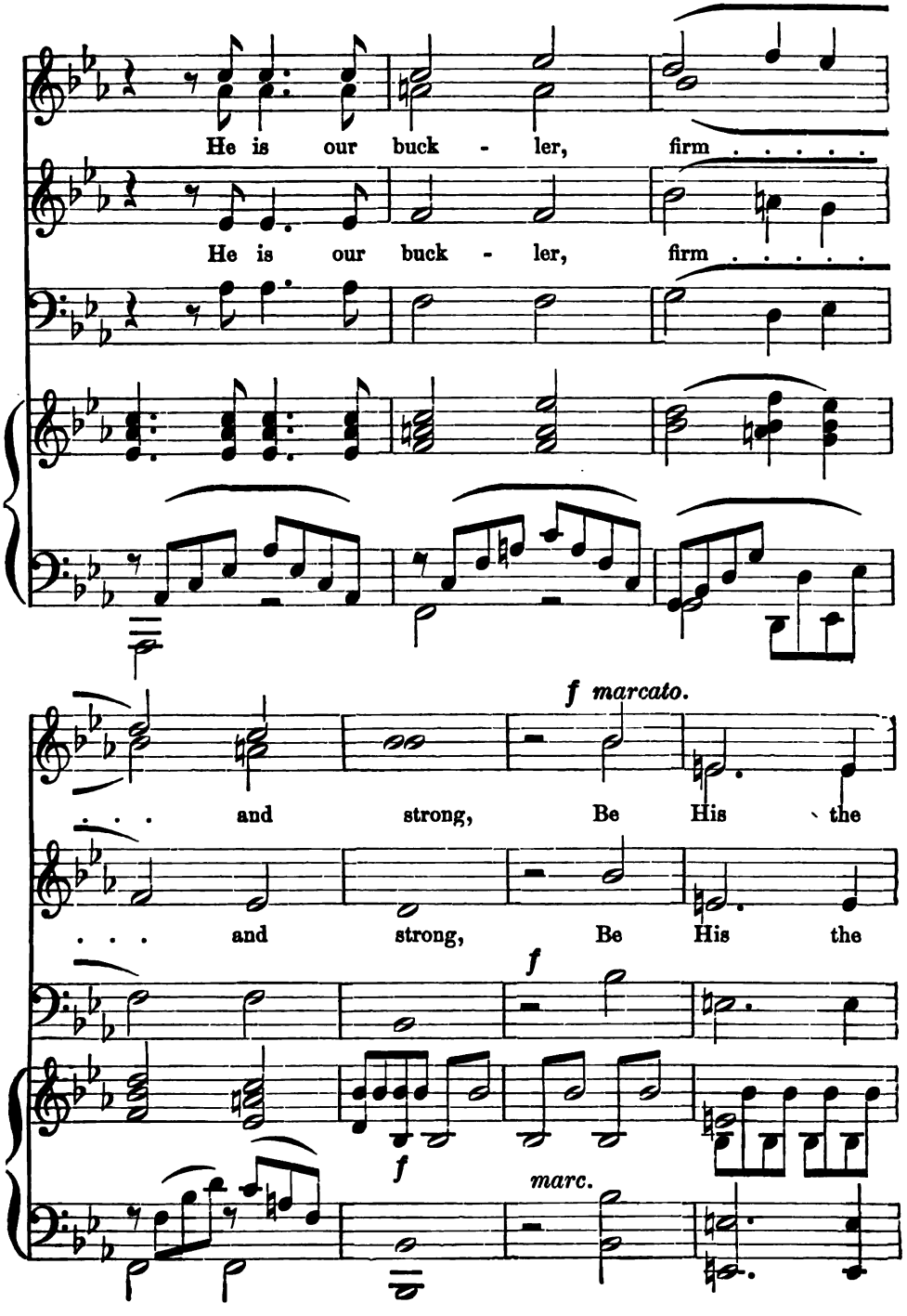
cres.

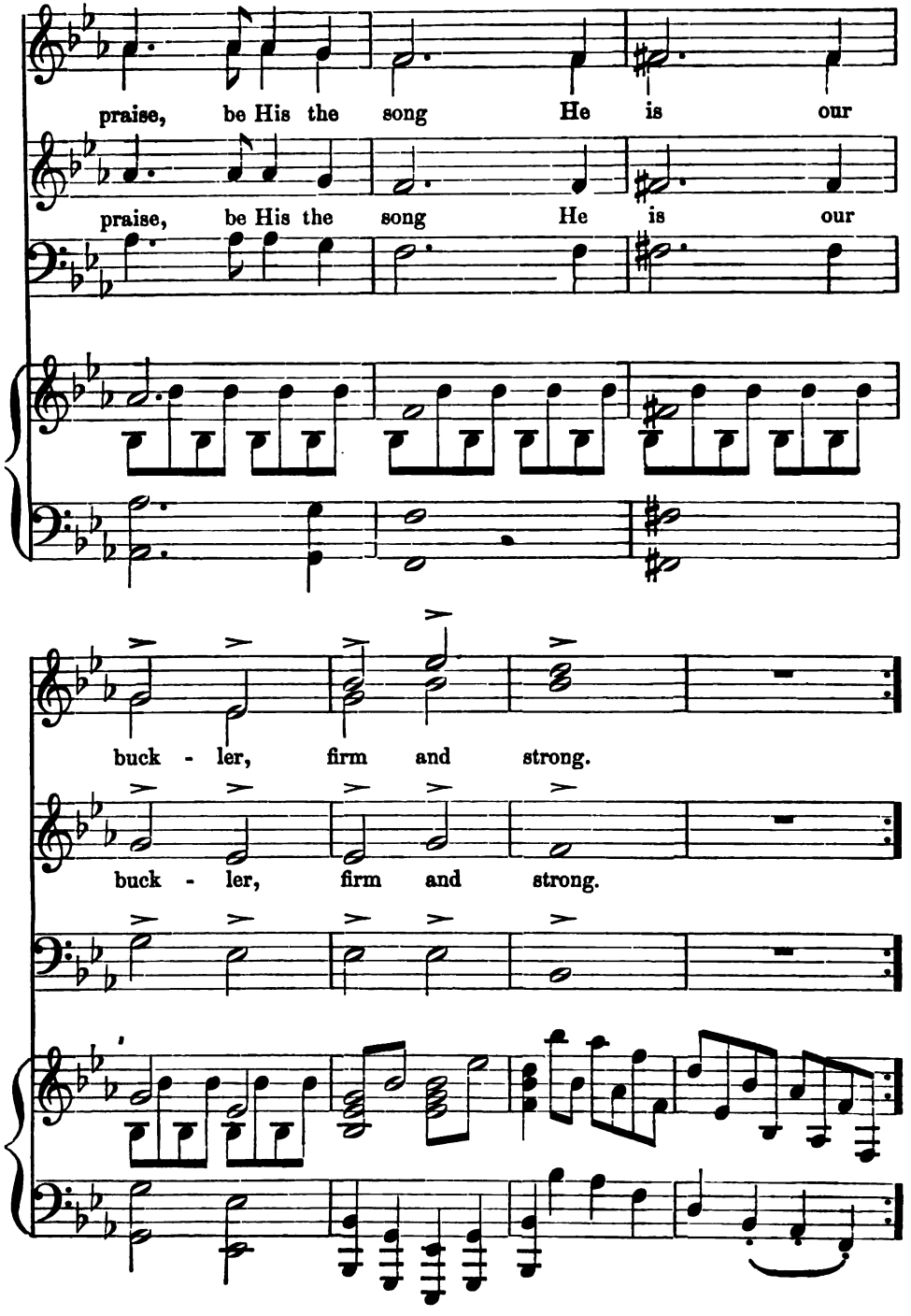

p
cres.
life up - rai - ses. For He is bounteous, giv - eth
p
f
f
peace, His mer - cy lasts till time shall cease, For He is
f
f
boun-teous, giv-eth peace, His mercy lasts till time shall cease.
dim.
p
mf

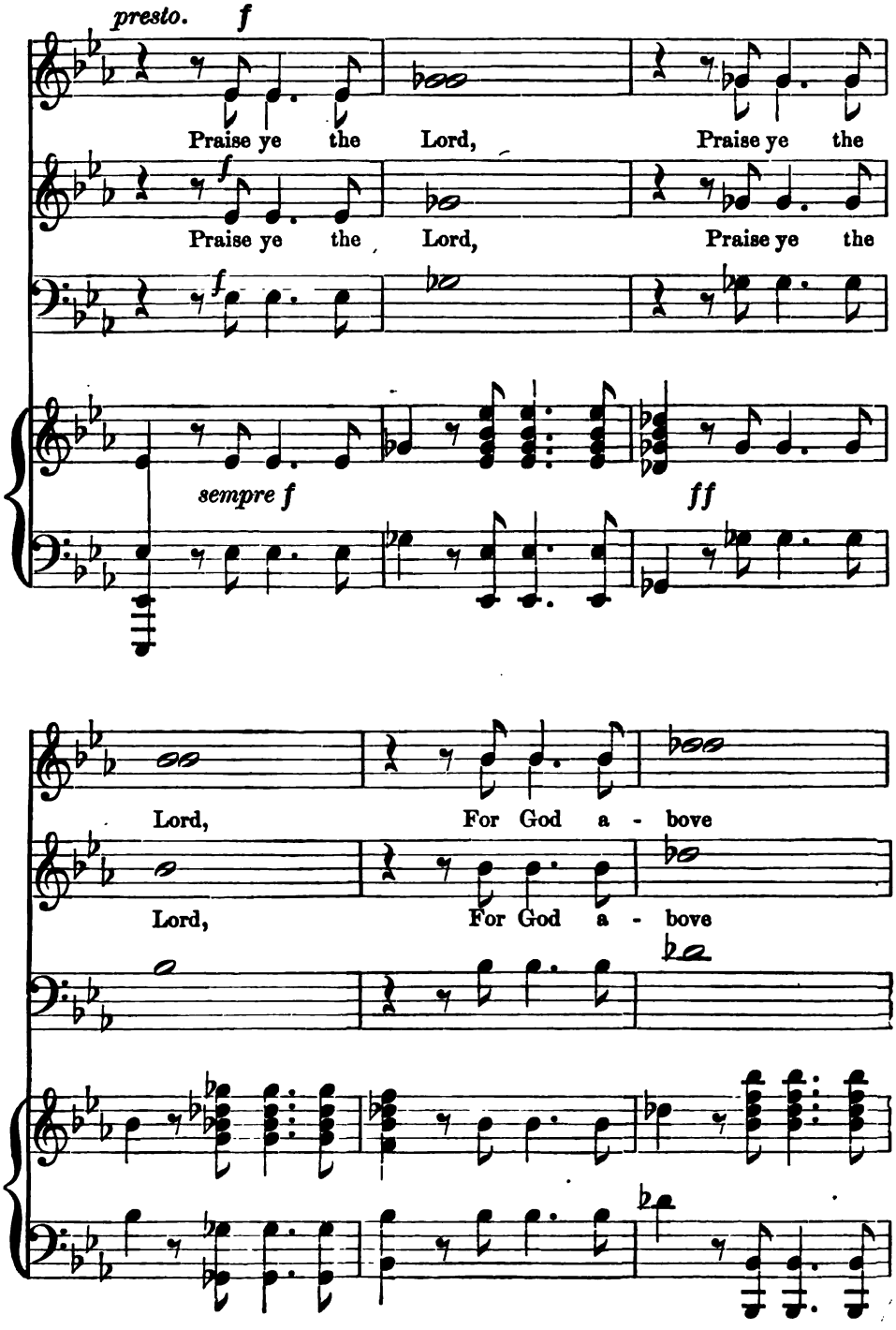

ritard.
Allegro.
f
CHORUS.
Praise ye the Lord, for God a-bove is like a fa - ther
f
Praise ye the Lord, for God a-bove is like a fa - ther
f
8va.

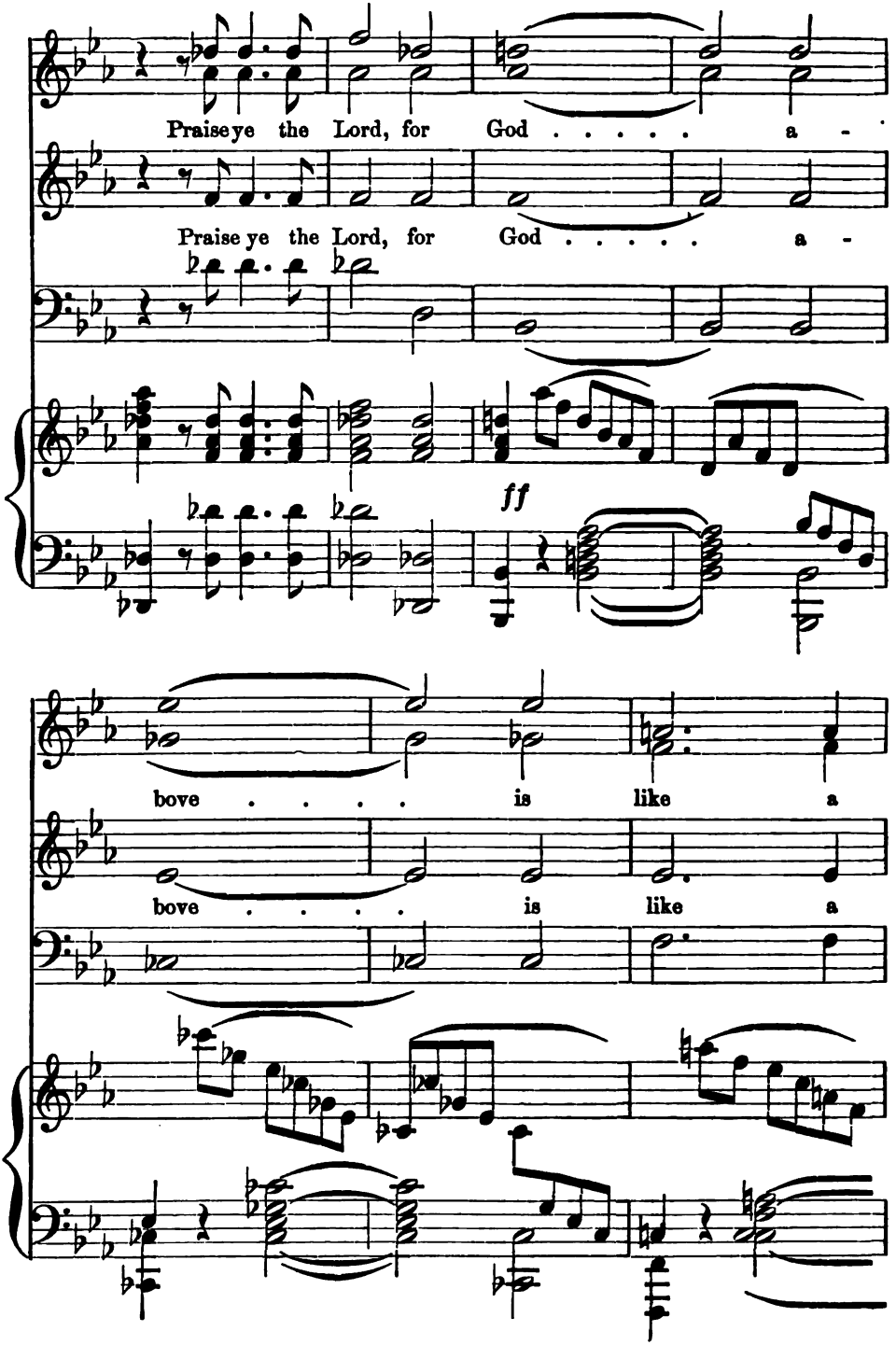

gra - cious, On us His sons, He sheds His love, So
gra - cious, On us His sons, He sheds His love, So
ten - der, true, ca - pa - cious, From age to age His praise shall
ten - der, true, ca - pa - cious, From age to age His praise shall
mf

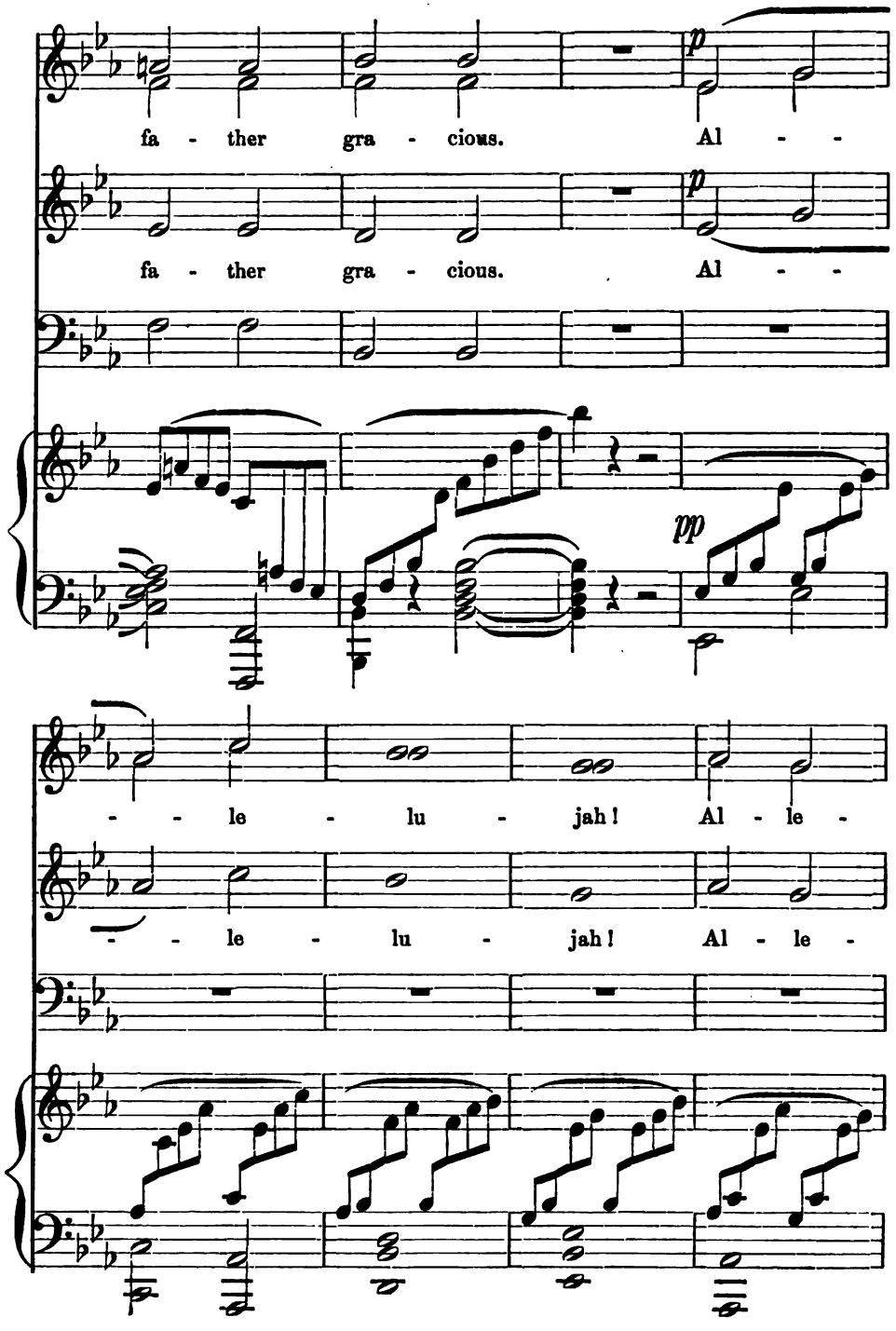

From age to age His praise shall last,
last, And be re -
last, And be re -
cres.
new'd when time be past; He is our buck - ler,
cres.
new'd when time be past; He is our buck - ler,
cres.
He is our buck - ler

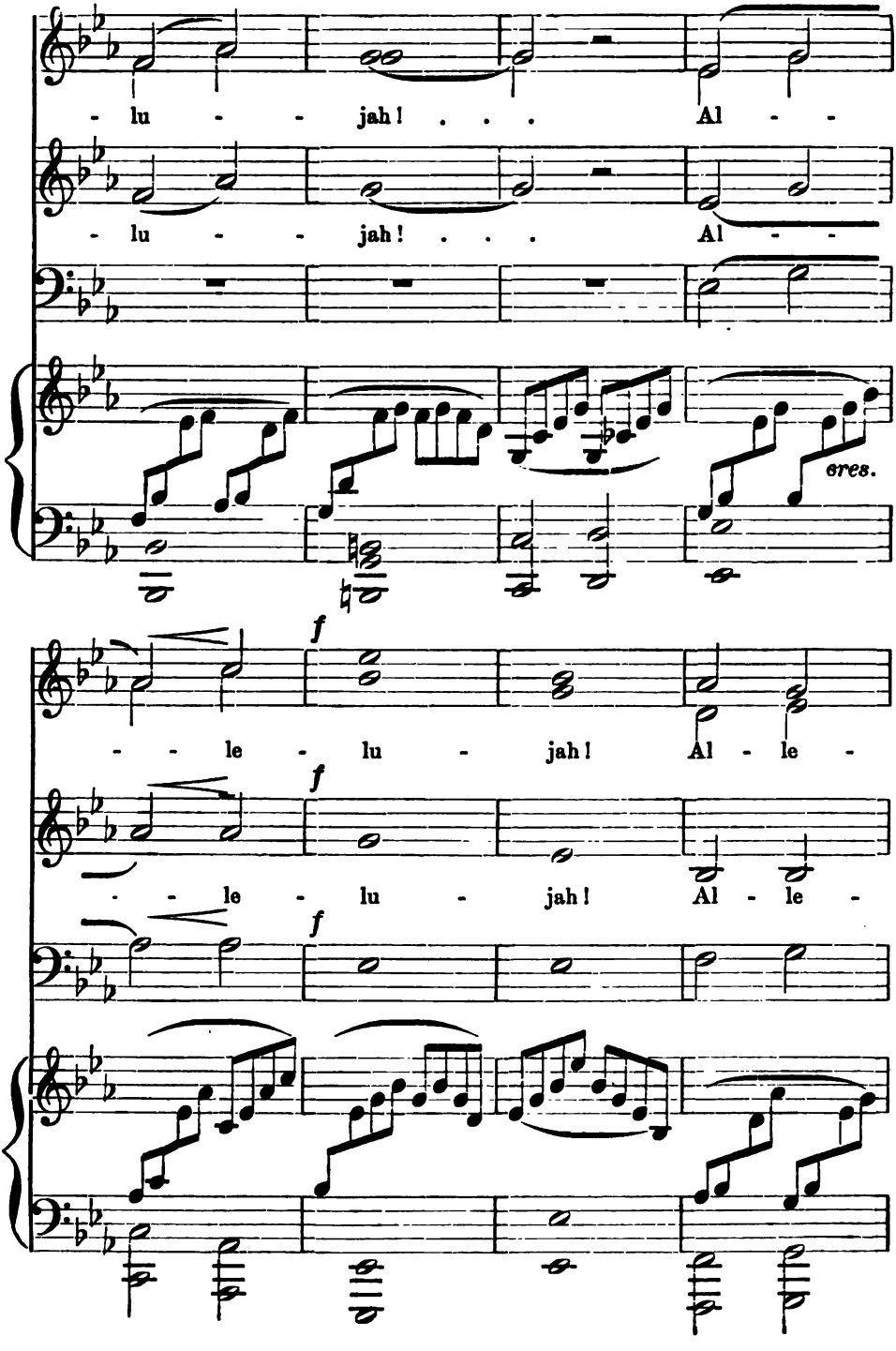

He is our buck - ler, firm . . . . .
He is our buck - ler, firm . . . . .
f marcato.
. . . and strong, Be His the
. . . and strong, Be His the
f
f
marc.

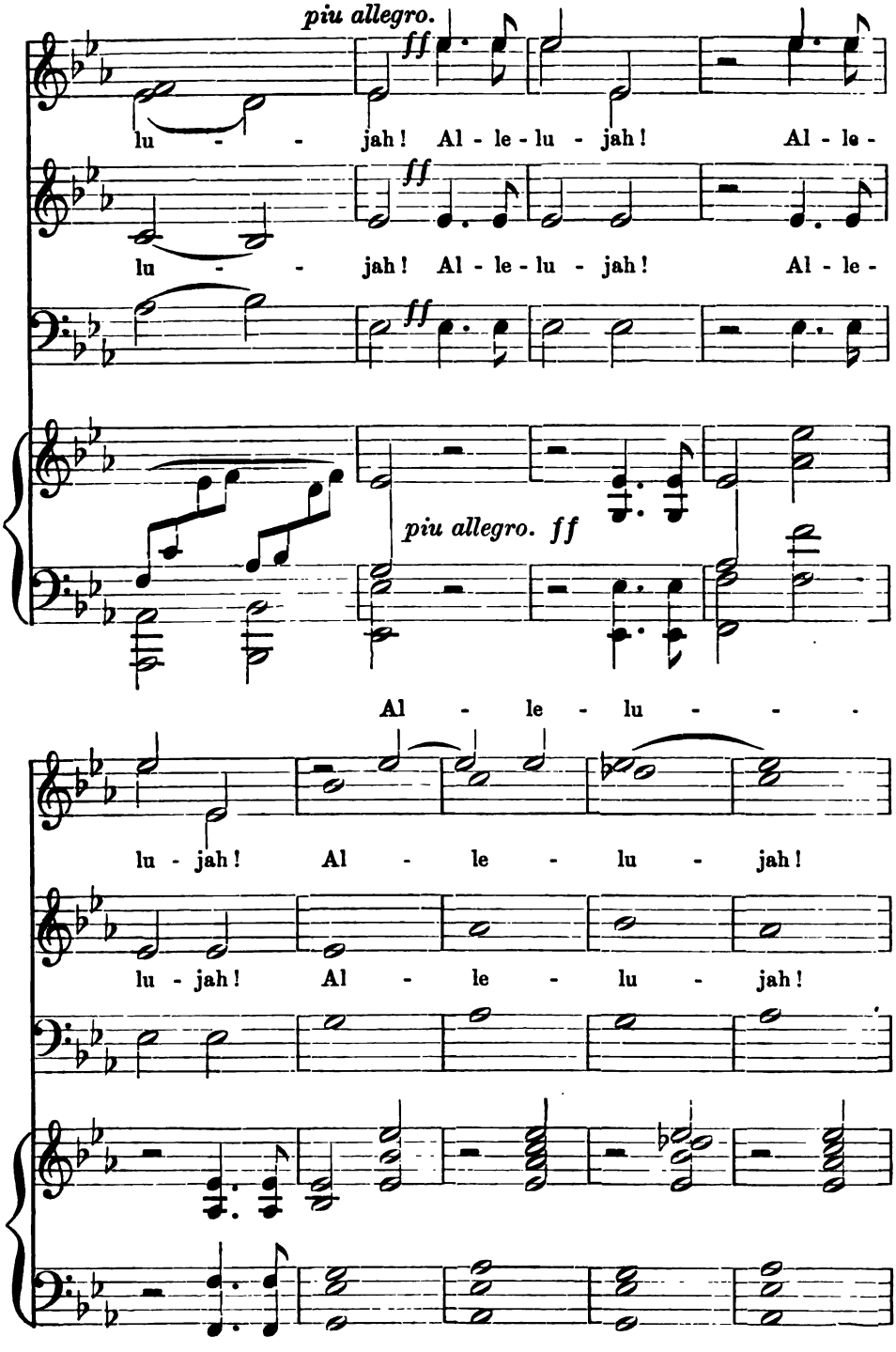

praise, be His the song He is our
praise, be His the song He is our
buck - ler, firm and strong.
buck - ler, firm and strong.

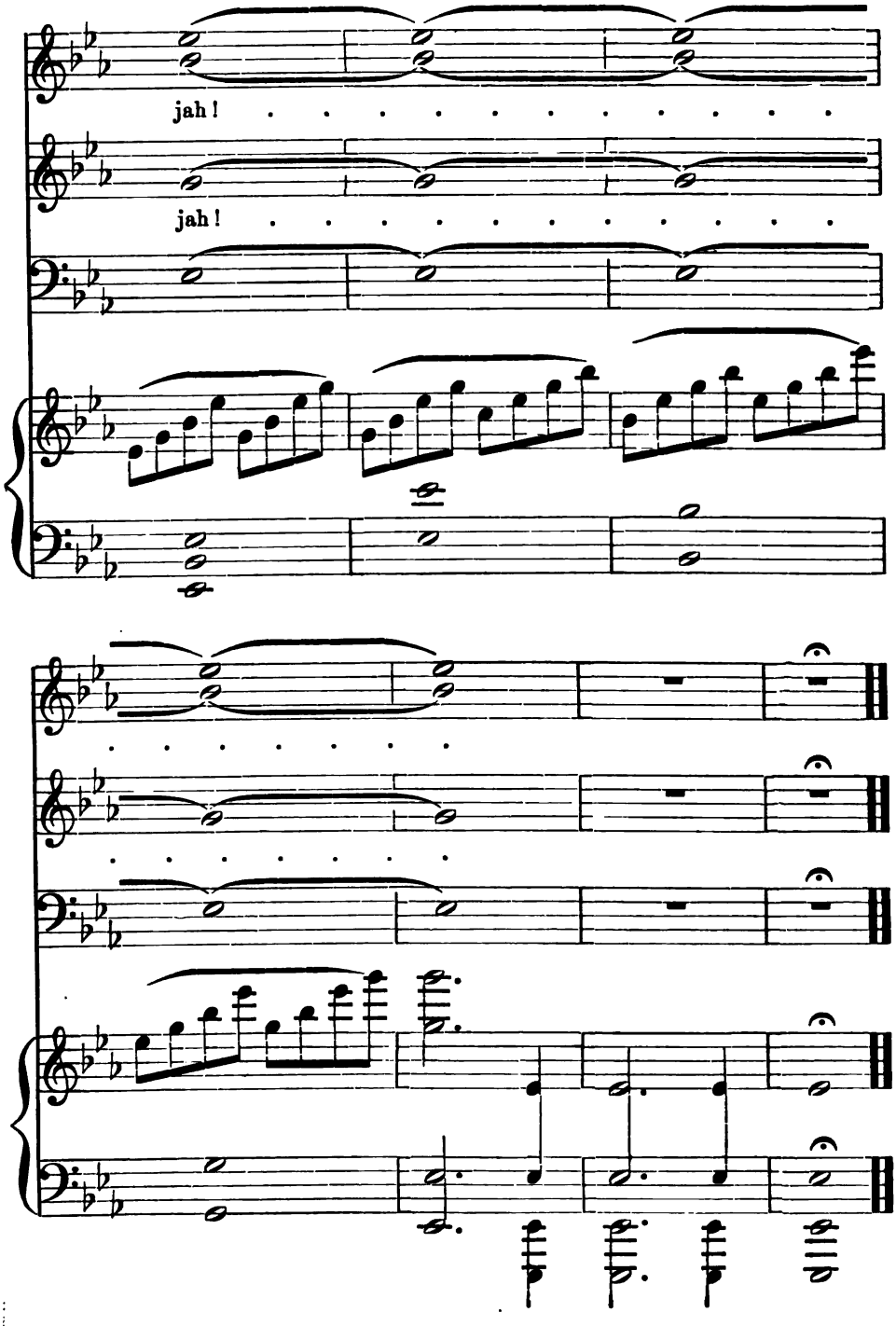

presto.
f
Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the
f
Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the
f
sempre f
ff
Lord, For God a - bove
Lord, For God a - bove


Praise ye the Lord, for God . . . . . a -
Praise ye the Lord, for God . . . . . a -
ff
bove . . . . is like a
bove . . . . is like a

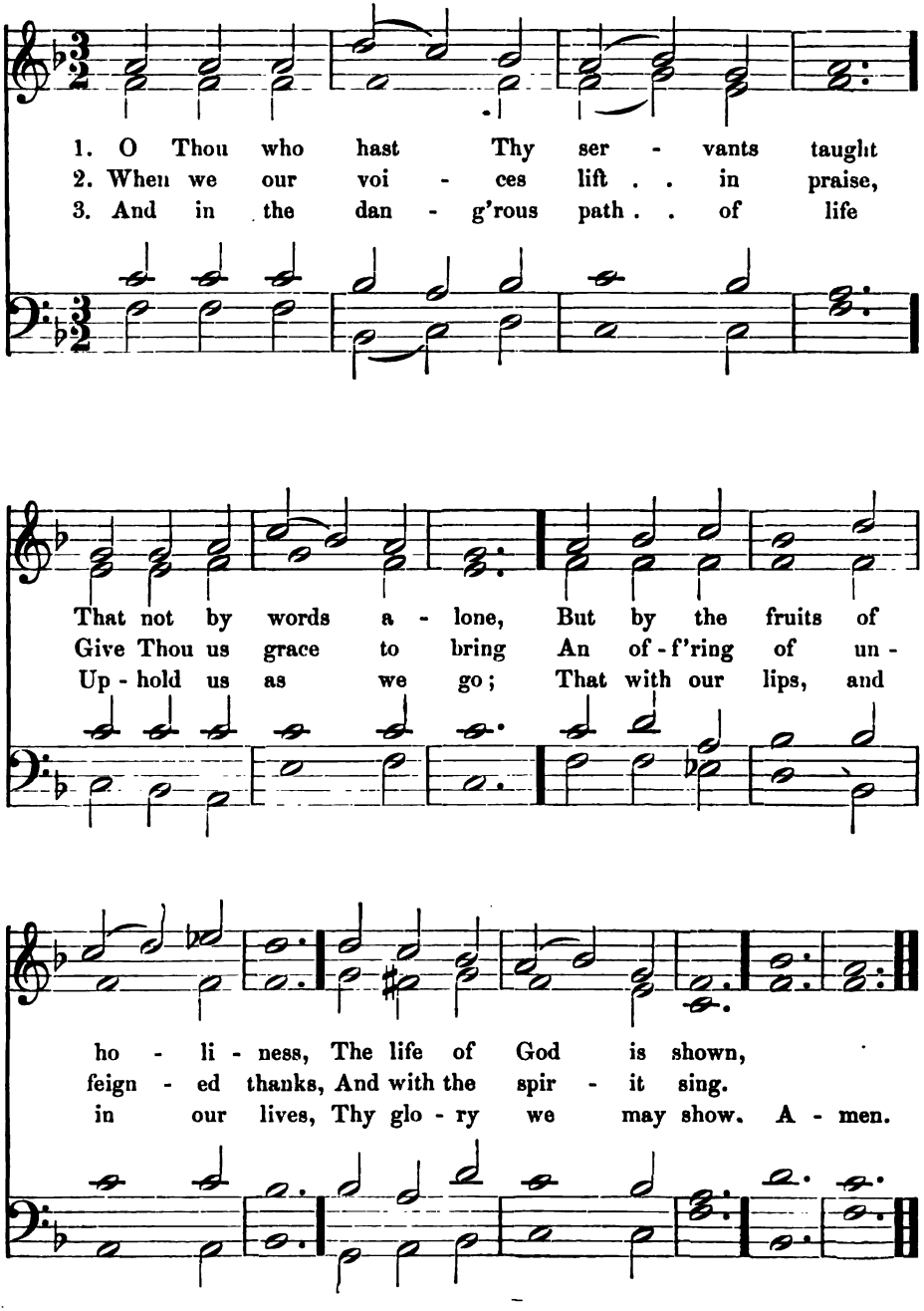

p
fa - ther gra - cious. Al - -
p
fa - ther gra - cious. Al - -
pp
- - le - lu - jah! Al - le -
- - le - lu - jah! Al - le -


- lu - - jah! . . . Al - -
- lu - - jah! . . . Al - -
eres.
f
- - le - lu - jah! Al - le -
f
- - le - lu - jah! Al - le -
f

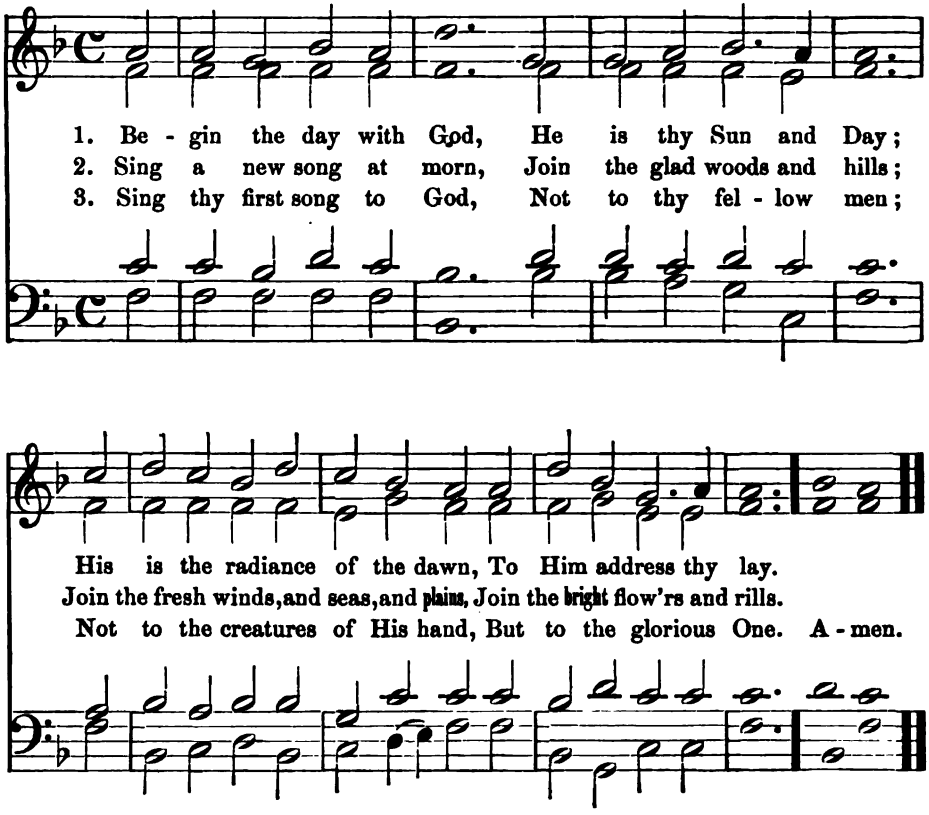

piu allegro.
ff
lu - - jah! Al - le - lu - jah! Al - le -
ff
lu - - jah! Al - le - lu - jah! Al - le -
ff
piu allegro. ff
Al - le - lu - - -
lu - jah! Al - le - lu - jah!
lu - jah! Al - le - lu - jah!


jah!
jah!

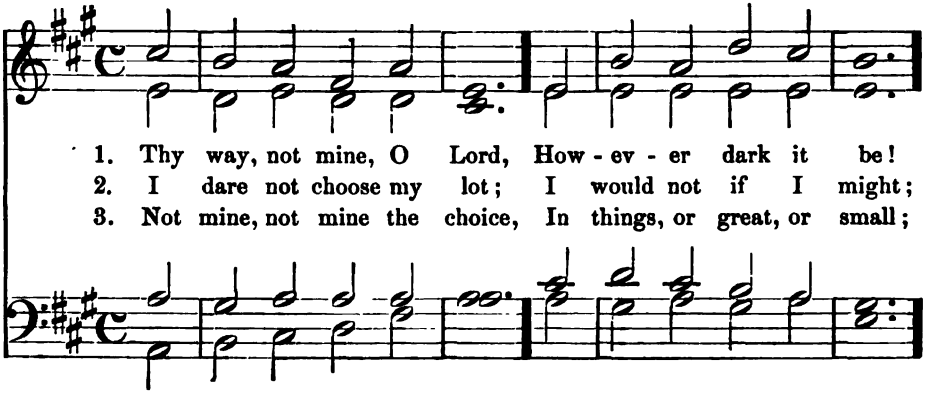
O THOU WHO HAST. C. M.

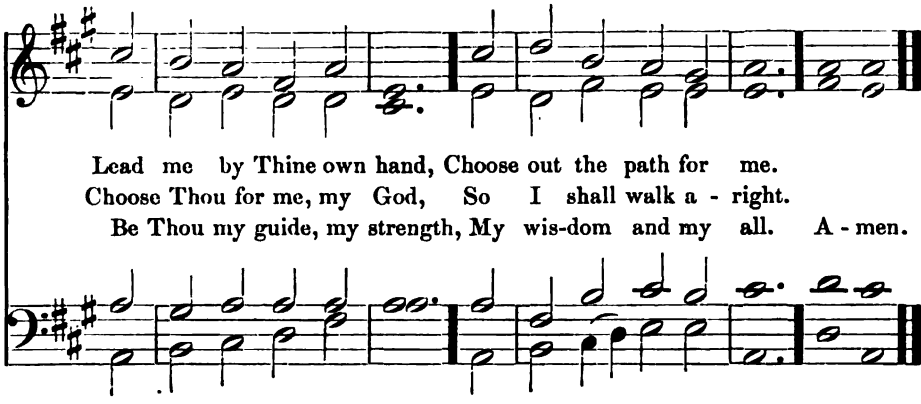


BEGIN THE DAY. S. M.

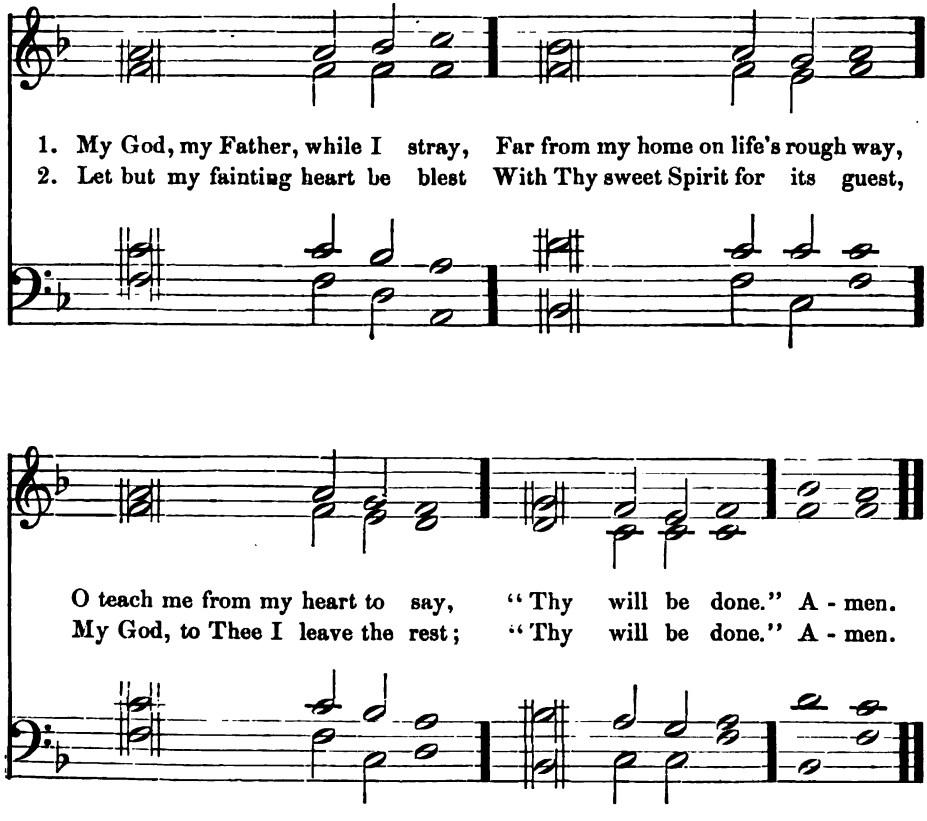


THY WAY, NOT MINE, O LORD. 6s.

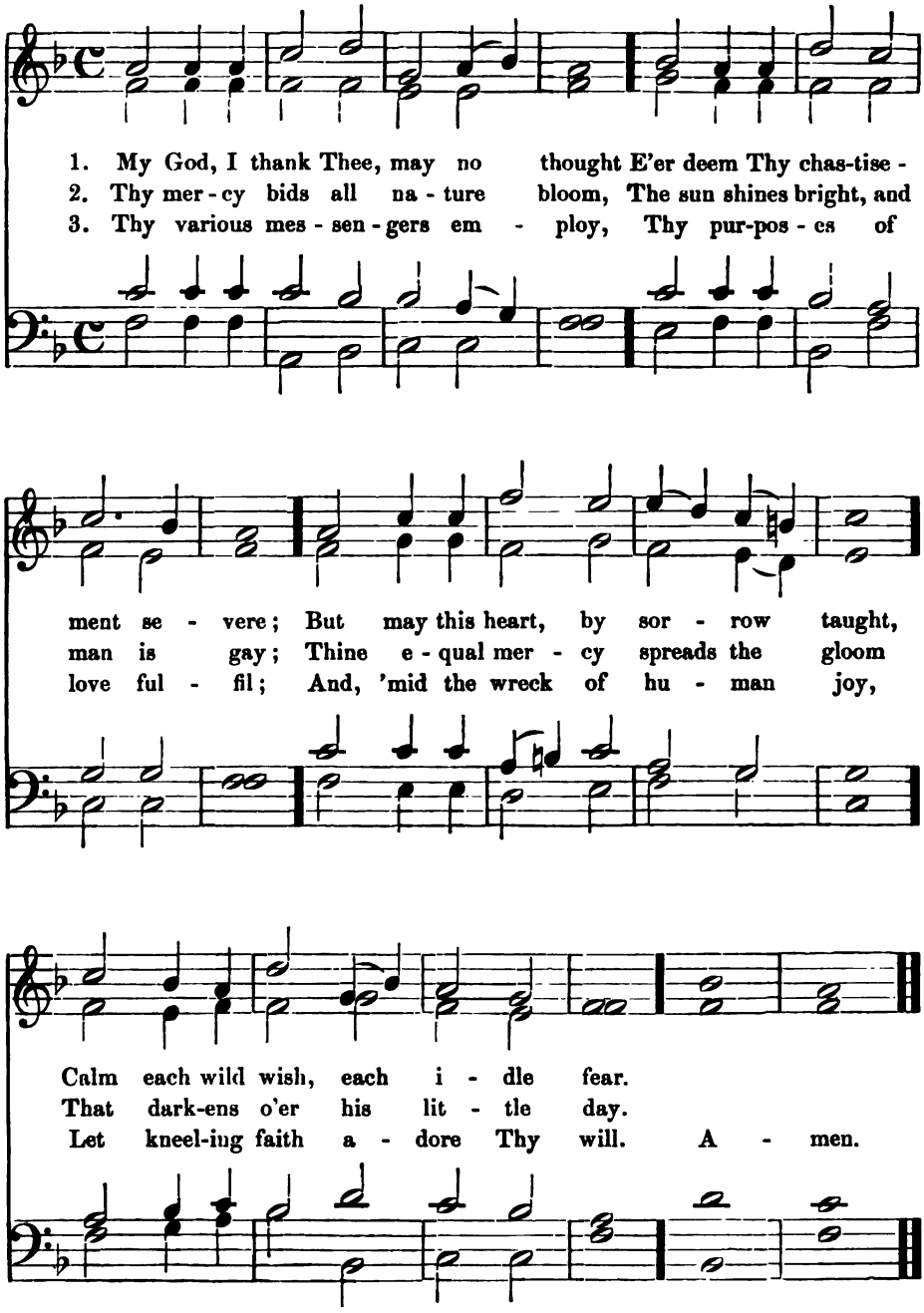




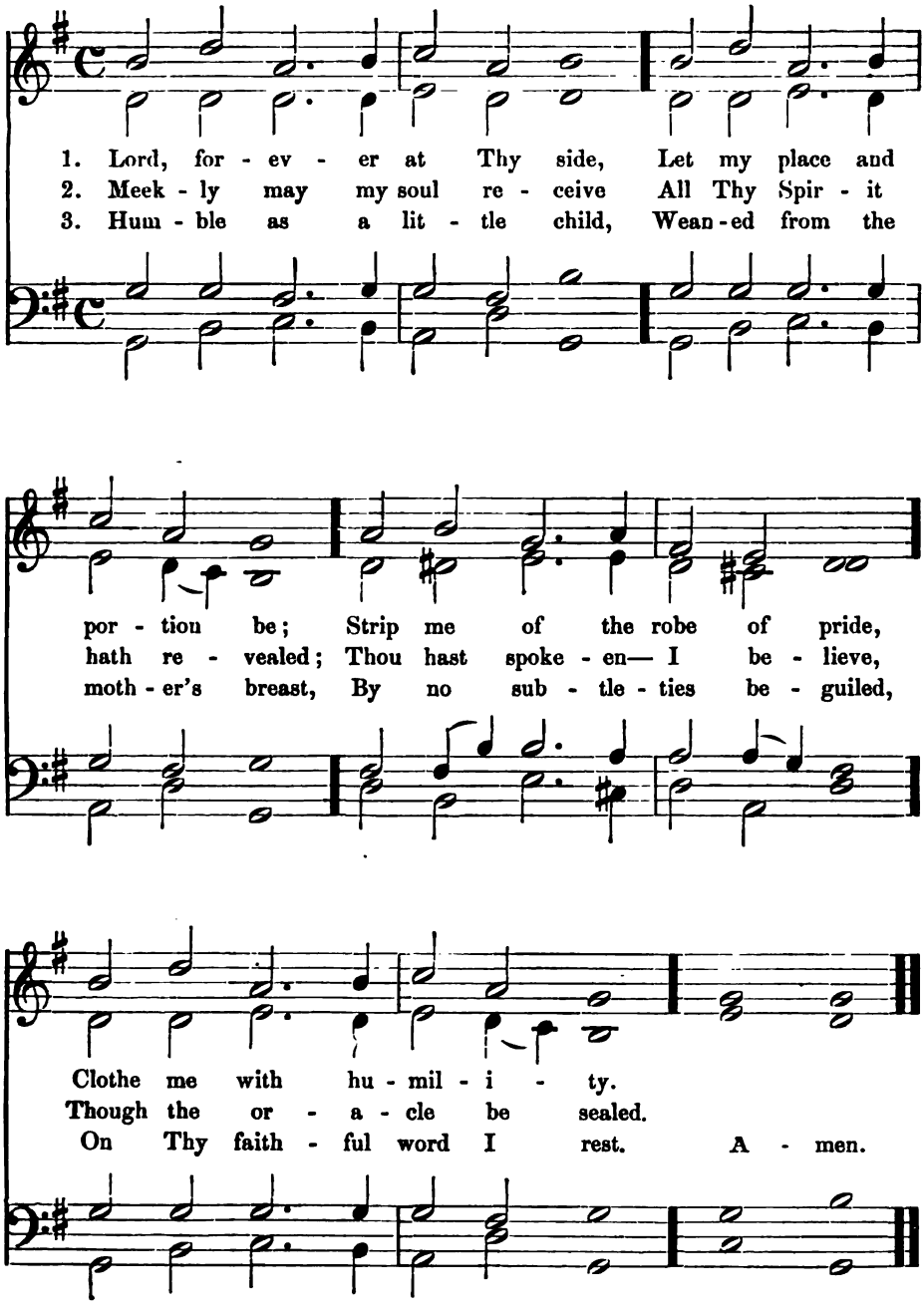
MY GOD, MY FATHER. P. M.



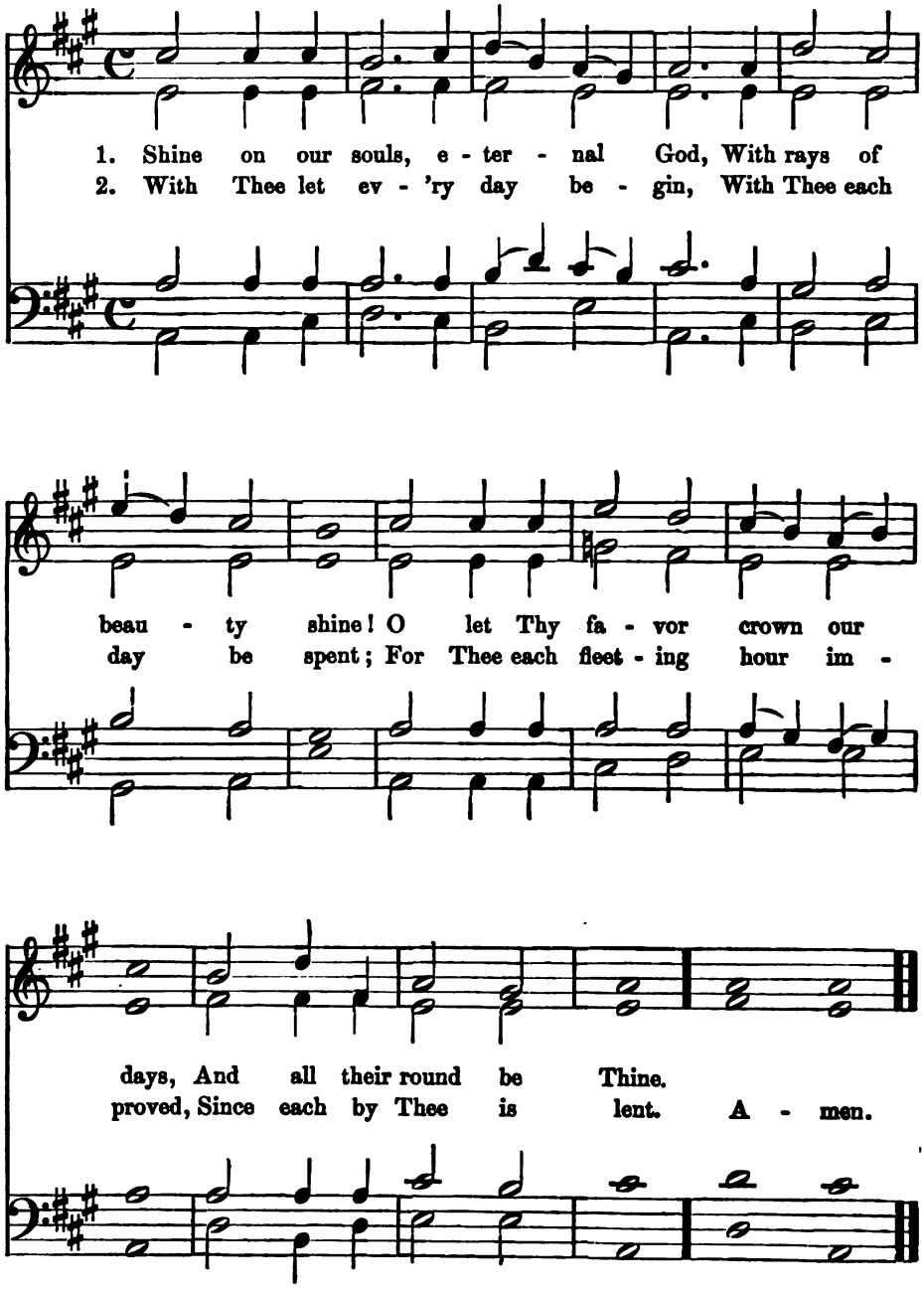
MY GOD, I THANK THEE. L. M.



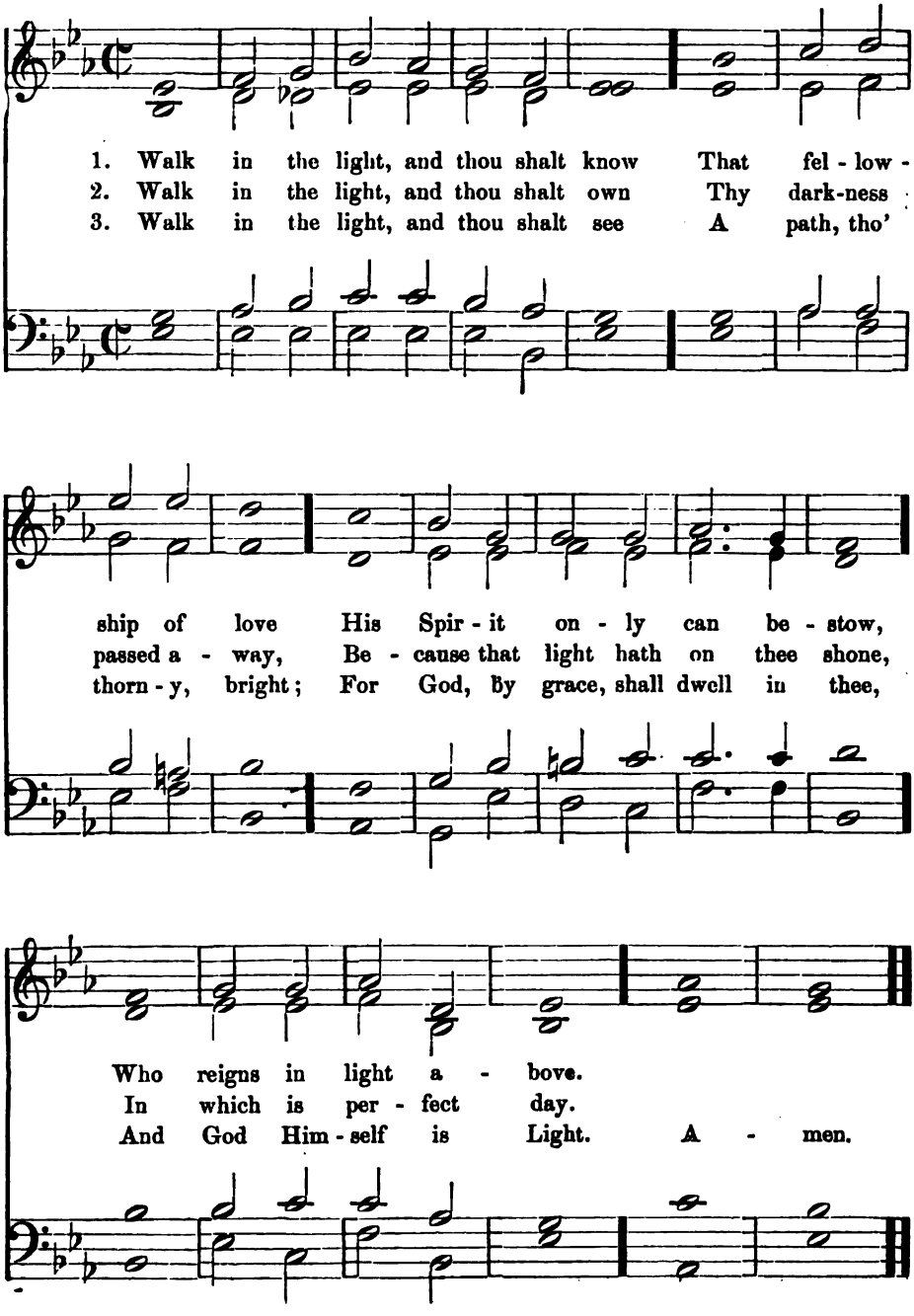
LORD, FOREVER AT THY SIDE. 7s.



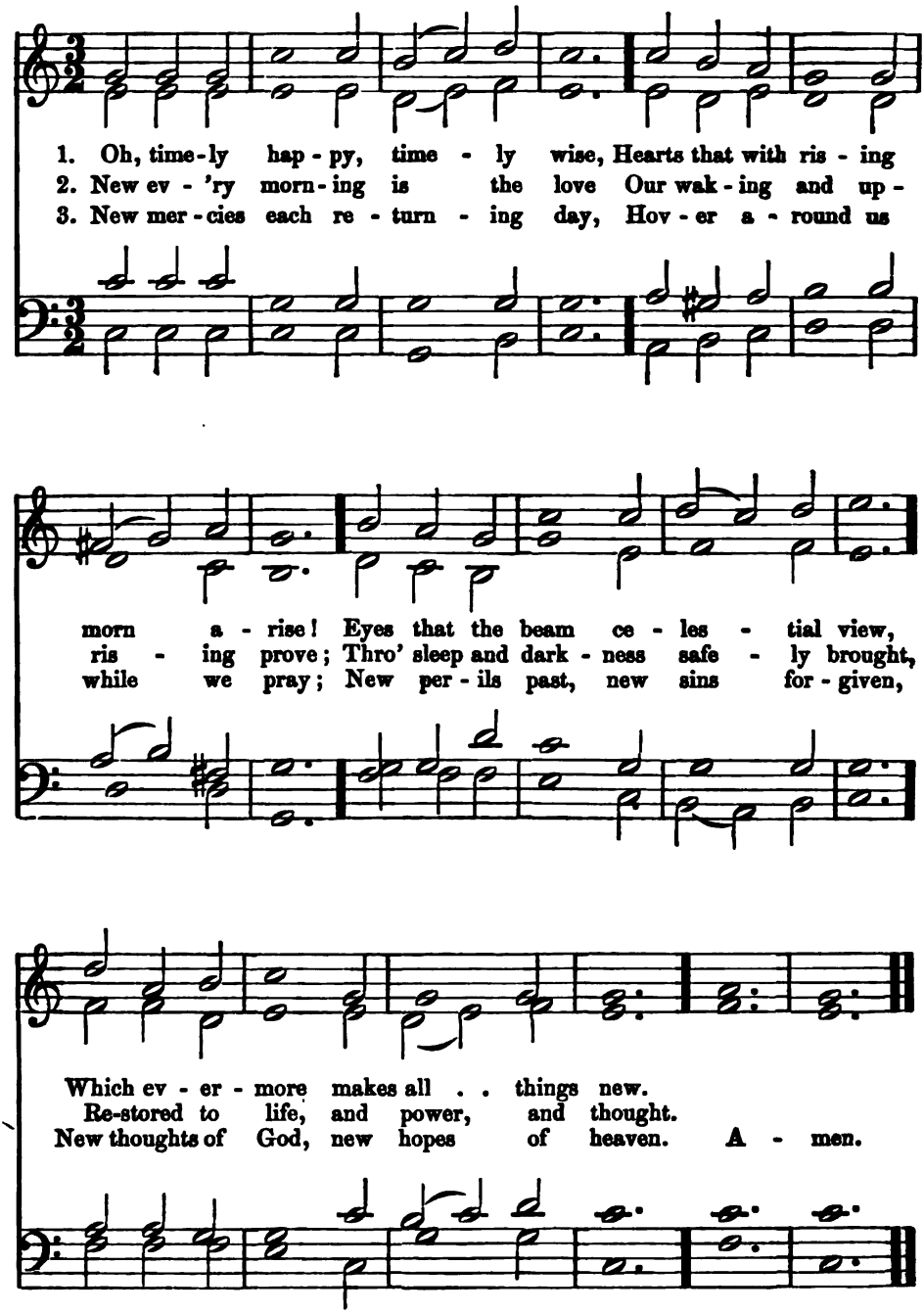
SHINE ON OUR SOULS. C. M.



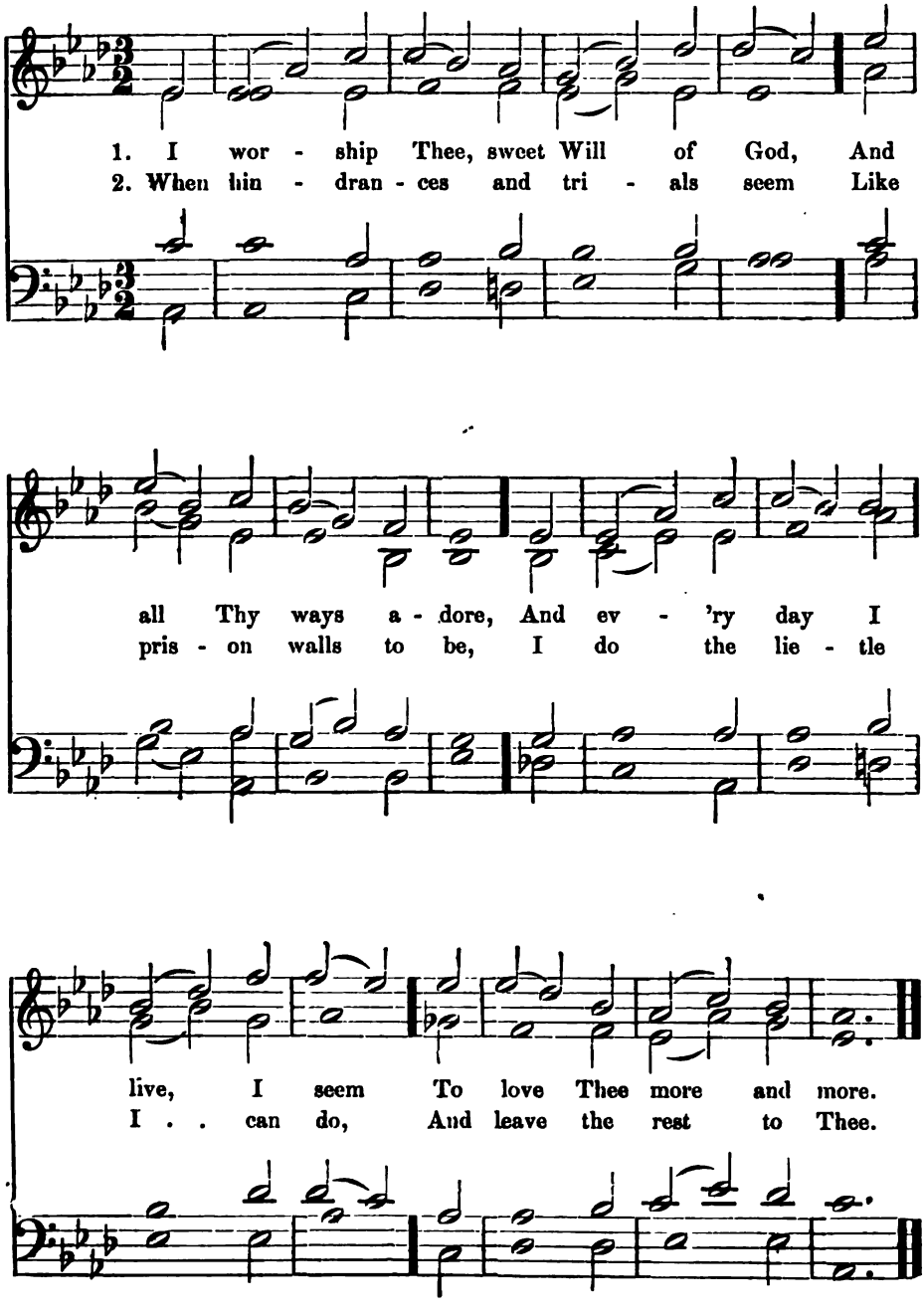
WALK IN THE LIGHT. 8s & 6s.



OH, TIMELY HAPPY, TIMELY WISE. L. M.



I WORSHIP THEE. C. M.



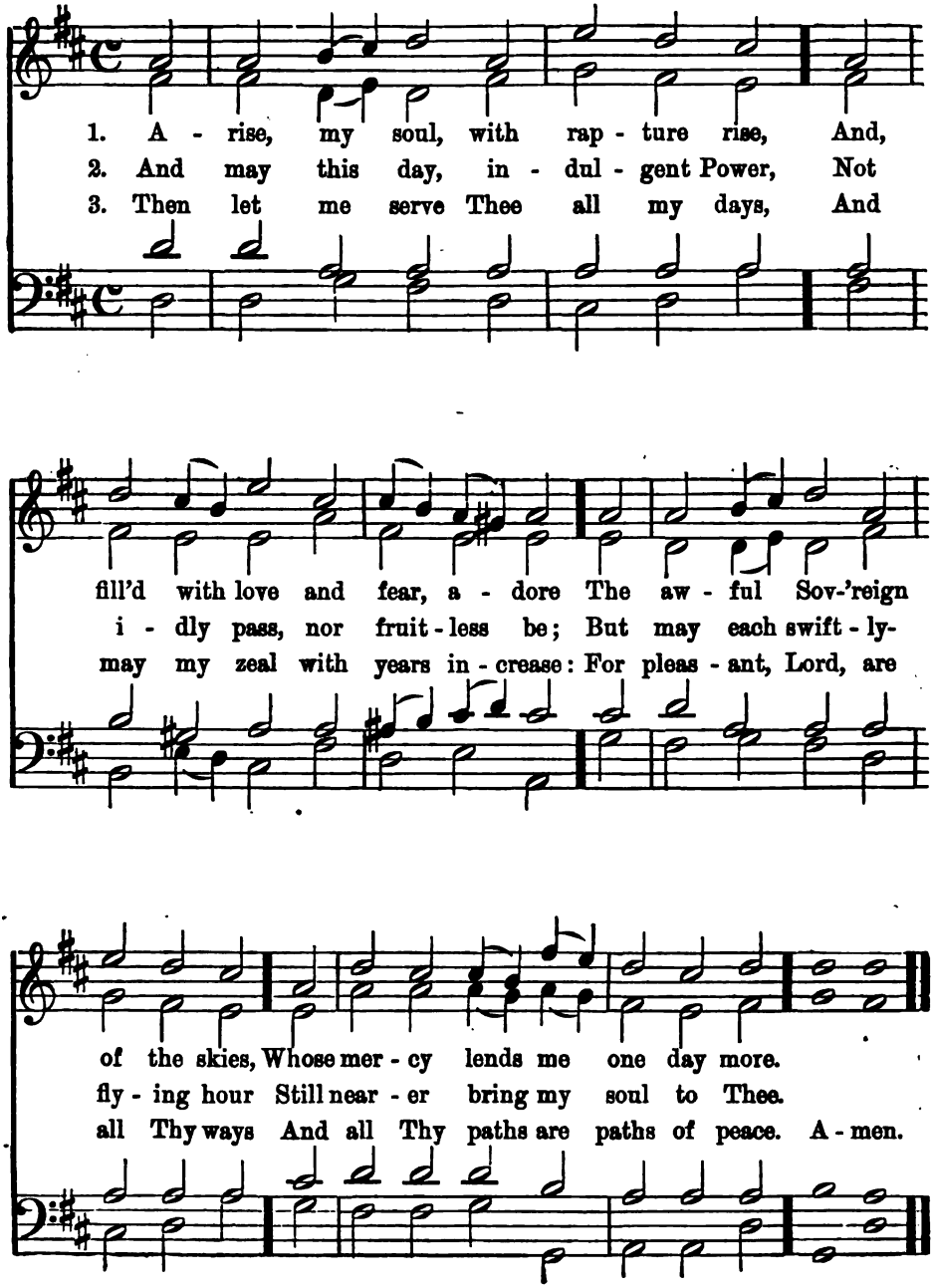
AS, WHEN THE WEARY TRAVELLER GAINS. L. M.

1. As, when the wea - ry trav - 'ler gains The height of some com-
2. Thus, when the Christian pil - grim views By faith his man - sion
3. The thought of home his spir - it cheers: No more he grieves for

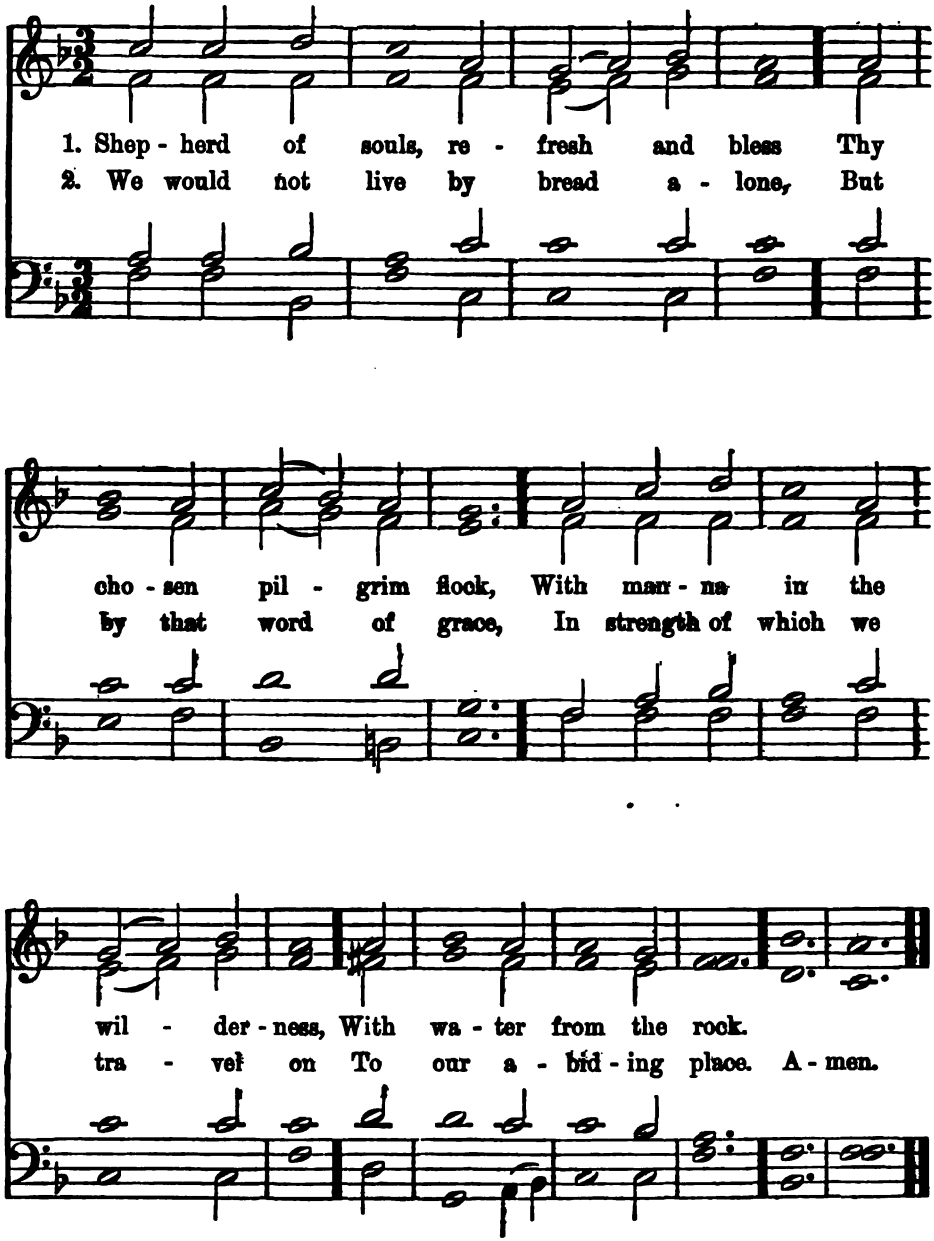
mand - ing hill, His heart re - vives, if o'er the plains
in the skies, The sight his faint - ing strength re - news,
trou - bles past; Nor a - ny fu - ture tri - als fears,

He sees his home, tho' dis - tant still,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
So he may safe ar - rive at last. A - men.

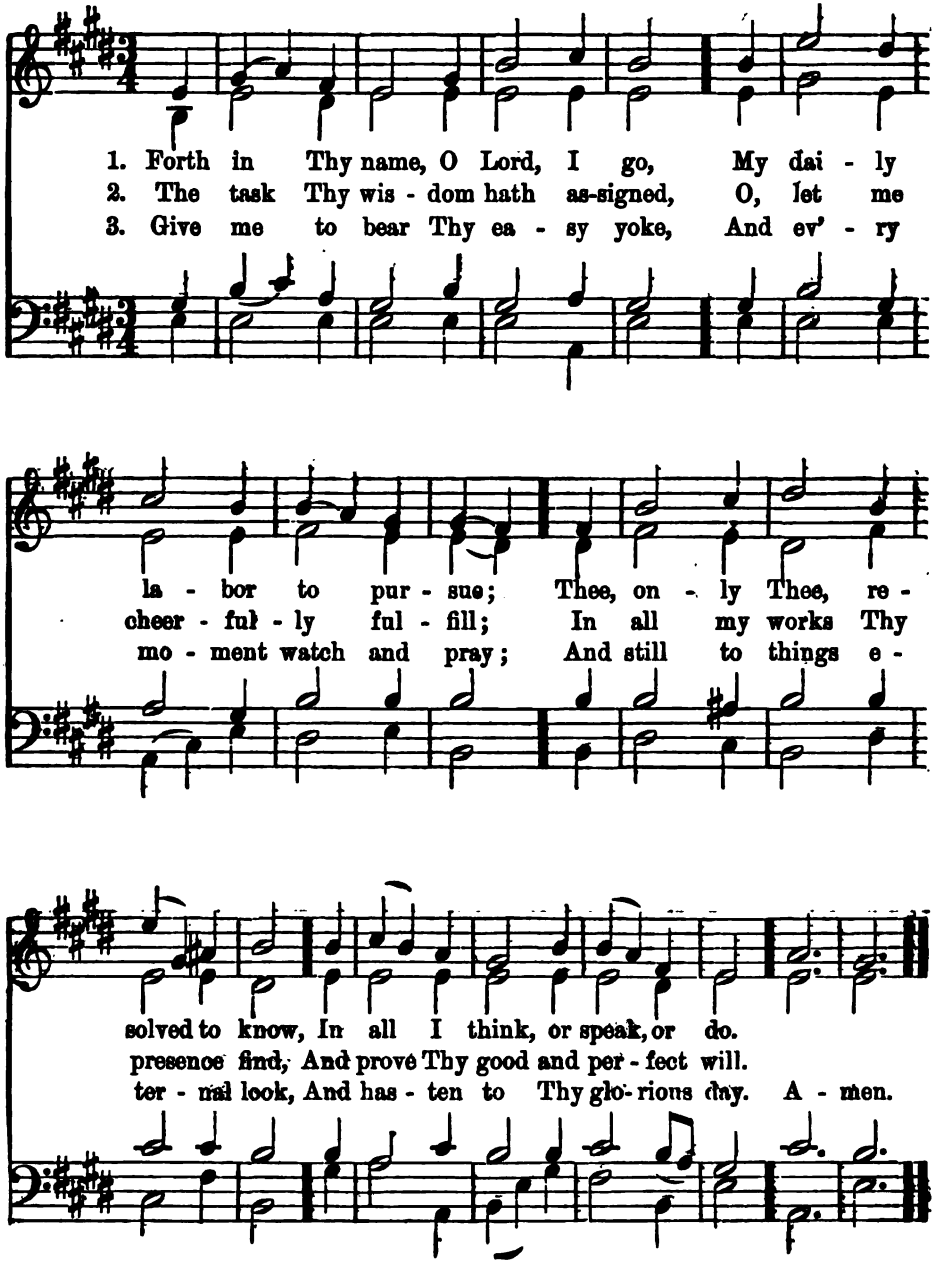
ARISE, MY SOUL. L. M.



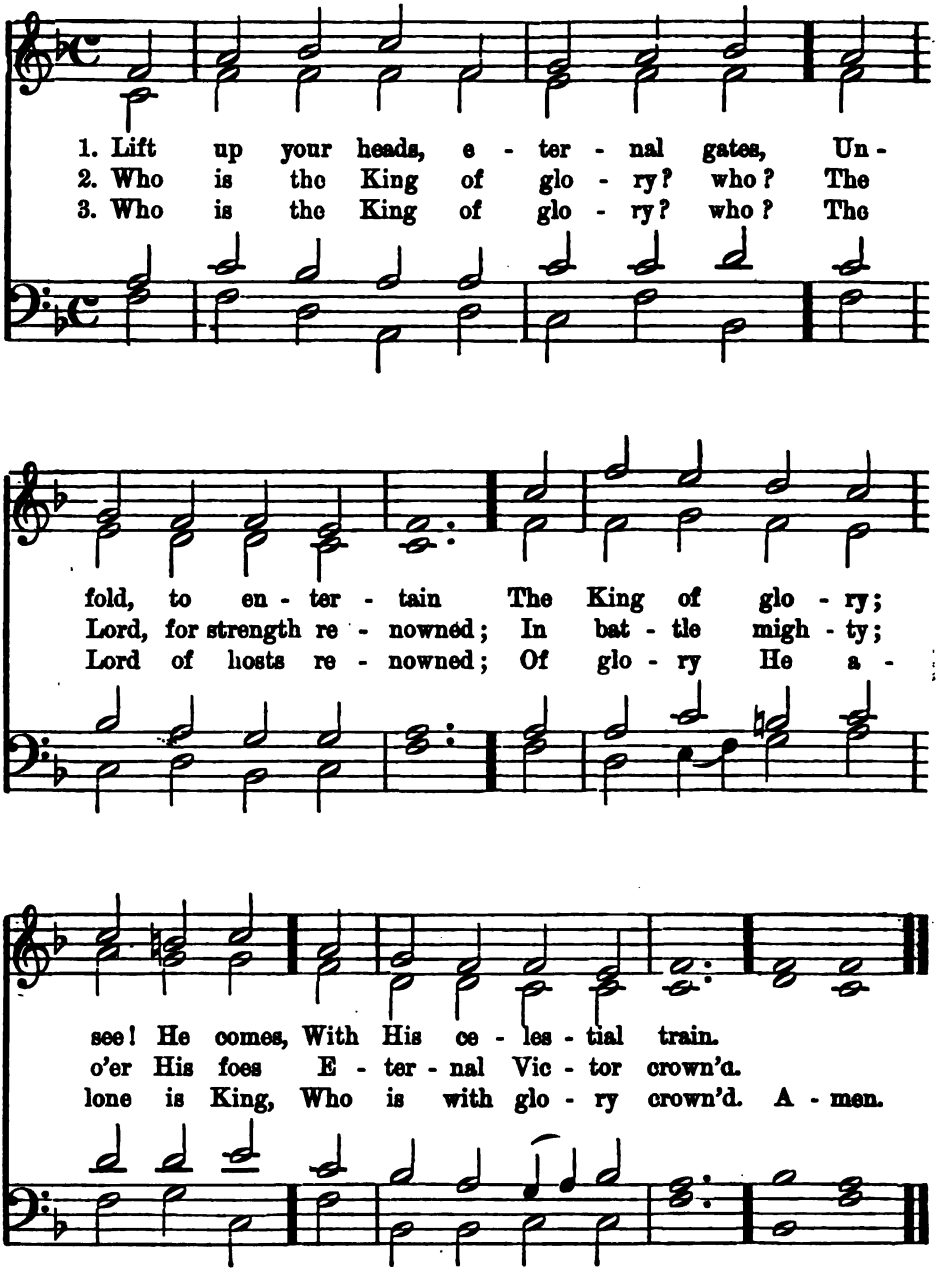
SHEPHERD OF SOULS. C. M.



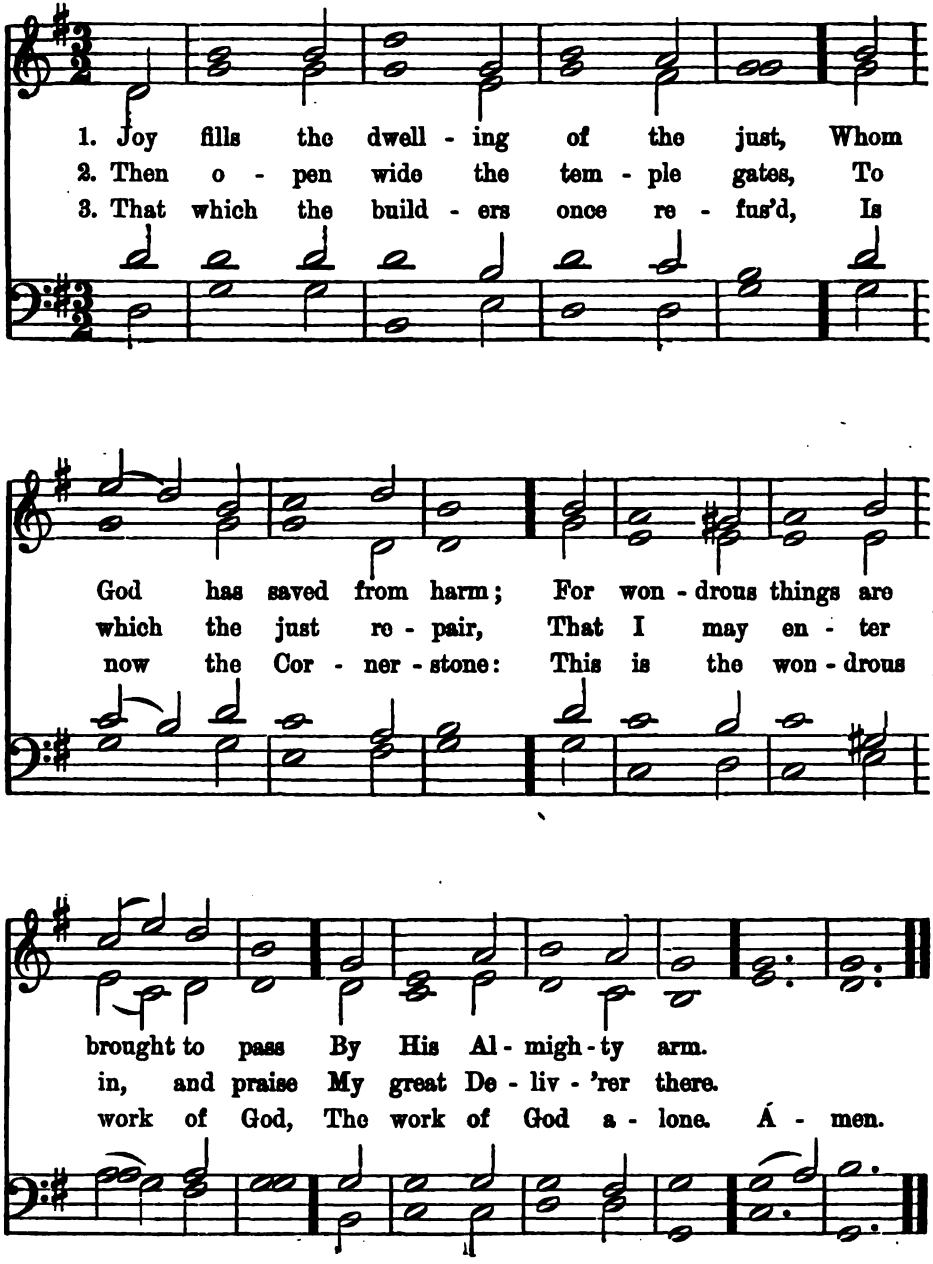
FORTH IN THY NAME, O LORD, I GO. L. M.



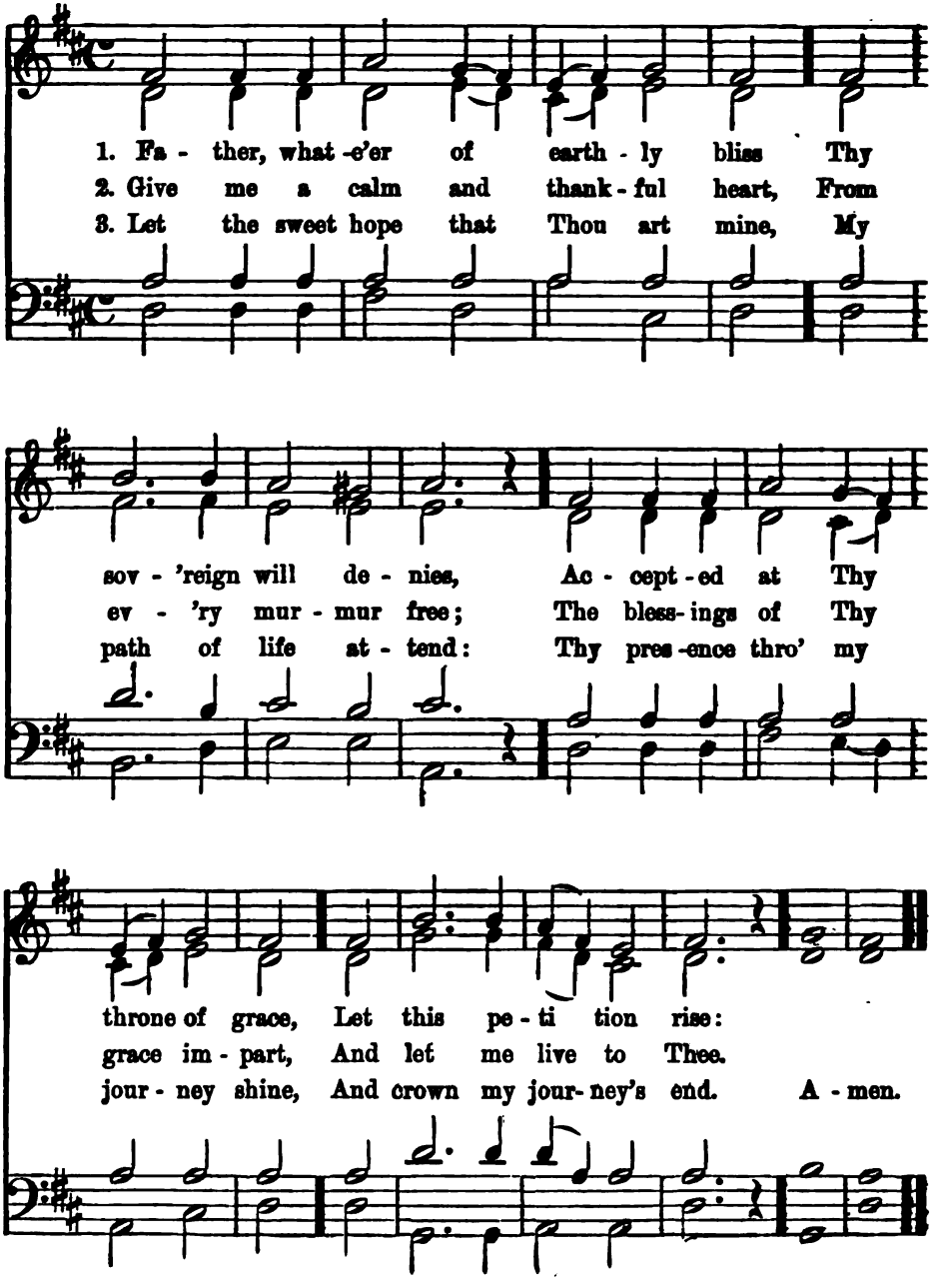
LIFT UP YOUR HEADS. C. M.



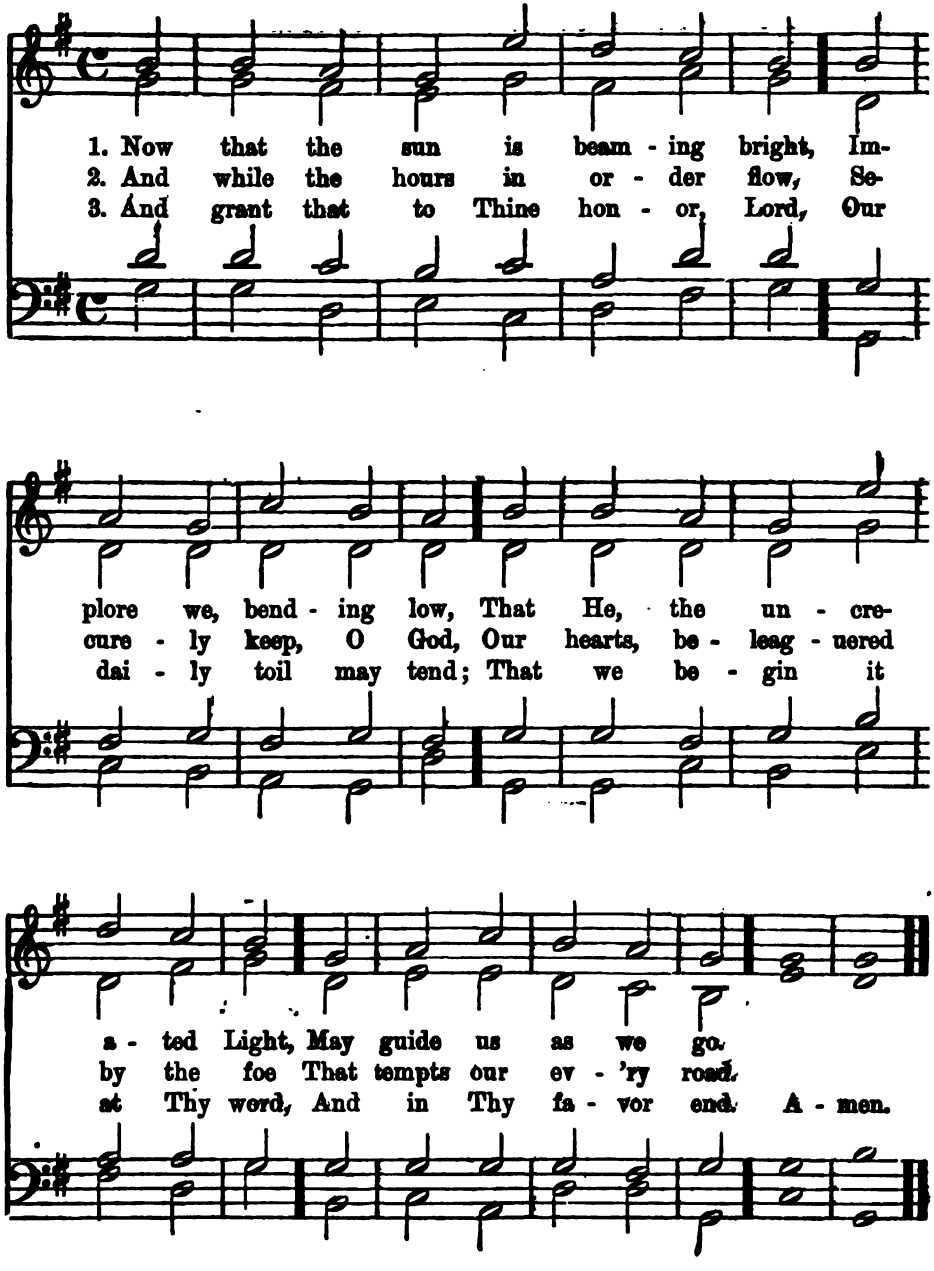
JOY FILLS THE DWELLING OF THE JUST. C. M.



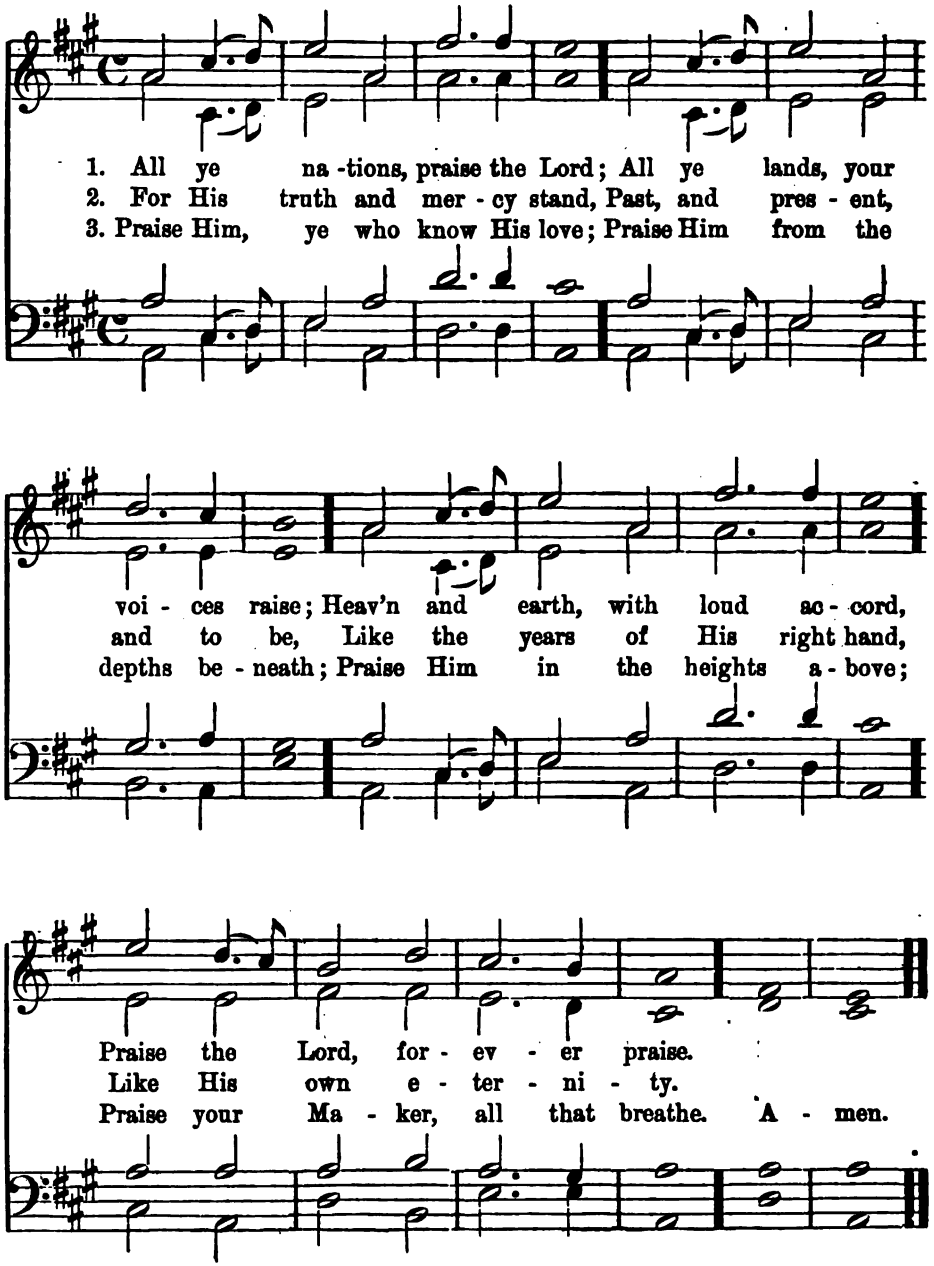
FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS. C. M.



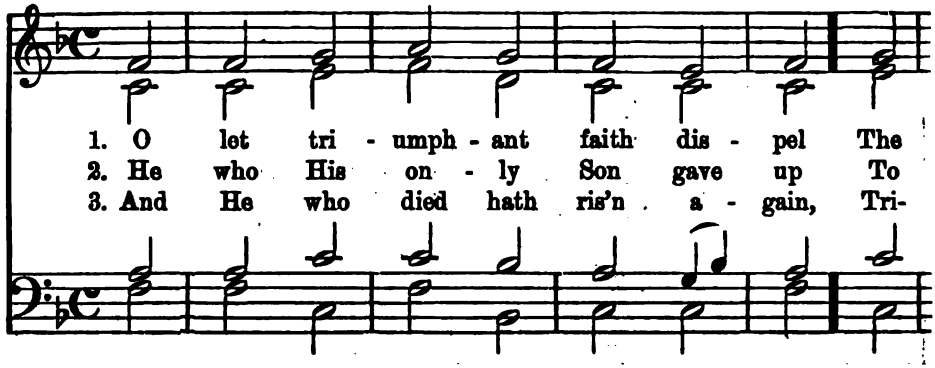
MORNING HYMN. C. M.

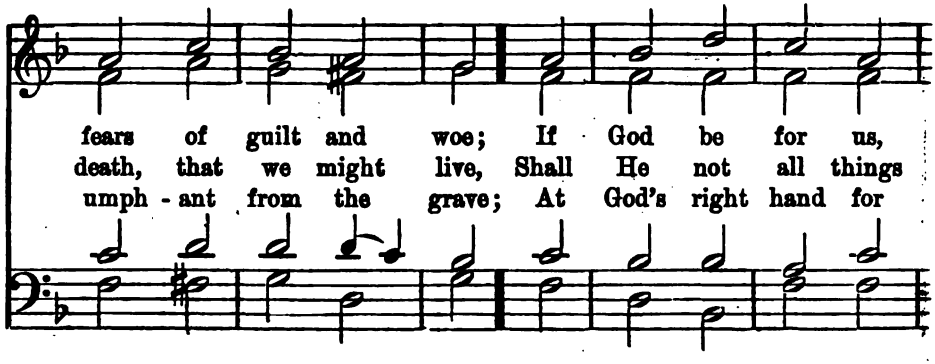


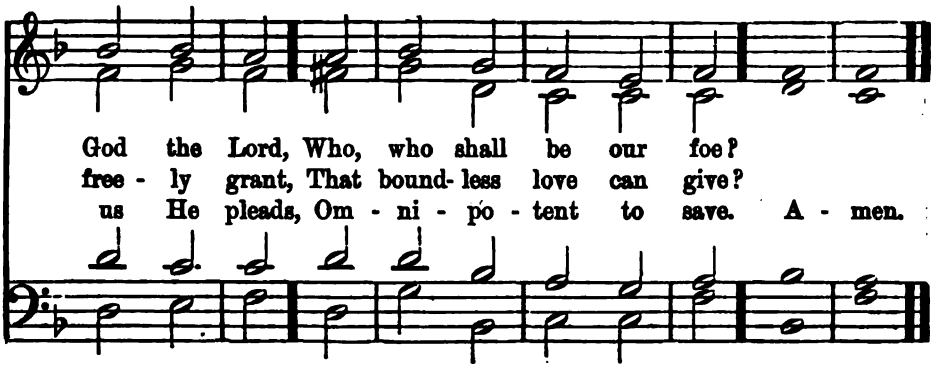
ALL YE NATIONS, PRAISE THE LORD. 7s.



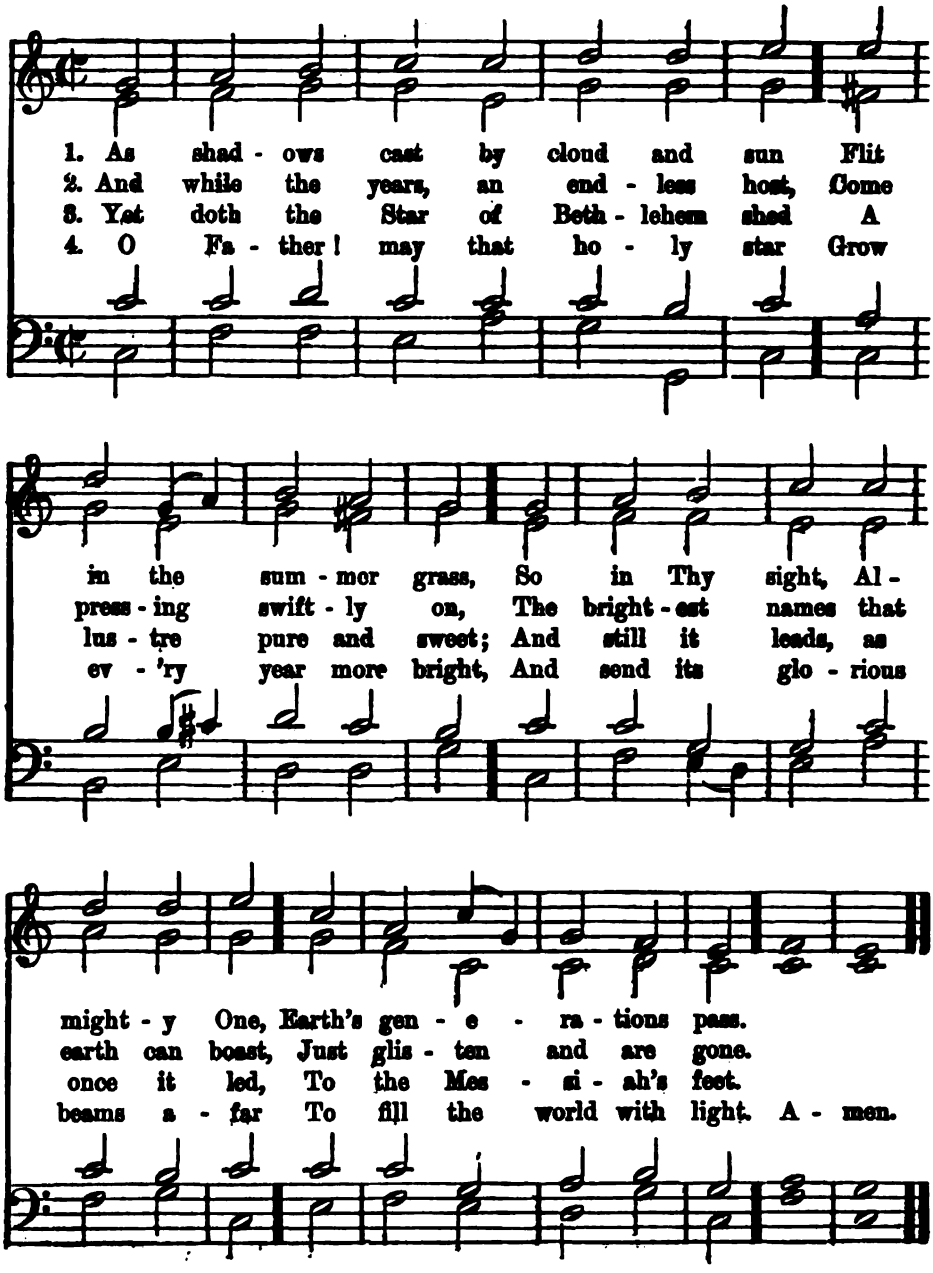
O LET TRIUMPHANT FAITH DISPEL. C. M.



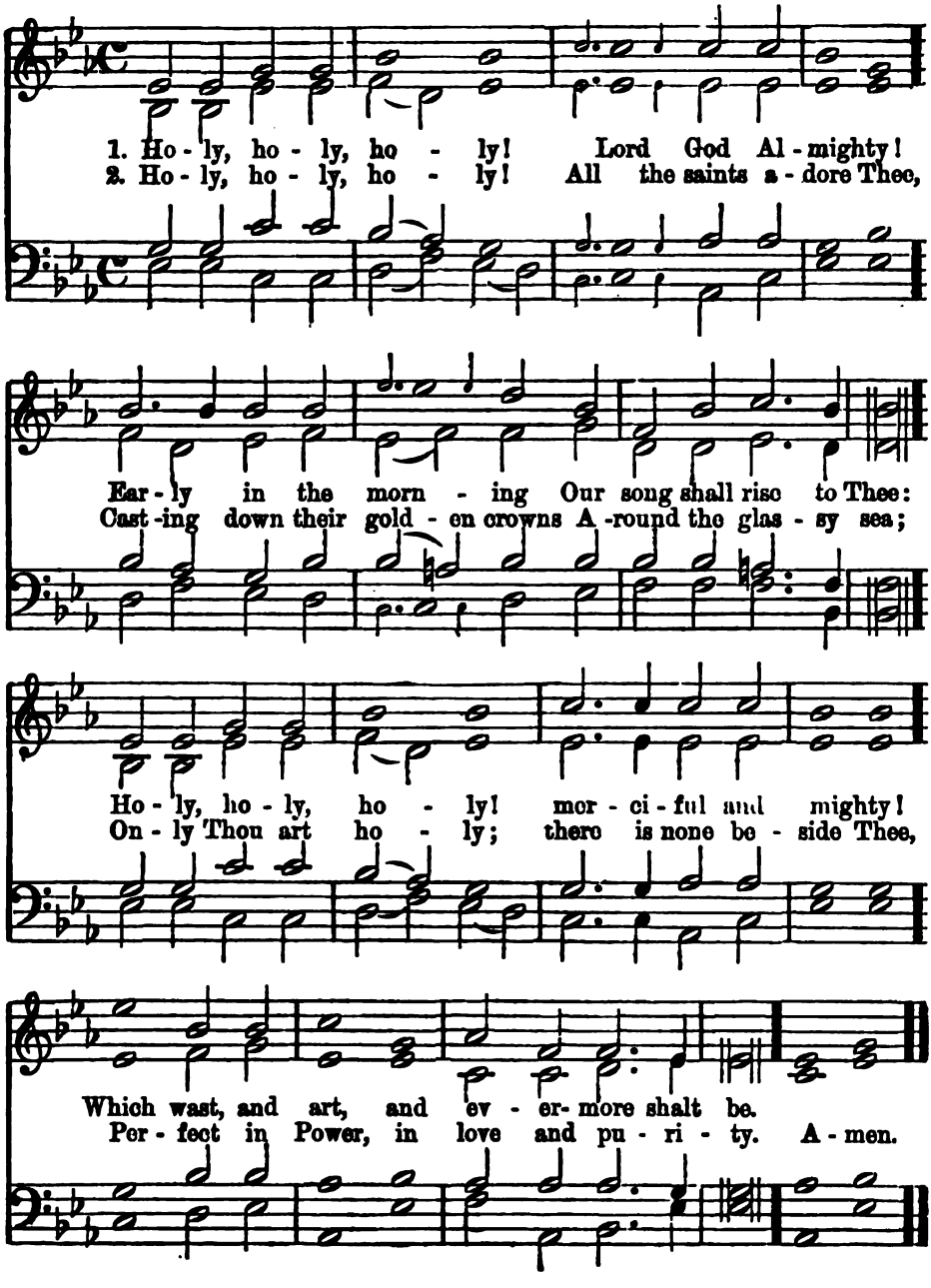




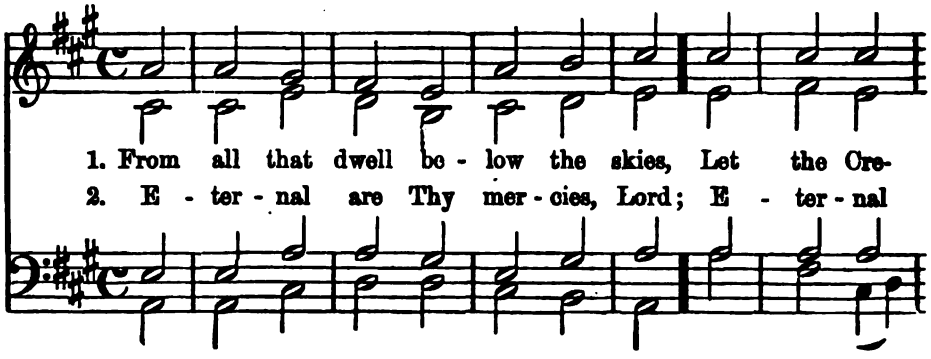
AS SHADOWS CAST. C. M.

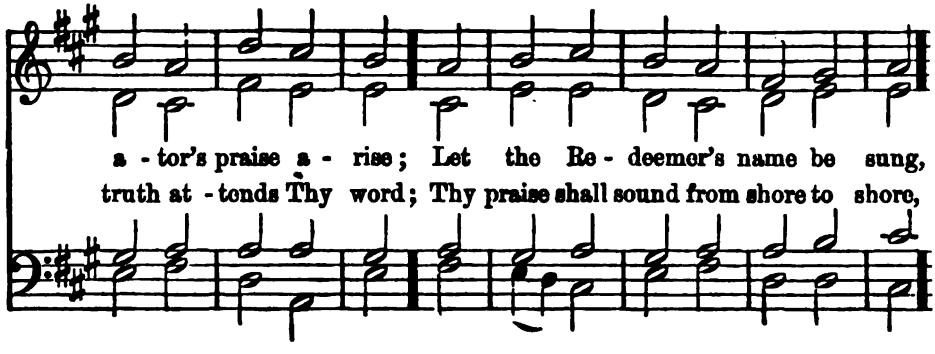


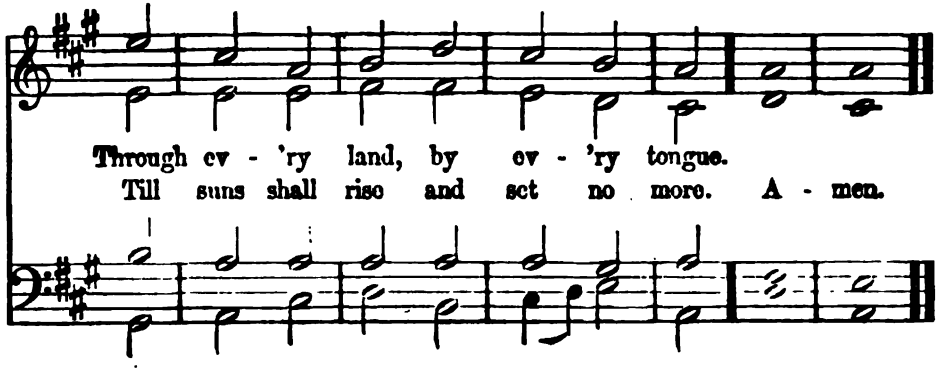
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY! P. M.



FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES. L. M.







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